The Saturday Evening
POST
December 19, 1959 – 15¢

DEC 14 '59

GIESLER TELLS ABOUT WALTER WANGER AND ROBERT MITCHUM

By C. S. LEWIS **A New Screwtape Letter**

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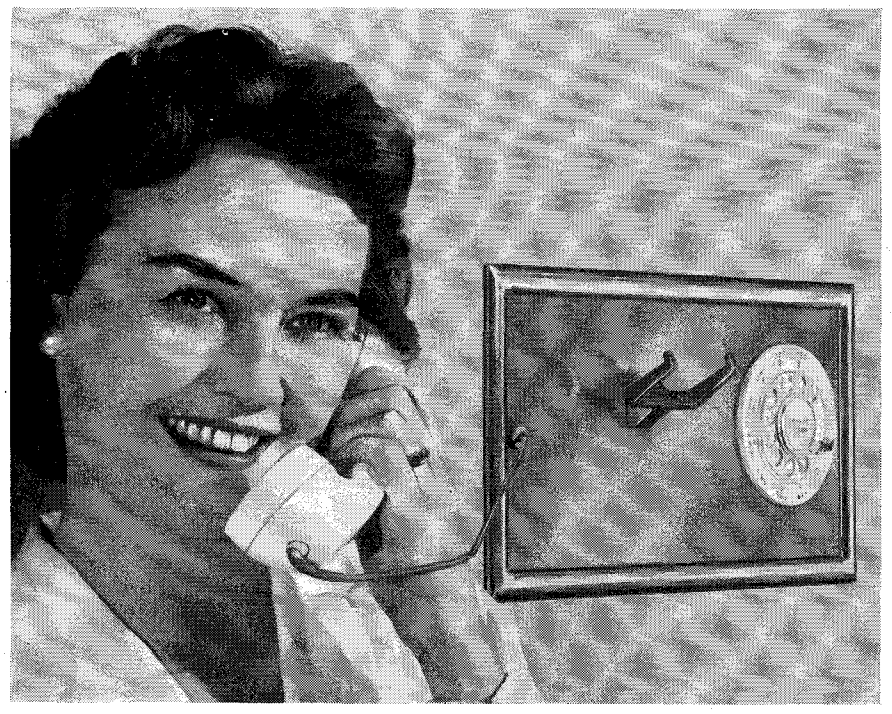
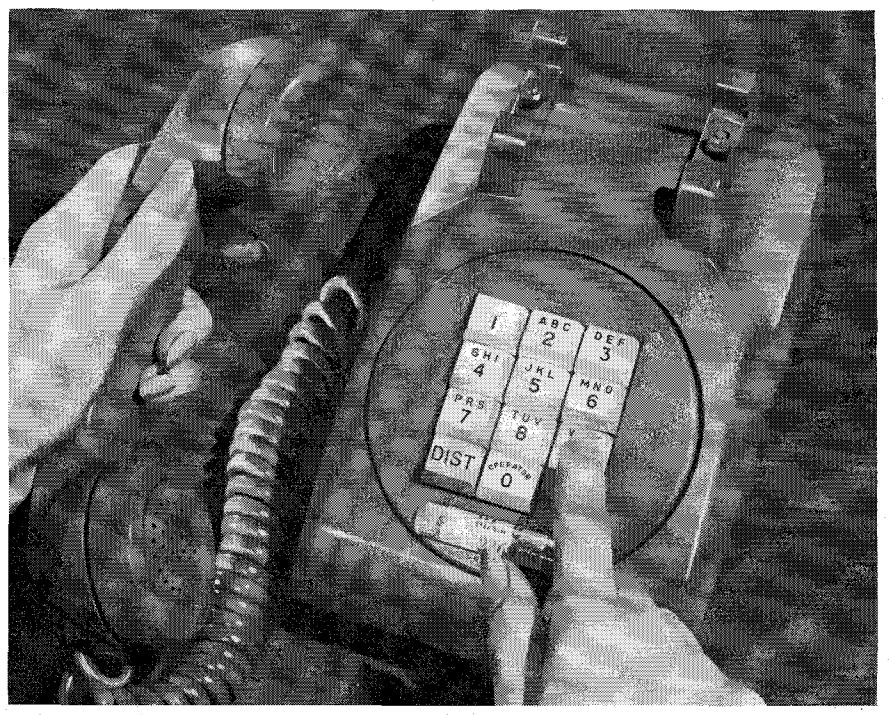
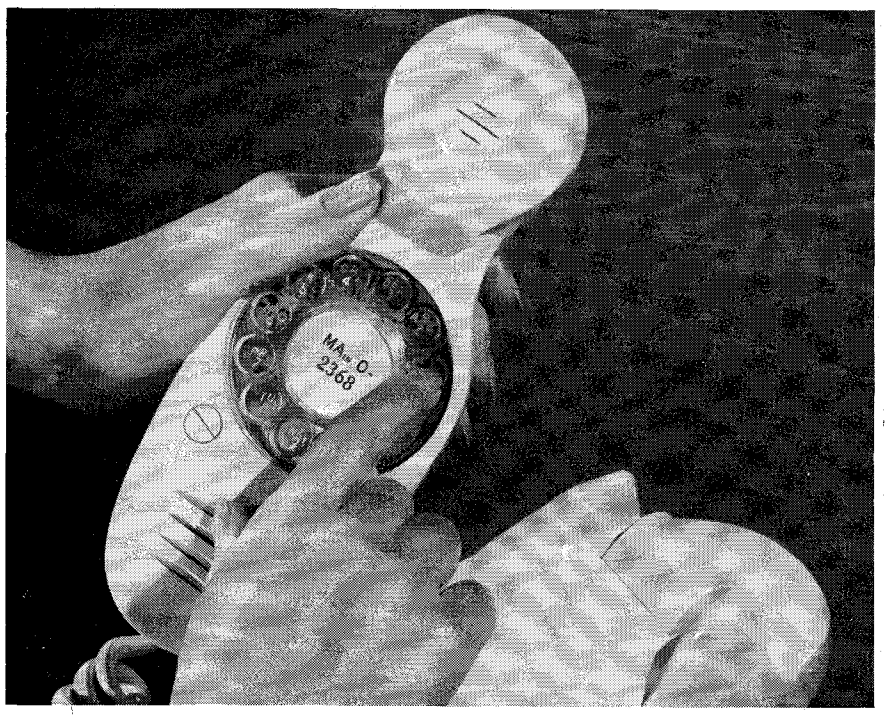


▲ *A kitchen phone that can be recessed in a wall or cabinet.*

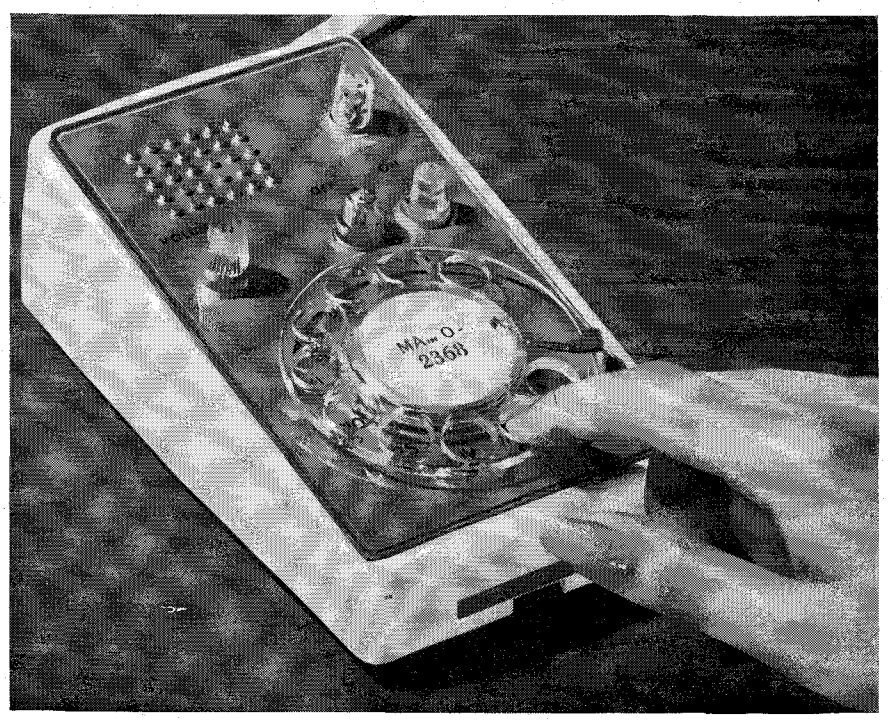


▲ *A phone that has push buttons instead of a dial for calling.*

▼ *A phone with the dial conveniently placed in the handset.*



▼ *A compact microphone-dial unit for "hands-free" telephoning.*



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THE COVER

Women, it says here, enjoy wrapping Christmas gifts in jolly paper and flaming bows; men, it says on the cover, don't. Sure, there are a few exceptions—butter-fingered ladies and neat-minded, meticulous men—but one ancient rule is universally true: Christmas really is a merry time for both bad wrappers and good. Don't worry about artist Dick Sargent's demoralized papa; he won't strangle himself with that ribbon. Eventually he'll make both ends meet around mamma's present, and then the peace of yuletide will seep back into his apoplectic features. He needn't tie on a name card, for everybody will know that only papa could have wrapped such a slaphappy bundle and that for only one person would he have undertaken it—the one he loves most.

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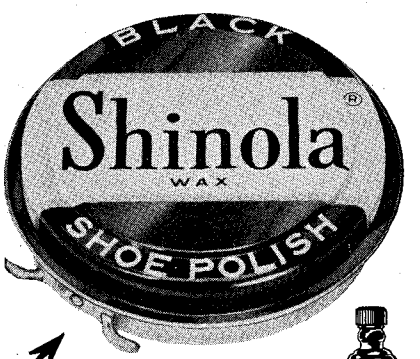

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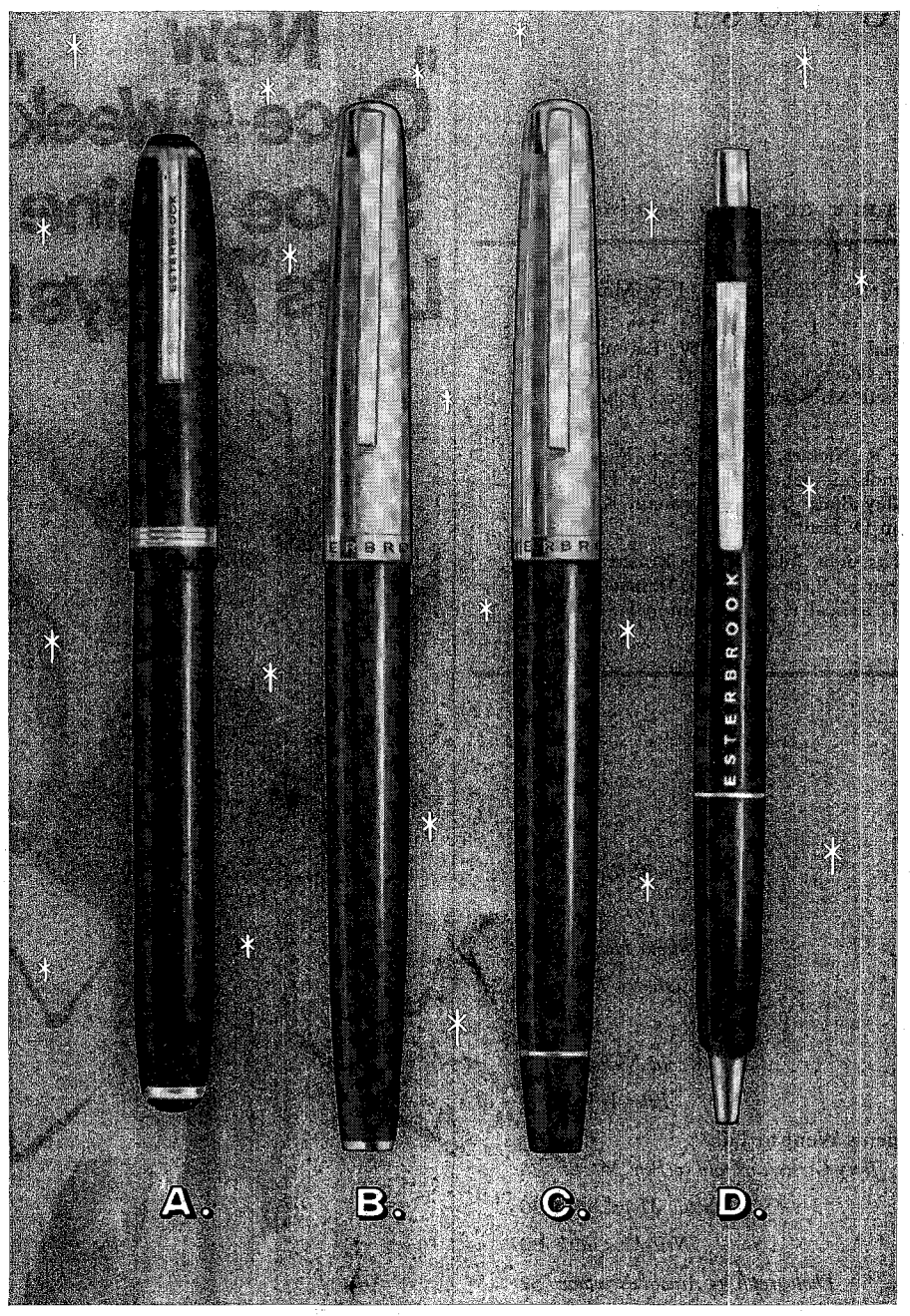

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Letters

Our Besieged School Boards

Dear Sirs:

Bianca Bradbury's school board diary [WE'RE ALWAYS ON THE SPOT, Nov. 14] sounds soooóo familiar!

MACE R. GARRISON
School Board Member
Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

How eloquently she expressed our frustrations, disappointments and fears! . . .

Thanks, Bianca. I'll run for one more term.

FRANK R. JOSLIN
Chairman, School Committee
Bedford, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Having spent seventeen years as a member of the board of education . . . I know what "on the spot" means, since we faced every crisis she mentioned and more. A board member, like any other public official, soon learns to do the thing he feels is right and to ignore insinuations cast by fair-weather friends. My three children were so often told, "No wonder you get good grades," that they frequently wished they could flunk a course just once to dispel the illusion. . . .

There should be some way to see that every parent, and in fact every grumbling taxpayer, spend at least one year on a school board. . . . I frequently stopped grumblers by remarking, "If you can work out a better plan than the one we offer, bring it to me and I will circulate a petition to elect you as my successor!" That usually stops them.

MARY RUTH DULING
Maupin, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

Mrs. Bradbury says truly of school boards, "We are the policy makers." . . .

Are they never fearful of wielding so much power? No hospital board would presume to direct so closely the professional activities of the doctors or nurses. The writer of the article believes that the "teachers who really care about quality education will support us." All teachers care about quality education. . . . But the teacher is always the last person consulted.

ISABELLE F. FORST
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The article illustrates what many school folk have known for a long time—with but few exceptions, school boards are composed of sincere, hard-working people who have a knack of cutting through the fluff and getting to the heart of things.

C. E. NAUGLE, *Teacher*
Albany Union High School
Albany, Ore.

Husbands Can Be Handy

Dear Sirs:

I read with considerable interest your rosy article about the homeowners' associations [HELP FOR HOMEOWNERS, by Stanley Frank, Nov. 14], the seeming panacea for homeowners in dealing with the various trades or craftsmen. There is one glaring sin of omission. The serviceman pays 10 per cent commission . . . to the association. Does it come out of his profit for the job, as some might naïvely believe, or does he simply add 10 per cent? . . . It is the only practical thing for him to do, since many servicemen operate on a 10 per-cent to 20 per-cent profit margin.

The association is fine for the homeowner who can't think for himself as far as the selection of craftsmen is concerned.

FRANK A. BARTONEK
Independence, Mo.

● *Homeowners' clubs insist they do not allow contractors to pad bills, since they must be competitive with nonclub contractors.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

The initials for the National Home Owners Club (NHOC) are most accurate. "In hock" is right!

MARY HENSLEY
Bartlesville, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

I feel sorry for the woman who has never had the tender experience of seeing her very own husband repair her appliances and then, in a voice full of firm, masculine competence, speak out: "If you *ever* turn that dial counterclockwise again I'll brain you!"

PEG PLESKUNAS
Portsmouth, N.H.

Before Burlesque

Dear Sirs:

I am the "young man" referred to in your editorial of Sept. 26 [BOSTON'S OLD HOWARD BURLESQUE HOUSE WOULD MAKE A NEW-TYPE NATIONAL SHRINE]. I must correct your statement that I am trying to persuade the Federal Government to spend $1,000,000 for the establishment of The Old Howard Theatre as a national theatre shrine. . . . I merely hoped to save the building from destruction by pointing out its historical significance.

Old Howard playbill, 1846.

Not only is the Howard by far the oldest theater building still standing in the United States, but in its heyday it played host to the greatest dramatic actors of the English-speaking world: Macready, the Keans and the Booths, to cite just a few. The funds necessary for the restoration . . . would be raised entirely by public subscription. . . . To those who find this proposal devastatingly funny, let me add that to judge the importance of the Howard by its recent lurid history as a

(Continued on Page 6)

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Do you know <u>your</u> family is taxed to pay for "public power"?

You and other Americans have already been taxed about $5,500,000,000 to put the federal government into the electric light and power business.

And this could be just the beginning. Now the lobbyists and pressure groups for this so-called "public power" are pressing for $10,000,000,000 more—to put the government *still farther* into that business.

This additional tax spending would be completely unnecessary. The hundreds of independent electric light and power companies are ready and able to provide all the low-price electricity people will need—*without* depending on your taxes.

These are the companies that have doubled the supply of electricity in the past 10 years, and will double the present supply in the next 10.

The reason federal "public power" gets your tax money is simply that most people don't know about it. So spread the word among your friends. As soon as enough people understand, they'll stop this unnecessary spending of everybody's money.

WHEN "PUBLIC POWER" WINS—<u>YOU</u> LOSE! *Every time another federal "public power" proposal goes through Congress, <u>you</u> are taxed to pay the bill.*

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

burlesque house, ignoring the achievements of its early years, would be . . . shortsighted.

DEAN L. GITTER
Cambridge, Mass.

● *We erred in saying Mr. Gitter wants Federal financing for his project. He erred in calling the Howard America's "oldest theater building." The Walnut Street Theater in Philadelphia, still a going concern, opened in 1808, thirty-seven years before the Howard.* —ED.

"They Shall Never Grow Old"

Dear Sirs:

Kenneth Kay's A PLACE CALLED BELLEAU WOOD [Nov. 7] had a terrific impact on me, a replacement in the ranks depleted by that battle. . . . Let's have more yarns like that. *The Post* is taking on a more masculine flavor of late that's very popular with both sexes.

STEPHEN M. WALTER
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

As a combat veteran of the Second World War (South Pacific) I would especially like to commend Mr. Kay. His description of the fear that seizes most soldiers under fire was most accurate.

STEPHEN J. BRICKNER
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

On page 76 . . . Sylvester Johnson is made to say, "Four years the Germans held this sector." Belleau Wood . . . was part of the territory captured by the Germans in their spring offensive of 1918. . . . On the same page, the same man piles into the wrong truck with a bunch of "B-Company" boys. The 5th and 6th regiments of the Marine Brigade of the 2nd Division did not letter their companies but used numbers.

ALTON C. BRITTON
Battle Creek, Mich.

● *According to the Marine Corps' historical section in Washington: (1) The Germans took Belleau Wood in August, 1914, but withdrew a month later and did not reoccupy that sector until their May, 1918, offensive. (2) Officially, Marine companies were numbered, but when they were attached to Army units they were also designated by letters.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

I felt a kinship to his Sylvester Johnson for I, too, in 1956 wandered around Belleau, Baux and Hill 204 in search of the ghosts of 1918.

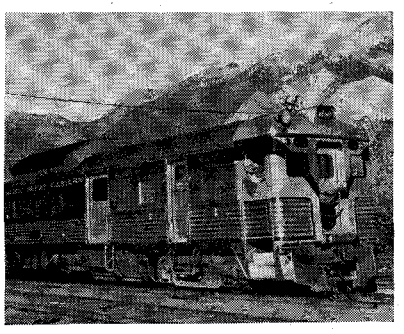
The words I wrote on the register at Belleau Cemetery that day tell how I felt: "They shall never grow old."

PETER J. SCHOFIELD
Clinton, Mass.

Rugged Railroad

Dear Sirs:

Re I RODE THE FRONTIER TRAIN [Nov. 7]: Lee Edson may know how to write an excellent article about some beautiful country, but apparently his knowledge of railroading is limited. His "orange-and-green diesel locomotive with five stainless-steel coaches . . . each [with] its own engine" are actually six self-propelled rail diesel cars built by the Budd Company of Philadelphia. The



What's up front—a locomotive?

"locomotive" is a combination mail-baggage-coach. . . . The train may be operated from controls in each end of every car, so they are all really "locomotives."

A. GERALD PETERS
Tulare, Calif.

● *"Even so," says Edson, "it's hard for me to give up the notion that the car where you find the engineer is not the locomotive."* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

The writer has captured the romance and spirit of that great country. It is my hope that many readers will deduce a challenge and opportunity for themselves and their children.

H. W. THOMSON
Canadian Consulate General
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

In the caption under my picture on KEEPING POSTED you call the two youngsters shown with me my sons. I wish they were. They are wonderful boys, Michael and Barney Faas, the sons of two of my closest friends.

LEE EDSON
El Cerrito, Calif.

Uncommonly Solid

Dear Sirs:

Reading NATURAL HISTORY OF A STAR [ADVENTURES OF THE MIND 38, by Jesse L. Greenstein] in the Oct. 24 issue, I was more than a little surprised to learn that lead is the densest solid. I had always thought that osmium enjoys that distinction.

JOSEPH L. DIXON
Little Rock, Ark.

● *"You have found me with my densities a little bit loosely expressed," says Professor Greenstein. "Few people would have known even the name osmium, and for the purposes of my argument the use of a common element like lead seemed preferable."* —ED.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Harvard Theatre Collection. • 6–Bruce Moss. • 17, 18, 19–Sid Avery. • 20, 21–Robert McCall. • 22, 23–Eugene Kammerman. • 24–Mike Ludlow. • 25–Los Angeles Times; United Press International; two from Wide World. • 26–Hans Knopf; Culver. • 27–Two from Ashmolean Museum and Rembert Wurlitzer; two from Rembert Wurlitzer. • 28, 29–Coby Whitmore. • 30–Bob Towers. • 31–Bruce Bomberger. • 32, 33–Arnold Newman. • 34, 35–R. G. Harris. • 37–Wolf Suschitzky. 40–Fred Otnes. • 104–Anonymous; anonymous; United Press International.

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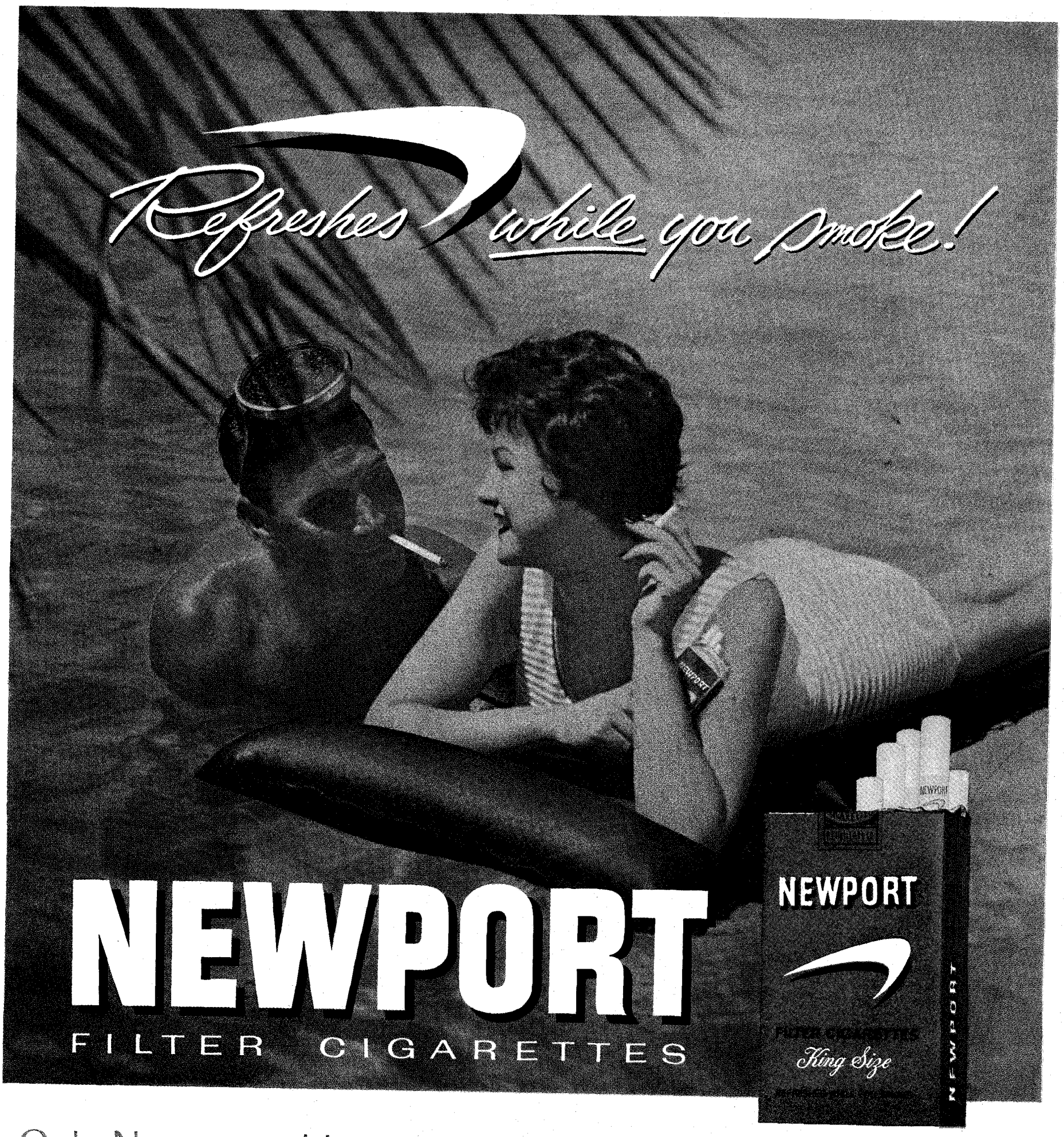

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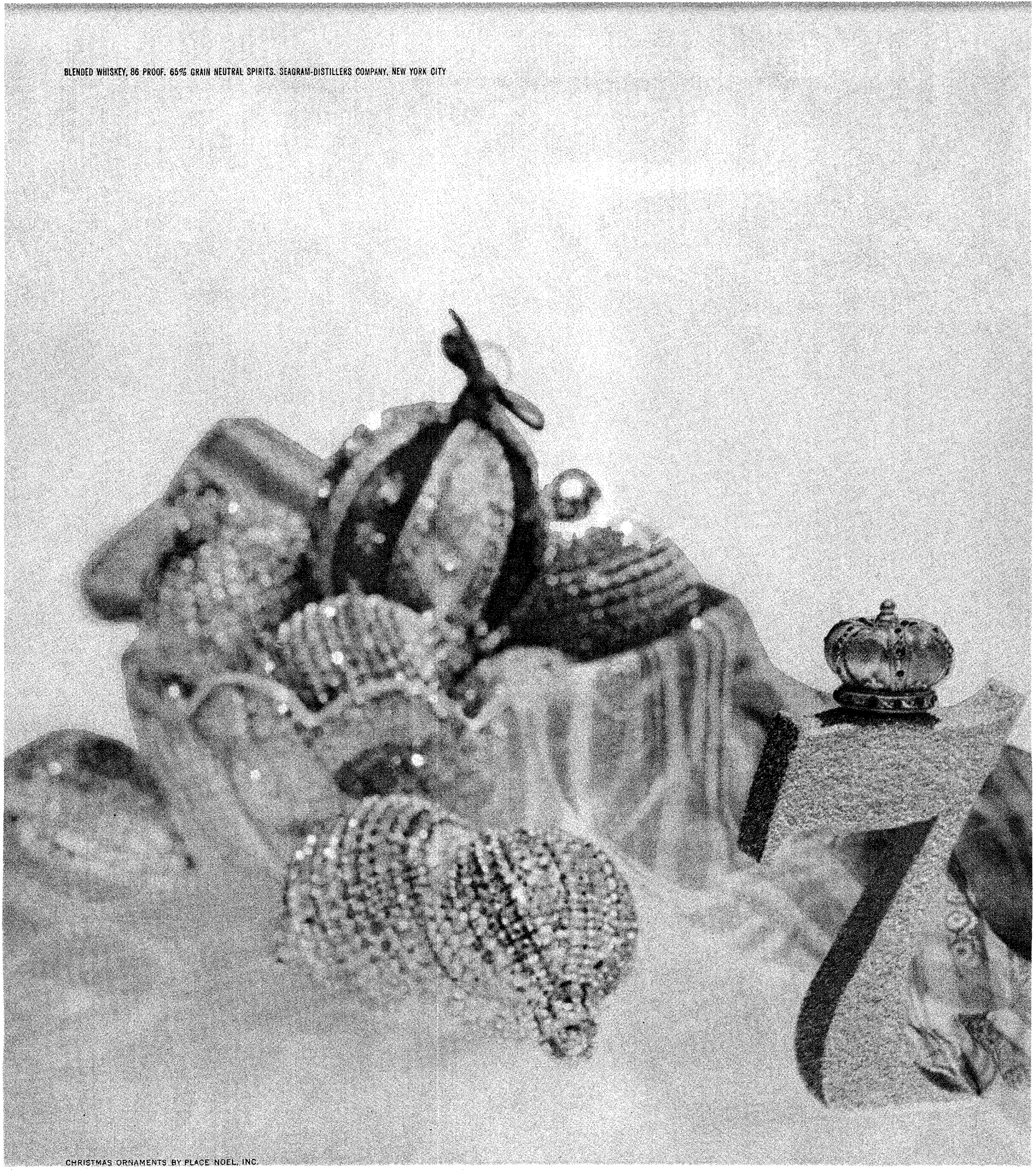

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Editorials

Fidel Looks Less Like a Friend of the U.S.A. All the Time

It seems but yesterday that *The Post* was receiving ill-tempered letters from readers who took exception to an editorial hint that perhaps the State Department had moved too fast when it recognized Fidel Castro's "government" before the bearded revolutionary leader had even reached Havana. Some of our correspondents were, of course, left-wing characters, but more of them were just ordinary Americans who had heard so much about the brutalities of the Batista regime in Cuba that criticism of anybody who had managed to overthrow that dictatorship seemed tantamount to treason.

Many months have passed and with them a good many illusions among people whose zeal for democracy was keener than their ability to detect a crackpot surrounded by Communist operators. Fidel can still wow the proletariat, but threats of new purges indicate loss of confidence among responsible Cubans. The Cuban economy is a shambles, and Castro indulges in daily blasts against the United States. A promising movement among responsible trade-union leaders to extricate labor from the Communist clutches was unsuccessful. Reds from Communist countries, including mainland China, flock to Cuba to complicate the problem further.

If there is any moral to all this, it seems to us to be about what we thought it was when Castro appeared: What's wrong with waiting to see who's who? There was then ample reason to suspect that the Castro movement had Communist backing from Mexico and Venezuela, not to mention New York and Miami. However, so sold was the State Department on the thesis that anyone who opposes a dictatorship must be our man, that we recalled an ambassador who had taken the diplomatically "correct" attitude toward the Batista Government and replaced him with a man supposed to be more capable of getting along with revolutionaries.

The net result, as could have been predicted, is that the new ambassador is being as roundly denounced by Fidel as his predecessor was. This would happen to any United States diplomat pledged to protect the interest of his country.

Whose interest Castro is pledged to protect becomes increasingly moot. At first it was said that, while he was a sincere lover of the people, his brother Raúl—now head of the Cuban military forces—was inclined to favor the Communists. Since that charitable estimate, we have seen a procession of defectors from Cuba, many of whom have testified that the Castro regime is crawling with Communists. Gen. C. P. Cabell of the Central Intelligence Agency has stated that Vadim Kotchergin, a Soviet intelligence agent, had been in Cuba "to give guidance to Cuban Communists." Cuban leaders, formerly close to Castro, have come out to tell the same story. And the attitude of the regime toward American industry and business in Cuba—without which the island would be even worse off than it is—certainly suggests no sympathy for a free economy.

Perhaps this discouraging situation has its brighter side. Having let the Castro nonsense run itself out, we can at least repudiate the charge that this country has attempted to stifle the will of the people in a friendly Latin-American state. Nobody can yell, "Bring home those brutal marines!" On the other hand, we shall be faced eventually with the problem: What to do about Cuba? To leave the mess as it is, ninety miles from our shores, invites the further intervention of a Caribbean-conscious Soviet Union. To intervene ourselves exposes us to attack as lecherous imperialists, just the reaction the Communists are hoping for.

In the long run we shall have to act in accord with our national interest. If, as all will hope, that interest coincides with the revival of political sanity in Cuba, that is all to the good. But, come hell, high water and the ill opinion of *The Nation*, we cannot accept a Communist satellite in Cuba. We have let things drift much too far in that direction already.

It's Time to Insist That This Country Has Endured its Last Steel Strike!

As this is written, there is no certain opinion as to whether the eighty-day "cooling-off period" in the steel strike—prescribed in the Taft-Hartley Law, requested by the President of the United States and validated by the Supreme Court—means the end of the strike or whether the stubborn contest will be resumed. As the steelworkers went back to their jobs last month, the prognosis was not too encouraging. Union leaders, supported by certain phrases in Justice Douglas' dissent and by a particularly nonsensical comment by Sen. Wayne Morse of Oregon, talked about the unfairness of a statute which forced men to work against their will. Senator Morse recommended that flags be flown at half-staff during the eighty days of "economic peonage."

Obviously there is no legal compulsion upon any worker to go back to his job if he doesn't want to. No sheriff is authorized to drag him into the plant and see that he stays there. If he leaves the job and is no longer eligible for wages or strike benefits from the union, there is the economic compulsion which applies to all who work for a living. But the important legal compulsion is that David McDonald *et al* may not compel the workers to stay off the job. Senator Morse and other liberals, who insist that the opinions of the Supreme Court are the "law of the land" when they dictate the color pattern of Southern schools, seemed strangely out of tune on this issue. And Senator Morse in particular, who has often supported compulsory union membership as a requirement for getting a job, seems to need some new briefing on the nature of compulsion.

The Supreme Court in sustaining the injunction was not so much concerned with theoretical discussions of compulsion as with the necessity of getting the steel industry back on the rails. The court found little merit in Justice Douglas' view that national "safety" had not been threatened because "only a fraction of the production of the struck industry goes to defense needs." Justice Douglas did not say how many workers should be condemned to "economic peonage" to meet defense requirements!

Shaking off such irrelevancies, the court held simply that the purpose of Congress in passing the law "seems to have been to see that vital production should be resumed or continued for a time while further efforts were made to settle the dispute. To carry out its purposes, Congress carefully surrounded the injunction proceedings with detailed procedural devices and limitations." The limitations were fully respected. The President's patience stretched out to a marathon before he finally decided to apply for an injunction to impose the eighty-day breather. The remaining question was whether this footless dispute would be resumed after January twenty-sixth, when the men would be free to walk out all over again.

We can be sure of one thing. Congress will have plenty to say if the strike is resumed. All sorts of schemes, from compulsory arbitration to seizure of plants by the Government, will be tossed into the hopper. Even the monopoly created by the union shop may be reexamined. While suggestions for cures will vary, there will be virtual unanimity on the proposition that the productive capacity of the whole nation cannot be repeatedly threatened by nationwide strikes over issues which ought to be settled easily enough while production goes on.

If the unions are insisting on "featherbedding," make-work rules and practices, let them defend them while work continues and trust in public opinion to support them. If management has a disguised speed-up in view, that will be revealed when new rules are put into effect. The union, after all, will still be there.

The heat is on the steel industry to get this argument settled. Congress and the public will be intolerant of failure to end a situation which has brought our supposedly invincible production machine to a slow-down and could bring it to a grinding halt.

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CHRISTMAS - 1959 -

CHRISTMAS . . . the word itself brings to mind warm and wonderful memories . . . deep and abiding hopes.

In spite of the uneasy tensions of the times in which we are living, the Christmas spirit gives strength to all of us. Its annual rebirth heightens our appreciation of things we hold dear . . . and inspires us anew to hold fast to our way of life and our trust in God.

In this season of good will, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company . . . whose privilege it is to serve so many families throughout the United States and Canada . . . extends its most sincere wishes for all that is good today . . . and tomorrow.

May the warmth of happiness, health and God's blessings be with you at Christmas . . . and throughout the New Year.

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FOR HER

A Yardley's enchanting Red Roses fragrance is the keynote of this gift set of After Bath Freshener, Dusting Powder and 3 cakes of Guest Soap. **$5.95**

B Yardley English Lavender Essence and Yardley Dusting Powder in a charming gift set. Available also in Red Roses, April Violets and "Bond Street" fragrances. **$4**

C Gift set of assorted Yardley soaps—two each of English Lavender, Red Roses and Crushed Carnation. A sheer delight in shower or bath. **$3.50**

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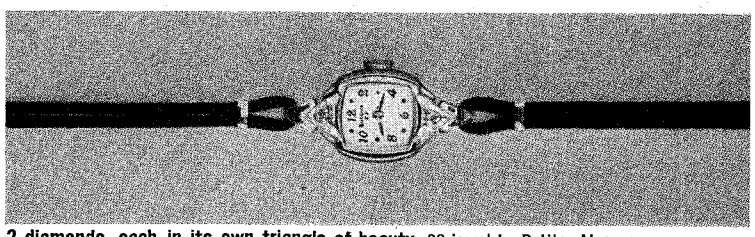
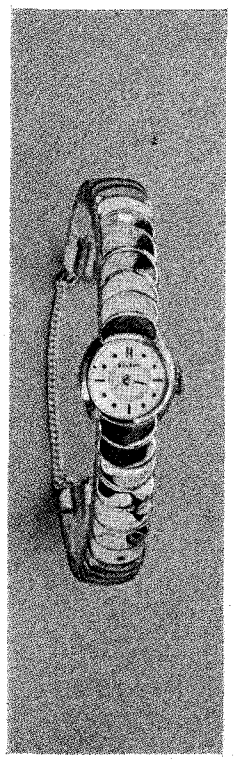
Give her dreams...dazzle...gold...
diamonds...and a watch
so precise, she can't bear
to be late

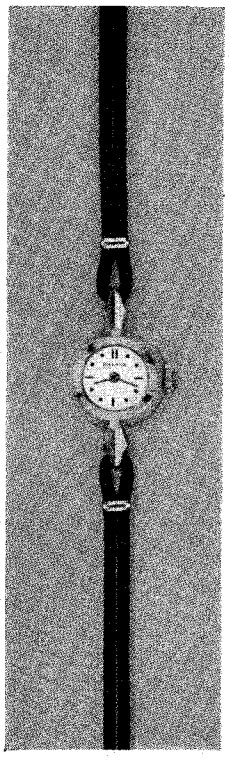
Watch and bracelet matched as a kiss. 17 jewels. Goddess of Time. Also in white. $39.75.



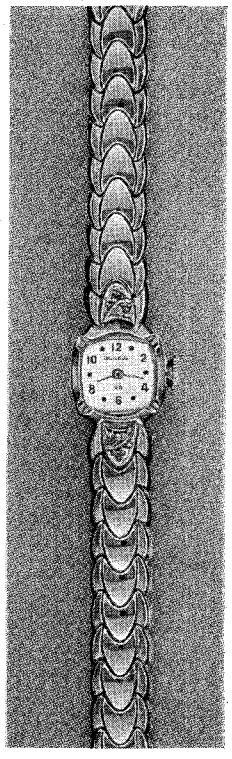
2 diamonds, each in its own triangle of beauty. 23-jewel La Petite. Also in white. $59.50.



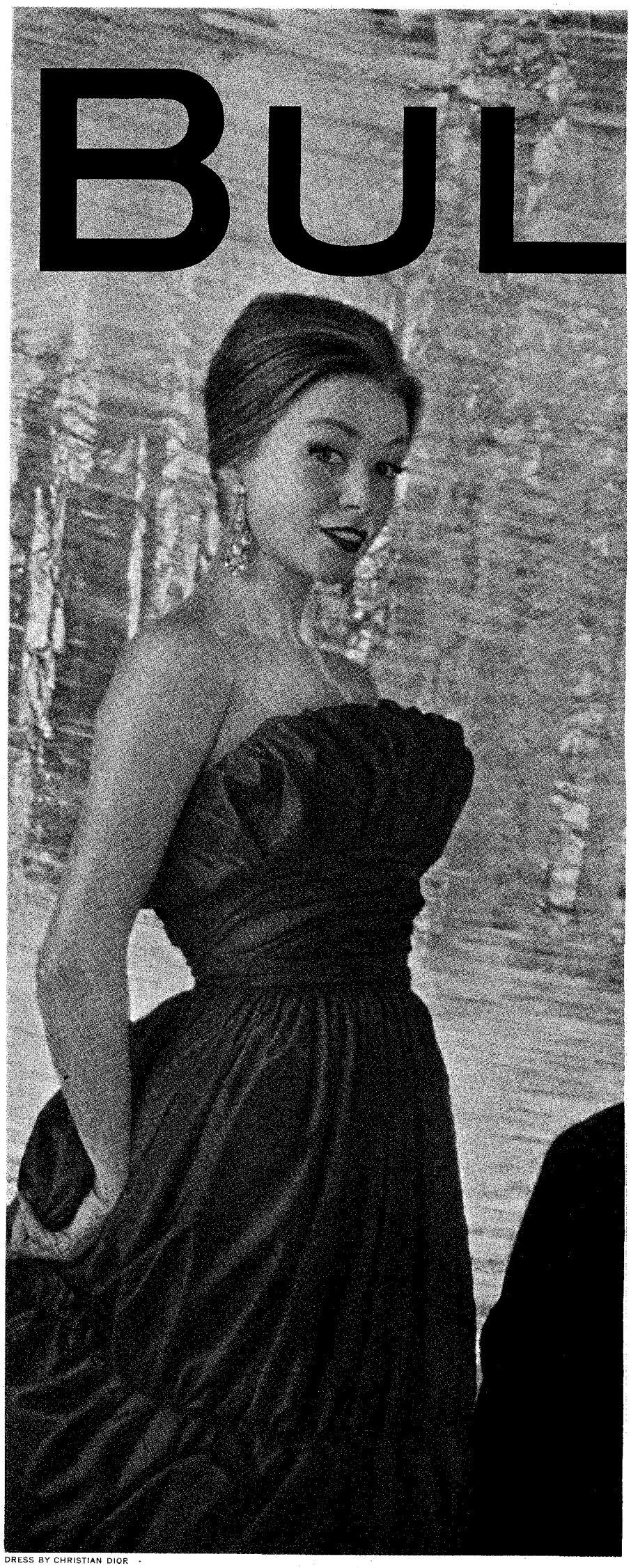
Bracelet glitters like gold coins. 21-jewel bracelet watch. American Girl. Also in white. $75.



The classic watch, never outdated. Perfectly simple 17-jewel, 14K gold watch. Sungold. Also in white. $85.



The winged jet bracelet, set off by flower sprays that hold 4 diamonds. The watch — a tiny curved cushion shape. 23-jewel Rhapsody. Also in yellow. $100.



DRESS BY CHRISTIAN DIOR

Watches shown include Federal Tax. Other Bulova watches priced from $24.75 to $2500. *When case, crystal and crown are intact. Certified waterproof by United States Testing Company, Inc. ©1959 Bulova Watch Co., Inc. New York, Toronto, Bienne, Milan

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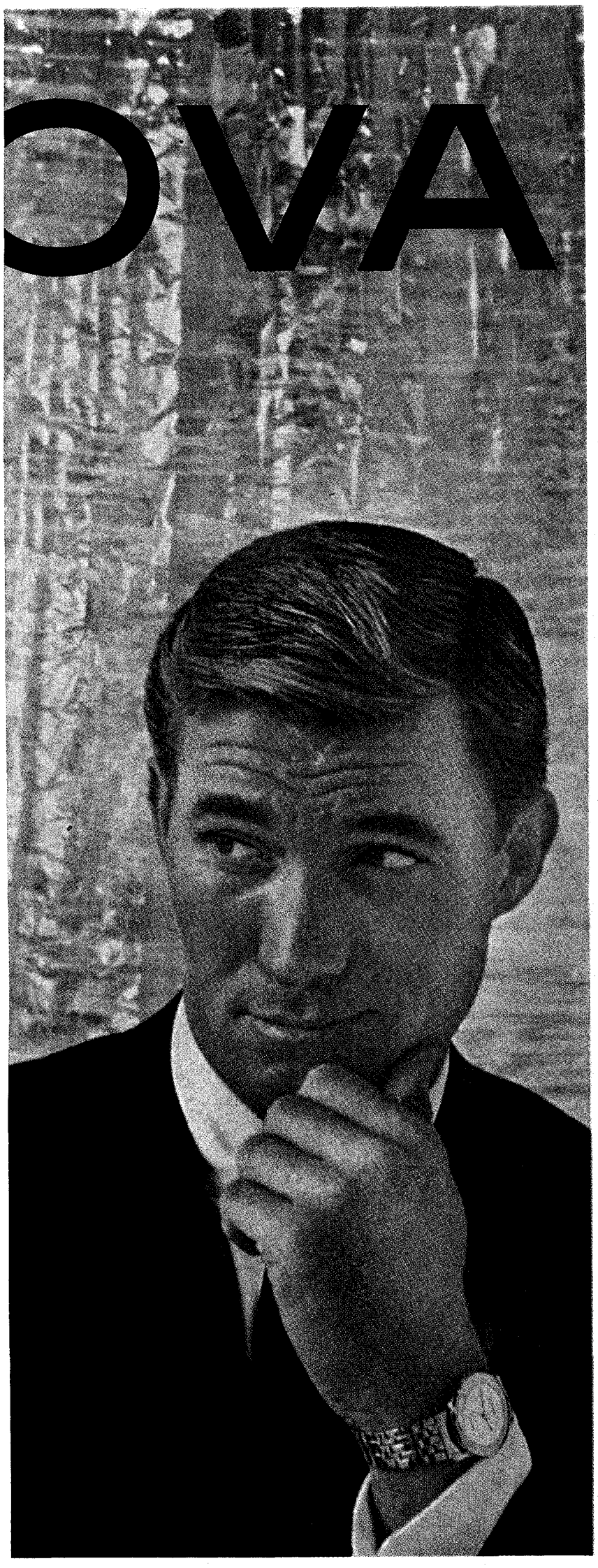
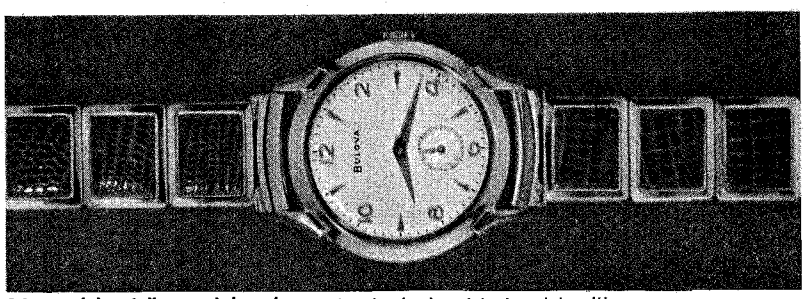
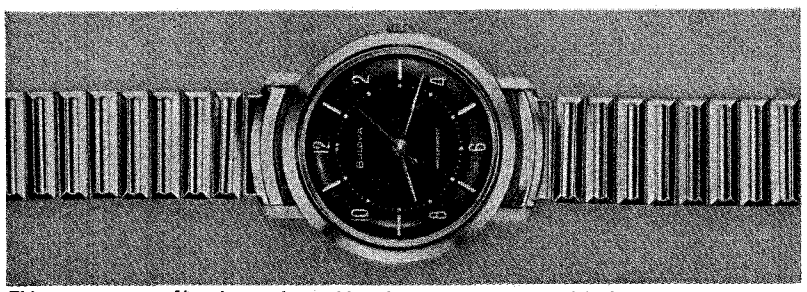


FOR CHRISTMAS

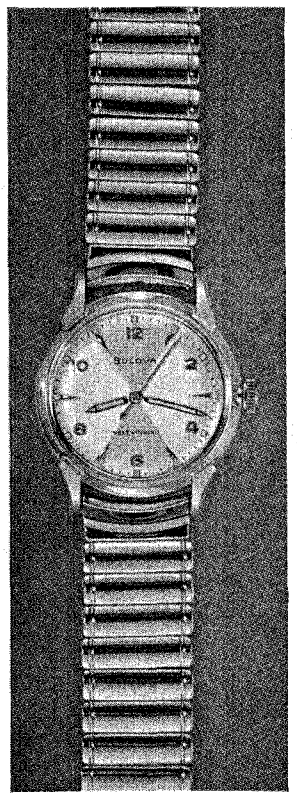
Give him a proud watch...a dynamic watch...a watch whose every part is Bulova-crafted and jewel-set for flawless precision



Advanced in styling, not in price. 17-jewel, shock-resistant watch with highly unusual expansion band. Senator. $39.75.

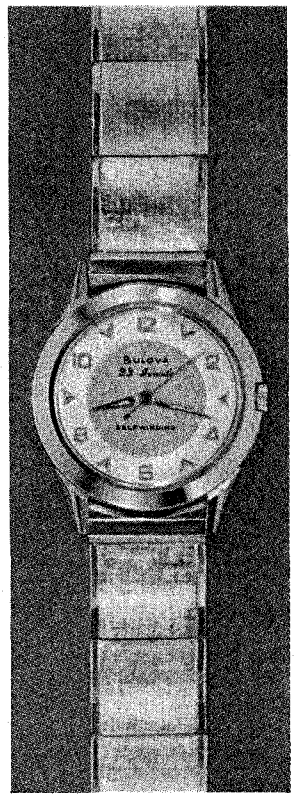


Thinnest waterproof* we've made at this price. 17-jewel, shock-resistant Sea King with luminous hands and dial. Also with white dial. $49.50.



The watch that faces anything. 17 jewels. Self-winding. Waterproof*. Shock-resistant. Luminous hands and dial. Anti-magnetic. Expansion band. Royal Clipper. $59.50.

Brilliantly styled from band to watch. 17 jewels. Self-winding. Shock-resistant. Ambassador. Also in white. $71.50



The watch that has everything plus new ultra-thin styling. 23 jewels. Self-winding. Waterproof*. Shock-resistant. Luminous hands and dial. Six precision adjustments. Anti-magnetic. Florentine finish dial. Bulova "23". $95.

)U CAN BE PROUD OF THAT BULOVA DIFFERENCE

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Merry Christmas
and Happy Shaving
for every man
who shaves
electrically

Give this Luxury Gift of shaving comfort

FOUR COMBINATIONS
ONLY $2 EACH*

A gift you'll be proud to put your card on! All four combinations are packed in a handsome red, gold and white Christmas box. Choose the gift pack that best fits his needs:

Combination 1 (shown above)
Shaving Powder Stick • Shaver Saver Head Cleaner

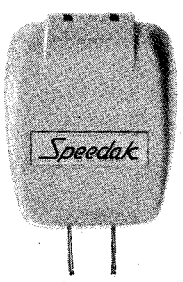
Combination 2
Pre-Electric Shave Lotion • Shaver Saver Head Cleaner

Combination 3
Pre-Electric Shave Lotion • After Shave Lotion

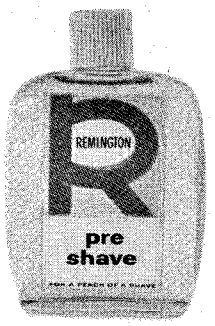
Combination 4
After Shave Lotion • Shaver Saver Head Cleaner

Or, choose one of these "Big R" shaving aids to give him the finest, most comfortable shaves—no matter what make of shaver he uses.

Shaver Saver† Head Cleaner — exclusive one minute tune-up formula speeds up shaver for faster, closer shaves...cleans, with 2X Germicide. $1



Speedak† Power Transformer—extra speed for every shaver . . . boost whisker-cutting power as much as 60%. Ideal for low voltage areas. $5.95



Pre-Electric Shave Lotion—pops up wilted whiskers . . . lets shaver glide closer to whisker bases for much smoother, longer-lasting shaves. $1

Shaving Powder Stick—dries face instantly for easier, closer electric shaving. Convenient no-spill, no-leak container with push-up base. $1

After Shave Lotion—new exclusive formula containing GRL-100. Prevents skin dryness, freshens face. Crisp, masculine aroma. $1 plus tax

AT DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES EVERYWHERE—SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY THE LEADING MANUFACTURER OF ELECTRIC SHAVERS

*Plus 10c Federal Tax on combinations 3 & 4 †TRADEMARK

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

Los Angeles Battles the Murk

Each day its autos and industry pour more than 2000 tons of smog-forming pollutants into the air. A report from the city which leads the fight against a growing urban menace.

By ARNOLD NICHOLSON

The reception room of a Los Angeles office is almost sure to display an enlarged aerial photograph of the city and its environs. The view is impressive. You are looking at a vast plain carpeted with gleaming white buildings, threaded by multilane highways and caught between the Pacific and a rim of mile-high mountains north and east. Each tiny dot of a house on slopes twenty, thirty miles away is sharply etched in the clear atmosphere.

These stimulating panoramas, it has been said, are kept on the wall for the benefit of visitors who come to town when Los Angeles is either lightly hazed over or chokingly blanketed in smog. This, for years, has averaged two days out of three. Mayor Norris Poulson, however, claims that the picture in his office hangs "as a reminder of the day when Detroit does something to bring us relief."

The mayor, as befits a good politician, has been the leader in a mounting chorus of citizen complaint directed to the automobile manufacturers. "You lured us into this mess," is the theme of motorized Angelenos, "and you will have to invent something to get us out of it."

Another vociferous bloc has zeroed in on the petroleum companies. "Either put something into our gasoline or take something out," they say. "Give us a smog-free fuel."

Rush hour on the Hollywood Freeway. Autos, buses and trucks are responsible for two thirds of the region's aggravating pall.

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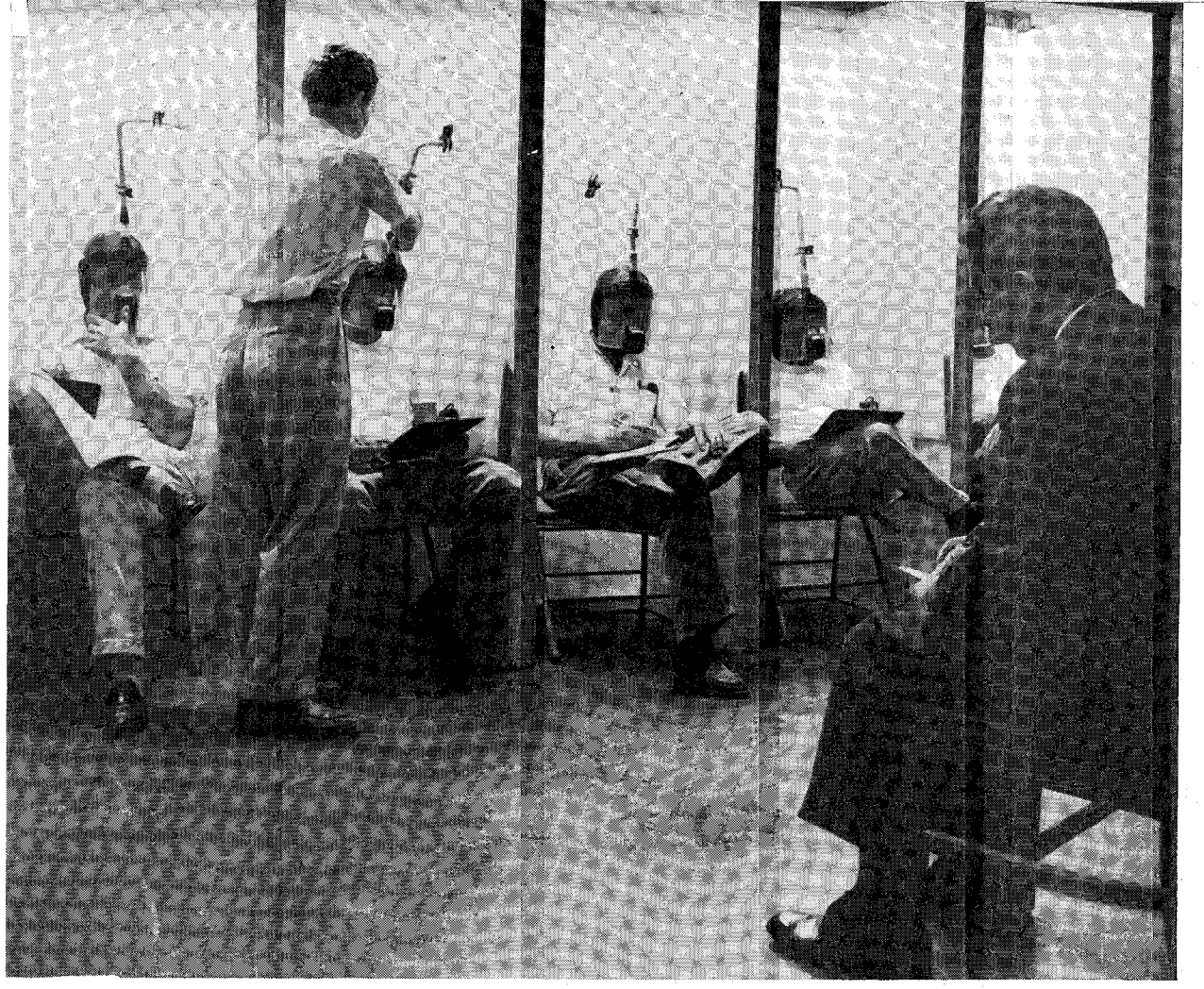
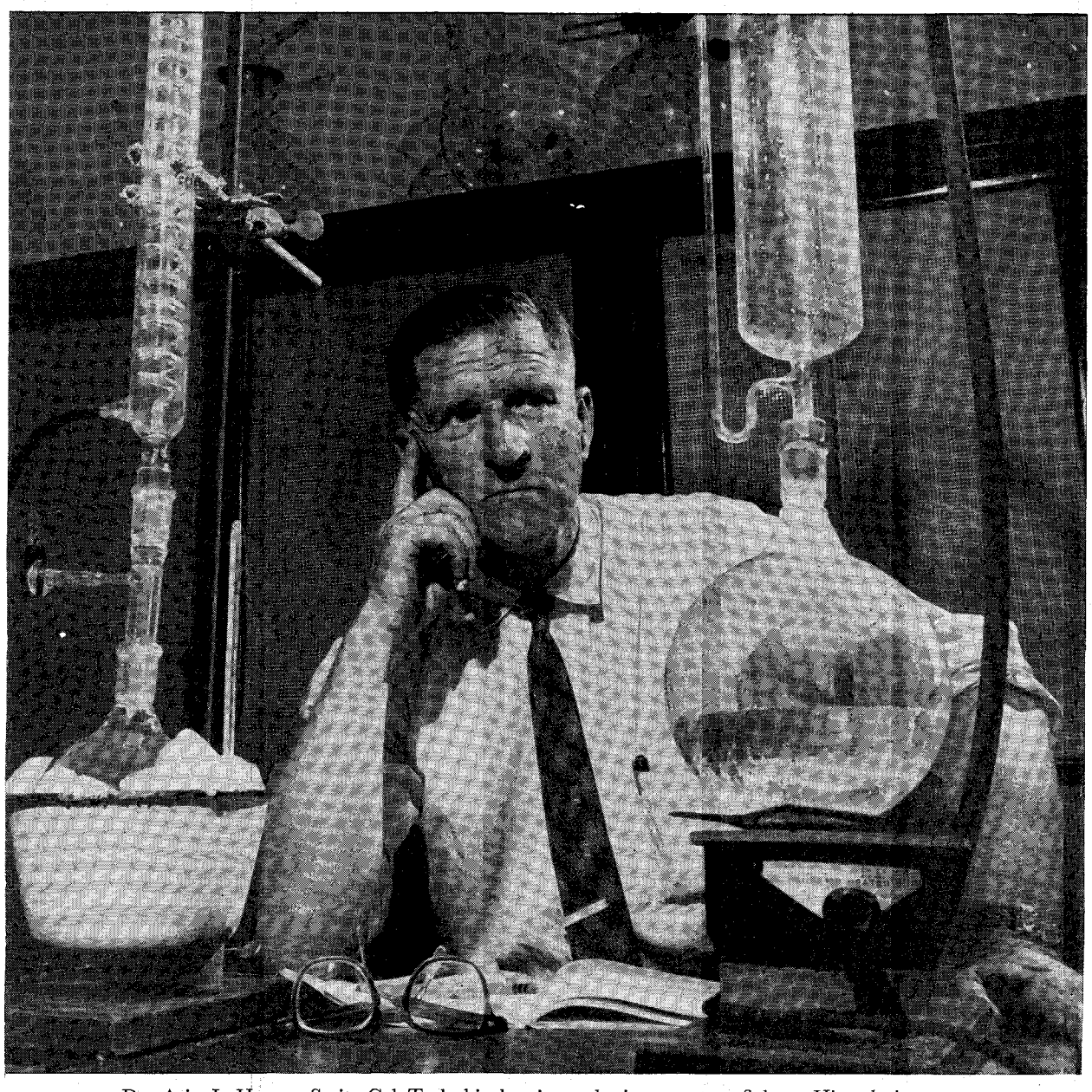


Volunteers wearing smog-filled masks during an eye-irritation test at the Stanford Research Institute. Here subjects record their reactions to five-minute doses of "gunk." Despite extensive research, all of the compounds that cause the irritation are not identified.



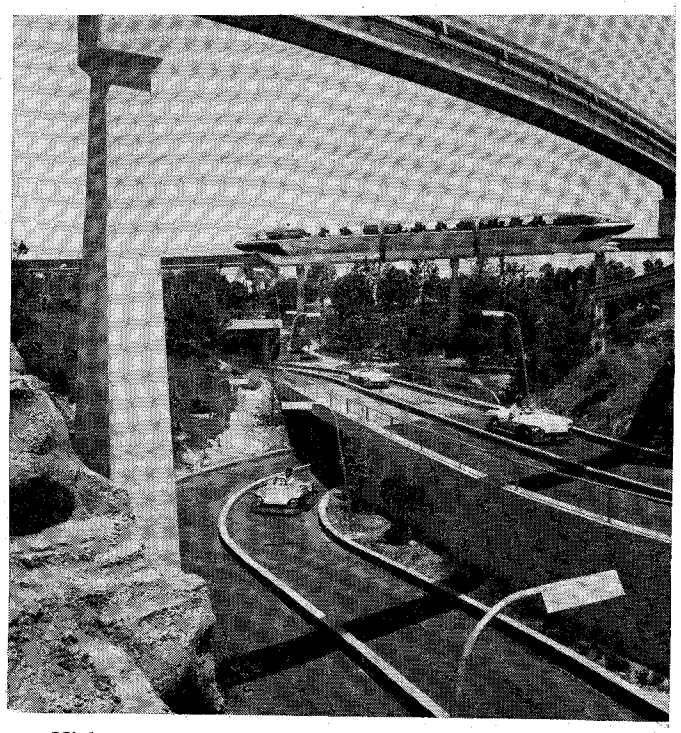
Dr. Arie J. Haagen-Smit, Cal Tech biochemist and pioneer smog fighter. His solution: "Limit industry and the concentration of people." Haagen-Smit calculates that Los Angeles' tremendous future population growth will cancel out all the new antismog controls.

What the 6,000,000 inhabitants of Southern California's smogland want is a way out of the nation's most persistent, aggravating and peculiar air-pollution problem—a monumental dilemma, now that it is fully understood. Fifteen years of acrimonious debate, costly control measures and research indicate that the sprawling Los Angeles basin, having fashioned a way of life around the automobile, is literally stewing in its own tail-pipe juice. The basin's 3,000,000 motor vehicles—one for every other man, woman and child—at the present rate of use put 5700 tons of exhaust gas into the air each day. An almost odorless, invisible part of this atmospheric load is the principal cause of smog.

The irritating murk was long considered a strictly local phenomenon, compounded by Los Angeles' geography and weather conditions. Both, it is true, contribute to the problem. Yet San Diego and the San Francisco Bay area now are troubled with similar smog. Fresno and Sacramento, in California's great Central Valley, have joined the list, along with Tucson and Phoenix, in Arizona. Honolulu and Denver report a suspicious haze. There's a growing conviction in city halls and medical circles far to the east that every big metropolis, as population and motor vehicles multiply, may be headed for some sort of exhaust-gas dilemma unless gasoline power is modified by a scientific breakthrough or public-transportation systems are revived.

"California's battle against smog," says Surg. Gen. Leroy E. Burney of the United States Public Health Service, "may furnish a lucky break for other cities which, although seldom caught in the same weather trap as the Southwest, now realize that automobile gases are one of the major air-pollution problems. A solution for Los Angeles would almost guarantee success anywhere."

Other cities already are deeply in debt to Los Angeles. The millions invested in smog research have unveiled important atmospheric mysteries. Her citizens and industry together have demonstrated workable controls for almost every source of pollutant except the automobile. No community of comparable size even approaches Los Angeles' strict regulation



High-speed monorail transportation, such as the example at Disneyland above, has been suggested as a way to lure Los Angeles commuters out of their cars.

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Photographs by Sid Avery

of what goes into the air. A white shirt, smog or no smog, is still a white shirt after two days' wear in the heart of the city.

All trash or leaf burning within Los Angeles County has been prohibited since 1957. No factory stack may emit more than a wisp of smoke or the faintest plume of vapor, other than steam. The eighteen oil refineries in the basin have spent $35,000,000 capturing waste material, capping tanks and sealing off leakage. An equal amount has been invested in smoke and fume controls by all other industries. The big electric power plants, which burn almost smokeless oil, are now required, during the summer and fall smog months, to burn even cleaner natural gas.

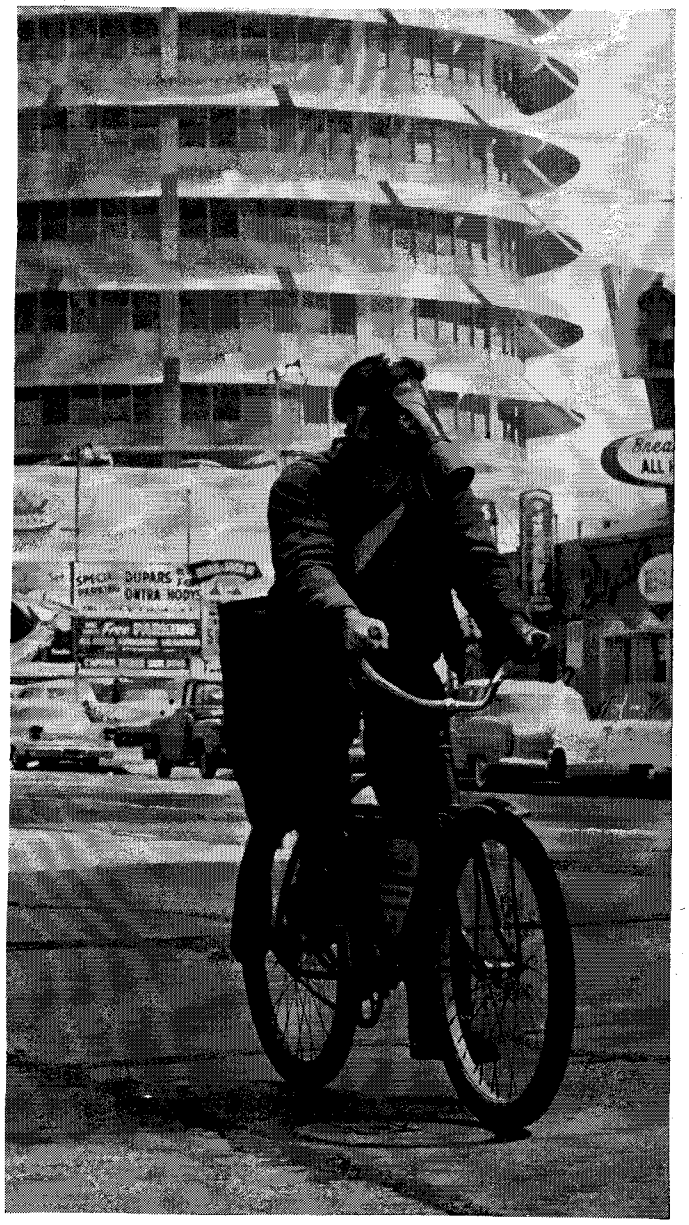
The agency which establishes and enforces these regulations, usually branded "impossible" when first proposed, is the Air Pollution Control District, an arm of the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors. It is spending $3,750,000 this year. Many of the district's air-scrubbing rules—they now number sixty-four—tap the pockets of the people, either directly through taxes or through higher costs of products or services. Payments for trash collection throughout the county, after the no-burning edict, soared from $12,000,000 to about $29,000,000 a year.

These financial burdens only add to the tension throughout the basin when a clear, hot morning dawns and the course of early traffic on each freeway is marked by streaks of dirty brown haze directly overhead. The whole valley grows hazier and hazier as the sun mounts in the sky, and swelters in a faintly malodorous, acrid murk by noon. Eyes weep and tender plant leaves are seared. The switchboard at district headquarters blossoms with hundreds of calls, every one from an irritated, irate taxpayer demanding relief. One ghoulish soul, who has either perished or moved away, day after day never uttered a word to the operator—just coughed harshly two or three times and then hung up.

The moment comes when an attendant at one of the district's seven monitoring stations, scattered at strategic points throughout the county, reports "first alert" levels of stuff in the atmosphere. The word goes out to newspapers, radio and TV stations, to public agencies and to industrial plants. It used to signal an end to trash burning in the valley. Today it is supposed to limit auto use, on a voluntary basis. No one, however, has observed much thinning in the streams of cars when the smog is at its worst. News of the alert over car radios simply confirms the irritation of hot, tired drivers jousting through traffic.

The alert is usually over by late afternoon. One of the causes is then on its way out of the sky. This is California's bright and blazing sun. Cause

(Continued on Page 90)



Anything for relief: Whenever the murk becomes unbearable, Edward M. Baker, a Hollywood messenger, makes his rounds wearing a gas mask.

"Will it ever come to this?" Among the more bizarre reminders of the city's plight is this asbestos fire-fighting suit which one Los Angeles merchant offered to smog-weary customers.

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Illustrated by Robert McCall

Beginning a
new serial by
NANCY RUTLEDGE

TROPIC HOLIDAY

The story of a glorious vacation that suddenly became a nightmare of fear.

It was a large ultramodern plane, with wide aisles and amply distanced reclining seats, two abreast. It carried first-class passengers only—luxury trade on the luxury run to the Caribbean—slim Paris-dressed women with furs tossed casually aside, distinguished-looking men in custom-tailored suits.

All planes still seemed luxurious to Karen Corey, who had never been on one until a week ago. She twisted her slim young neck to see first Idlewild Airport, then the lights of New York fading behind them as the plane climbed steadily. She remembered the giant Maine Christmas tree at Rockefeller Center, the golden angels on the golden organ high across a block of department store, the moving-animal Christmas windows farther downtown, the trees lighted on Park Avenue. Now it was the day after Christmas, and perhaps they would be taking some of the lights down, but Karen had never seen anything like them, or like New York itself, and they would remain for a long time in her memory.

The laconic voice of the pilot came over the intercom. "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. You are now flying on one of the world's most dependable airliners. Your pilots and crew are skilled and experienced. There is little likelihood that we will be forced to land on water, but it is good practice to be acquainted with the facilities provided for your safety. Our estimated time of arrival in the Virgin Islands is six-forty-five A.M. The weather reports are good, a little wind over toward Puerto Rico, but nothing that should bother us. The temperature in New York as we left was five above zero. In Saint Thomas, Virgin Islands, it is seventy-three degrees. Flying time about six and a half hours. *Buenas noches, señoras et señores. Usted está volando ahora en uno de los aviones más confiables del mundo. . . .*"

Hosmer Smith, in the seat beside Karen, patted her arm with his big hand as the pilot repeated his message in Spanish. "You understand that foreign talk?"

"Some of it, Uncle Hosmer. I had two years of college Spanish."

"Just shows you," Hosmer said amiably. "Money won't buy you everything. You only twenty and knowing so many things I'll never know now. Even if I make a hundred million dollars, it's too late."

You didn't need money to learn things, Karen thought. Her college-professor father had lived in a rented house and he had even borrowed on his life insurance to help a senior philosophy student of his. But that hadn't stopped Jonathan from getting a Ph.D. and putting Karen through two years of college, before his fatal heart attack at forty-two.

Somehow this thought seemed critical of Hosmer Smith, who had been so kind. Karen smiled at the big shaggy man beside her. "You know lots of things that aren't in books, Uncle Hosmer. You've traveled all around the world, selling foreign bonds, being a cruise director. You've worked at so many professions. Personnel work, public relations ——"

Hosmer gestured with a big hand. Everything about Hosmer Smith was big—his voice, his body, his smile. "Wasted years. The truth is, I was never very good at anything until three years ago. Then I finally hit my stride—after twenty years. Advertising. That was what I was meant for. To think I would have a sign in lights on Times Square!"

Hosmer's Health Hunkies, in five flashing colors, Karen thought, remembering that every night in New York they had gone to look at the sign, to stand in front of it, admiring it, come rain, snow or sleet. There was something wistful, something appealingly boyish about Hosmer Smith, even though he was Karen's mother's older brother and must be in his forties. True, he was big and handsome and assured. He radiated confidence and charm. Tall, straight, tanned, he was so obviously healthy that he was a walking advertisement for his beloved product which had so suddenly shot to astronomical success. To Karen, Hosmer's Health Hunkies tasted practically like any other breakfast food, but there was no denying that millions of eager Americans were rushing to buy it, that the flamboyant pink-and-blue box was a familiar sign on billboards across the nation, in page-wide ads in magazines and newspapers, that its three-word musical signature battered all ears on radio and television.

"I did it all alone," said Hosmer Smith happily. "Millions it's making. Hosmer's Health Hunkies. Of course, first there are the financing costs to be paid, the promotions, but within six months it will be practically clear profit for me (Continued on Page 48)

He pulled her closer and kissed her, first gently, then very thoroughly.

I wouldn't move any farther," he said. "I don't want to have to kill you. At least not yet."

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Stockholm teen-agers after dark. **LEFT:** As in America, the automobile is essential to a Swedish boy who wants to make an impression on a girl. **CENTER:** Inside the Chico Bar, a favorite teen-age hangout. **RIGHT:** A belligerent Swede (back to camera) delivers a tipsy challenge to the boy in the leather jacket.

SWEDEN: PARADISE WITH PROBLEMS

By PETER WYDEN

Poverty and hardship are virtually unheard of in this most highly developed of the welfare states. But the worry-free life has brought a new set of troubles.

Conservative Party leader J. Hjalmarson told the author, "Maybe our lives are too soft," but added, "This is not a party problem."

STOCKHOLM.

Strike up a conversation in Sweden with almost anybody anywhere, and you will be told in no time at all that you are in the most Americanized country in Europe. It's a plausible impression. In the number of telephones per capita, Sweden does not lag far behind the United States. In radios it ranks third in the world; in cars, fourth. Traffic zips past well-fed, well-groomed crowds that mob incredibly well-scrubbed stores to splurge on such Yankee-fied items as shirts labeled "no iron" and filter cigarettes called "Ritz" and "Bill." There are no slums, and even most drunks look remarkably neat and prosperous.

On further inspection you wonder whether the Swedes have perhaps carried American-style democracy to new heights of perfection. Many of them believe that they live in a land where serenity has become a birthright. This is understandable because their socialist government has fashioned a welfare state so lovingly planned and so thoughtfully complete that the American propagandists attached to our Stockholm embassy have long felt a bit sheepish about their mission. Social security? Full employment? Labor peace? Who could teach Swedes about such things?

Yet there is trouble in this apparent paradise. The suicide rate is high and has been climbing. Rising taxes have driven the price of domestic cigarettes to sixty cents a pack. Tough penalties notwithstanding, drunken driving has more than doubled, and in Stockholm arrests for nonmotorized drunkenness have almost tripled in recent years. Crime is still a mild business by bloody American

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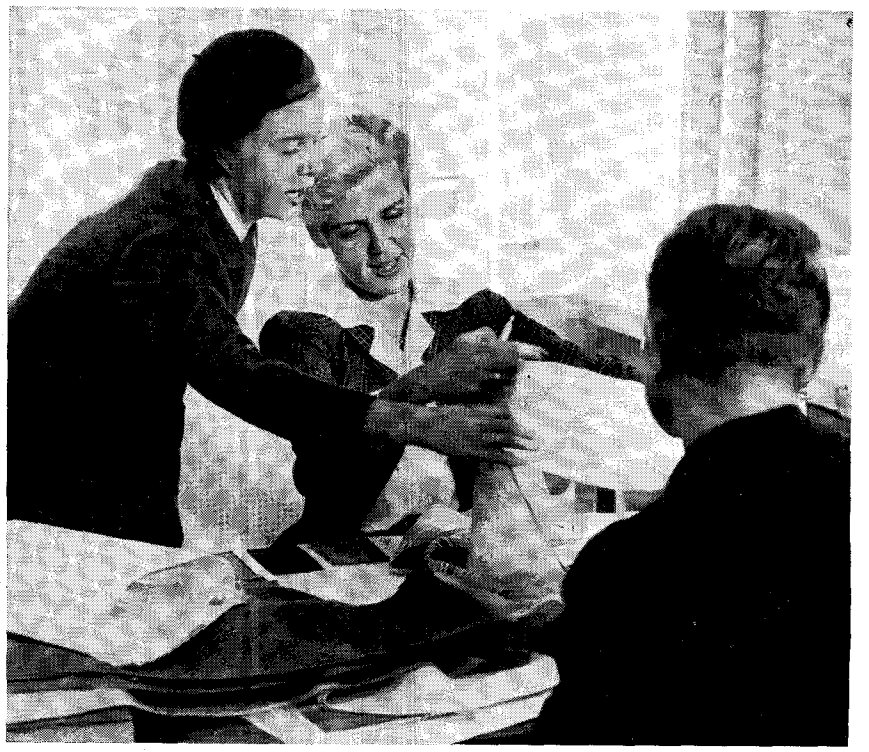
The Bror-Inge Perssons in front of the three-bedroom home which they built in suburban Stockholm. Their family income is only $3700, but they have all the luxuries most Americans enjoy.



Above: Vallingby, the biggest of Sweden's architectural and city-planning experiments. Situated outside of Stockholm, it is a self-contained community with its own shopping center.

Mrs. Gunnell Bjorkman (center) is Stockholm's official home-and-furnishings consultant. She gives free advice to newlyweds, who are eligible for special state home-decorating loans of up to $600.

standards, but robberies and burglaries have doubled in the 1950's, and delinquencies of children under fifteen have more than tripled.

Is there a cause-and-effect link between these difficulties and the security bestowed by the welfare state? In other words, is too much security unhealthy for the human animal? Most Swedes don't think so, but quite a number of thoughtful ones do. For example, Dr. Sten Mårtens, a psychiatrist on the staff of the immaculate Beckomberga Hospital, the country's largest mental institution, believes that the Swedish system has freed too many people from too many decisions by its high benefits, high taxes and excessive planning, particularly in the housing field.

"We live an unbiological life," he said. "A struggle-free life is a less happy life. It's not having to put your mind to serious things, to saving for a house, saving for the children. The family unit is being dissolved. It is a victim of the welfare state with its too-tight places to live. Children are being driven out of their homes. A lot of people are just floating in the middle of nowhere."

He subscribed to the widely accepted view that many suicides are committed over marital or other personal problems because some people are so unaccustomed to emergencies that they cannot cope with those the state cannot provide against.

By now Swedes who wonder and worry about the effects of their good life are sufficiently numerous to have set off a national debate. The question, as a town-hall assembly might phrase it, is: "Resolved that we have gone too far in voting ourselves welfare benefits." And the debaters are as close to being deadlocked as an electorate can be and still retain a working government.

The list of Swedish welfare benefits cannot be equaled anywhere else. They account for the biggest item by far in the Swedish budget—29.1 per cent. Other nations also spend lavishly for security, but to Swedes the most worrisome circumstance is that welfare costs have increased sixfold since 1946 and are still going up. They include annual cash payments to mothers of fifty-four dollars per child; free school lunches and college tuition; free hospitalization, including treatment in state homes for alcoholics; payment of 75 per cent of doctors' fees and 50 per cent of all medicines costing over (Continued on Page 64)

Photographs by Eugene Kammerman

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LEAVE HER ALONE!

Her people believed that all men in uniform were "no darn good."

By WILLIAM E. BARRETT

Staff Sgt. Bingham Terhune Hallen, late of Tokyo and presently of Lowry Air Force Base, Colorado, was shopping for an automobile. One could not cope with the wide-open spaces, nor with less-wide-open places like Denver, unless one had wheels. He sat at his ease in the quarters that he shared with Frank Hickey and looked at the available cars in the long columns of the evening paper. His eyes passed over, without pausing, the ads of Soft-Touch Sam and Happy Harry and Dizzy Dan, who practically gave cars away, and who provided free gasoline and did their own fearless, friendly financing. If there was going to be any larceny in this venture, Bingo Hallen wanted it working for him, not against him. What he sought was a private owner, a fair fight, with each contestant protecting himself at all times. Bingo had bought used cars before.

There were large ads with heavy rules around them for foreign cars, sports cars, and one for a baby-blue, push-button luxury job. It would be very pictorial to roll around in one of those. Bingo Hallen let himself dream. He was twenty-three and a capable character. He had come home from Japan with almost enough cash on hand to pick up one of those jobs. The combination of baby blue and push buttons was almost irresistible. He grinned suddenly, imagining the kind of moon traveler who would trust something beautiful to an Air Force lot, with the kind of precision parking that was done after a night on the town. No!

What a man needed was a tough, old vehicle with a reliable engine and no more pride of distinctive appearance than a taxicab, a sound job with all the essential moving parts in good condition and no accessories worth removing. He focused his attention on the small, crowded, inexpensive ads that followed one another monotonously in long dull-looking columns. An ad halfway down the second column stopped him.

SLIGHTLY OLD CAR THAT LOOKS AND ACTS BEAUTIFUL. OWNER MUST SELL. $200.00. CLARKSIDE, R.F.D. 1. O'LYNN.

Bingo automatically subtracted the normal markup of optimistic sellers. That (Continued on Page 82)

"I don't want you coming back," her grandfather said. "And I want you to understand that I mean it."

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March, 1949: Mitchum (left) conferring with Giesler on the last day of the actor's imprisonment on a narcotics violation. Mitchum made a comeback as a box-office attraction, but starlet Lila Leeds (right), who was arrested with him, later wound up in a Federal narcotics hospital.

The Jerry Giesler Story PART SIX

Why My Clients Went to Jail

Hollywood's defense lawyer reveals his tactics in the celebrated cases of Robert Mitchum and Walter Wanger, both of whom were jailed.

By JERRY GIESLER as told to Pete Martin

At the conclusion of one of my cases—a trial in which the tension had been almost unbelievable—the newspapers reported that when the jury came in I was weeping. That was true. I was not only weeping, but I was completely exhausted. My preparation for that case was so wearing that I was terribly tired before I went into court for the first day of the trial. A doctor gave me something to lessen my fatigue. I've never been sure what he gave me—massive doses of vitamins perhaps—but I'm sure of this: While that case was going on I worked day and night, Sundays and holidays, for two months.

But while I may seem sucked dry of energy during a trial, it's the day afterward that I'm really beat. The stimulation of keeping on my toes every moment sustains me during the trial, for the stakes in a criminal case cannot be measured. The prosecution is trying to deprive a man of his liberty or his life. The defense is trying to make (Continued on Page 97)

Actress Joan Bennett and her husband, producer Walter Wanger. Giesler won him a mild sentence for his "blue-flash shooting" of her business agent, Jennings Lang.

Another Giesler client, Edward G. Robinson Jr., shown here with his actor father, was identified by two taxi drivers as the young man who had robbed them. A jury failed to agree.

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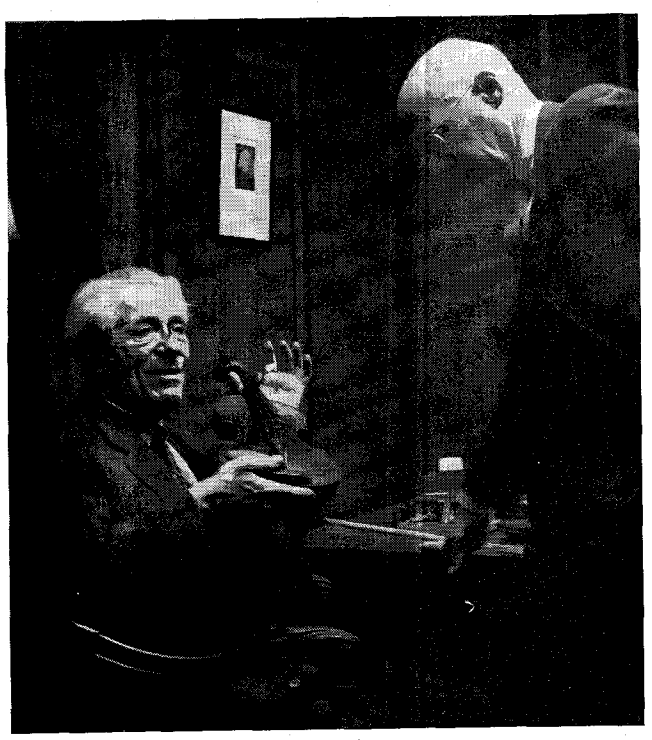
Violin virtuoso Mischa Elman with his cherished Recamier Strad (1717). Prices for the rare violins now range from $15,000 to $50,000 or more.



World-renowned violinist Fritz Kreisler, left, admiring the Nachez Stradivarius (1701) shown to him here by rare-violin expert, Rembert Wurlitzer.

By ESTELLE MENDELSOHN

THINK YOU OWN A STRAD?

Antonio Stradivari, maker of the world's finest violins, died more than 200 years ago. But the search for his priceless instruments still goes on.

Left: Mischa Mischakoff, concertmaster of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, owns no fewer than three Strads—The General Kyd, The Adam and The Booth. With him here is his wife.

Right: This nineteenth-century painting shows Antonio Stradivari in his workroom in Cremona, Italy. He made an estimated 1116 instruments between 1665 and 1737, the year of his death at age 93.

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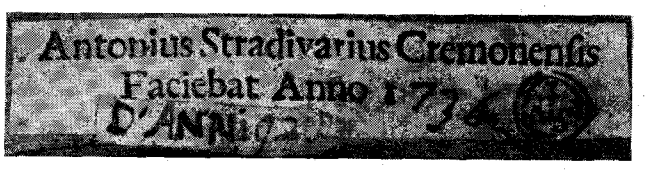
Millions of Americans have heard the Budapest String Quartet, playing the four Stradivarius instruments donated to the Library of Congress by Mrs. Matthew John Whittall in 1935. From left: Joseph Roisman, first violin; Alexander Schneider, second violin; Mischa Schneider, violoncellist; and Boris Kroyt, violist.

The long-lost "Messiah" (1716), now in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford University, England, is probably the best-preserved Stradivarius still in existence.



Above are two authentic labels, each indicating the year a particular violin was made. On the lower label, the craftsman inscribed his age, D'ANNI 92.

During the prohibition era, every well-schooled gangster in Chicago knew that the only proper way to carry a machine gun was in a violin case. But in 1931 my violinist husband, Sol Nemkov, discovered that it was even more awkward to turn up at the trial of Al Capone carrying a violin case containing a real violin—and a Stradivarius, at that.

One of my husband's friends, Chicago detective John Howe, was police guard to Capone during the trial, and had promised Sol that he would try to get him into the crowded courtroom the following day. Sol had a rehearsal that morning and broke off just in time to dash over to the Federal courthouse, fiddle case in hand. But at the door of Judge Wilkerson's chambers, where the Capone trial was being held, two policemen pounced on him. One snatched the violin case from him, while the other, with his right hand on his holster, barked, "What's in that box?" The first guard opened the case and exclaimed, "Holy mackerel, it's a fiddle!" Roughly he thrust the violin and case into my husband's hands and shoved him toward the elevator.

When my husband told me of this comedy of errors that evening, I exclaimed, "Heavens! Those policemen might have hurt you. Weren't you scared?"

His answer was, "I didn't have time to think of myself. I was afraid they would hurt the Strad."

The precious violin had been lent to my husband for a concert engagement, and I believe that any professional violinist with a $30,000 Stradivarius violin in his custody would have made the same reply. The aesthetic and monetary value of one of these incomparable instruments is so great to a professional musician that the thought of loss or damage to one entrusted to his care is almost too great to comprehend.

The price of a Stradivarius violin today may range all the way from $15,000 to $50,000. The London firm of Hill and Sons sold a "perfect" Strad some years ago for $72,000. But the thing that musicians prize most about a Stradivarius instrument is not its money value, but its sound. The Stradivarius has a remarkable resonance, a unique carrying power, a full, rich sonorous quality and an ineffable sweetness. Some experts believe that Antonio Stradivari had some instinctive knowledge of acoustics and that he chose his wood accordingly. At any rate, the artist-owner of a Strad is immediately susceptible to the instrument's extraordinary sensitivity. He can draw beautiful sounds out of the violin with less effort than other fiddles demand. Violinists call this "the Strad response." Is it any wonder that the possession of a fine Stradivarius violin is the dream of almost every concert artist? "He's saving up to buy a Strad" is the musicians' private joke about a tight-fisted brother.

Antonio Stradivari, the maker of these exquisite violins, lived from 1644 to 1737. It is not certain that he was born in Cremona, Italy, though he lived, worked and died there. His productive span covered seventy-two years, as he continued making violins until he died at ninety-three. The famous London violin dealers, W. E. Hill and Sons, whose firm was founded during Stradivari's lifetime, are considered the world's foremost authorities on the master and his works. In their exhaustive biography, *Antonio Stradivari, His Life and Work*, W. H., A. F. and A. E. Hill carefully estimate that Stradivari made 1116 instruments principally violins, violas and violoncellos, between 1665 and 1737. In 1902 the Hills knew of 542 violins, twelve violas and fifty cellos that could definitely be said to have come from the hands of Stradivari. Since then some of these instruments have disappeared. A few others have come to light. About 600 genuine works of Stradivari are believed to exist today.

(Continued on Page 78)

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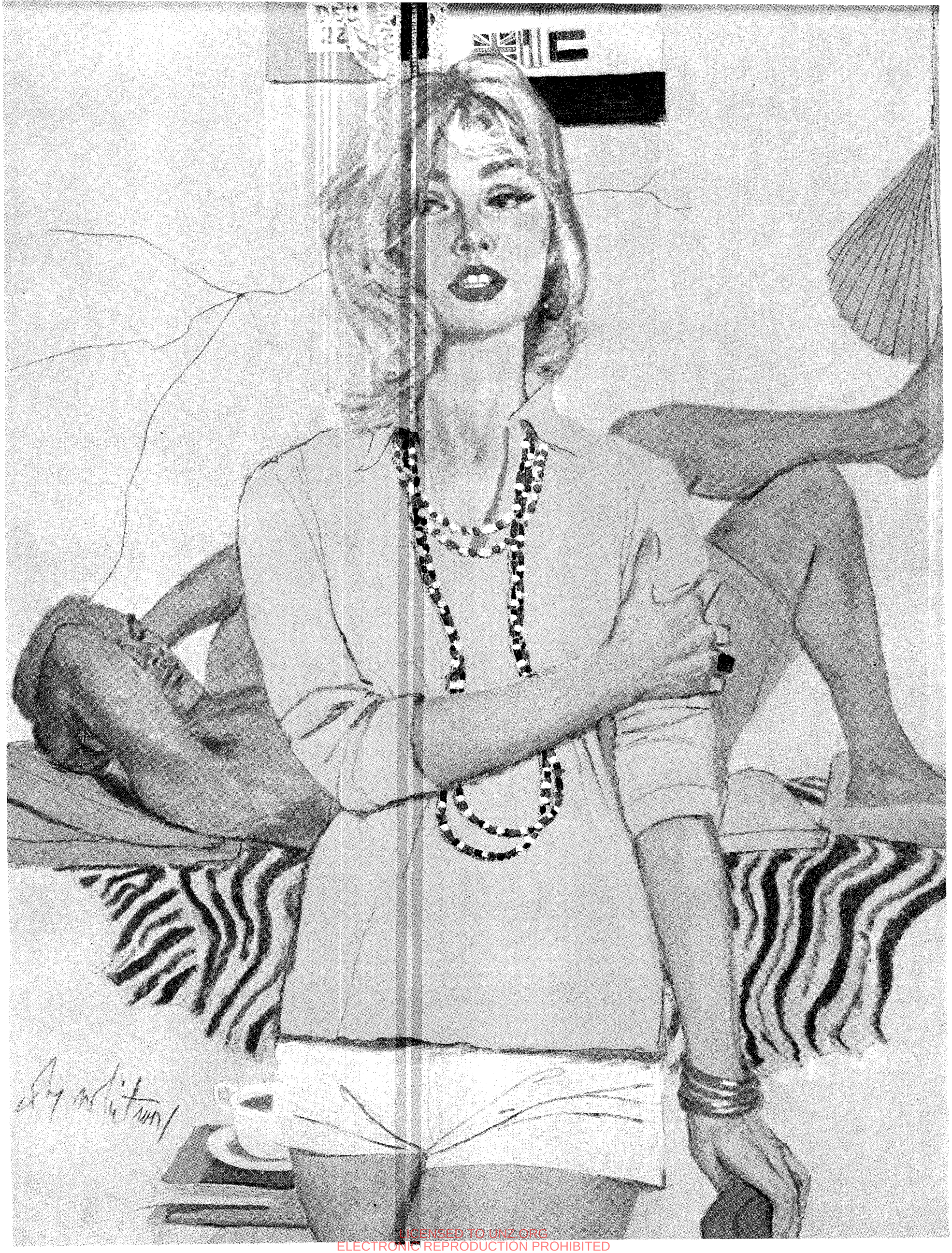

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He didn't believe in giving. Somehow she had to show him he was wrong.

THE MAN WHO SCORNED CHRISTMAS

By SHANE O'FLAHERTY

A week before Christmas it was a Thursday. It was hot even before the sun rose. I woke up feeling so hot that I had to go for a swim, and it was so early I counted four stars as I went down to the beach and one when I came home.

My dad said it was a real snorting stinker of a day with the lid off. He said if he caught me outside without a hat he'd clobber me, and my dad doesn't often swear, so I knew he meant it. He said I had to be inside from eleven-o'clock tea till four-o'clock tea and, what's more, I had to shut up and not go screaming and yelling around the place like a savage, even if this was supposed to be the South African Wild Coast. He said heat or no heat he had work to do, and if I didn't keep quiet he'd send me outside and then clobber me for being outside when he'd told me to stay in.

Around Christmastime dust lies thick on the roads. It was so hot that day, even after four-o'clock tea, I had to be careful not to kick the dust because if I did it stung my ankles like mustard. I walked a very long way and then I saw the car coming along. It was just an ordinary car, not a racer or anything, and it was blue. But there was so much dust on it you could hardly see the color, and there was so much dust blowing out behind it you didn't look at the color anyway. You only hoped it would stop so it wouldn't leave its dust to poison you. That was why I thumbed it, because of its dust.

It stopped. There was a lady driving. I opened the door and got in. She said Hello Fancypants and we drove on. I told her my name was Bob Brennan, but she said she preferred calling me Fancypants. I said Why and she said Because of your patches.

She was quite old. I didn't ask her because my dad reckons it's bad manners to ask a woman how old she is. She told me herself. Twenty-four and her name was Susan. I asked her if she was married, but she just winked. She said young men shouldn't propose at first meeting and would I mind opening the window to let some of the stardust out?

I couldn't see any stardust, but I opened the window anyway. Some women are pretty fussy about dust. They imagine they see it and they go flicking around with cloths, which is just a waste of time.

She asked me how I had that terrible accident. I said I hadn't had an accident. She said someone had knocked my one tooth out and loosened another one. I said it wasn't knocked out, it was pulled out, but only when it was about to fall out anyway. I think she felt foolish because she brought out some long words to hit me with. She said I was a bit young to be in such a "decriptitude" of senile decay. I said I didn't know what that means, but I could jolly well tell her one thing and all that stuff about a mouse coming and getting your teeth is a lot of bunkum.

Then she looked at me. She looked at my face and my hair and my fingernails. She was smiling a little bit and thinking. She had big blue eyes and I could feel them looking at me. But they didn't make me tingle the way my dad's eyes can. They didn't prickle. I didn't mind her looking at me like that. I thought she was quite pretty, so I waggled my loose tooth with my tongue and looked at her.

She put out her hand and she touched the patch on my shirt where it got torn. She said my dad must be a very useful man to have around the house. I said Why and she said because he sewed so beautifully.

Then she said that stuff about a mouse getting your teeth wasn't really important so long as you got your sixpence. I told her it was all bunkum and I didn't get sixpence because who wants old teeth anyway? She said she collected old teeth, and if I'd be kind enough to reserve my loose one, she'd pay a tickey down as a deposit and the balance C.O.D. I said that was all right with me. She gave me her purse and told me to take my down payment. I thought she was pretty nice to give me a lift and a down payment, so I asked her if she'd like to stop for tea when we got home.

She said that would be wonderful because she was very thirsty and she didn't want to go hunting around for wood to make a fire. She told me she was having a working holiday. She said her father owned a cottage down this way and she was going to spend a nice quiet Christmas there. She'd brought a lot of books and she had to read them and learn them so she'd pass her exams. I said she must be pretty dumb if she was twenty-four and still at school. She said she wasn't at school, but was studying to be a doctor and next year she'd be finished learning to be a doctor and she'd really be one. I said I thought women became nurses, not doctors, but she said I was talking like a Member of Parliament, and why shouldn't women be doctors if they wanted to?

By this time we were nearly at Qolora, so I showed her the way to our house. It was funny because her house was only a hundred yards farther down the road. I asked if it was the one with the cracked chimney and she said yes.

She stopped the car outside our gate and we went in. I put the kettle on. She sat down. She asked what I was going to get for Christmas. I said I wasn't getting anything because Christmas presents and all that Father Christmas stuff was bunkum. She said Why and I told it to her the way my dad told it to me. I told her that the only reason why people had presents at Christmas is because the rich men in the shops wanted to get richer, and so they made people want to give one another Christmas presents so that all the people would spend their money in the rich people's shops.

She said Oh, the corruptive exploitation of capitalism, and I said Yeah, something like that. She said was my father a Marxist or just a congenital ogre, and I said he wasn't anything like that, he was a writer. Then she said where was he anyway? and I said he was working in his study. She said did I think his nibs would deign to come and have tea with us, and I said heavens no, he's working.

Just then the kettle boiled, so I made tea and poured it out. She smiled at me all the time. I poured three cups and took one cup through to my dad. I knocked on the door. He yelled What is it now? I said Tea so he yelled O.K. come in. I gave him his tea and told him a girl doctor was here called Susan. He said surely to heaven I wasn't so dumb I thought he needed a midwife, and just then she walked in and said yes that's exactly what he did need, all but the first syllable.

Then he said What's this—an application for the job?—and (Continued on Page 60)

I don't care what your reasons are," Susan said. "You've got no right to withhold Christmas from a child."

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

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If the risks are within reason, Col. Ernie Pinson will tackle anything important. These are the harrowing exploits of an officer who has mastered fear.

I had heard fabulous things about Col. Ernest A. (Ernie) Pinson before I went to see him to quiz him about fear and its mastery, a subject in which he specializes. Holder of two Legion of Merit awards and the Distinguished Flying Cross—and a wizard at getting out of tight places—he's an officer who is often asked to brief fighting pilots on how not to be scared. "If I have to be in a precarious situation," a wary Los Alamos scientist told me, "I'd rather be there with Ernie than with anyone else I know." Somebody said Pinson had knocked off more straw-men fears than any other person in the Air Force. He began to sound like Superman. So I asked Air Force Gen. W. M. Canterbury to tell me how much of what they said about him was true.

"Every bit of it!" the peppery little general said. "I'd go to court on it."

It was kind of a shock, therefore, when I walked into a businesslike office at Sandia Base, in Albuquerque, New Mexico, and shook hands with a mild, slow-talking, black-haired, black-eyed, handsome egghead of forty-six with one Ph.D. in human physiology and the required studies behind him for another in nuclear physics. This unassuming, nonrated officer (not qualified to fly a plane) was the one I had heard so much about—a man said to have exposed himself to more peculiar presumed dangers than the average pilot would run into in two lifetimes. As I got to know him better, I began to understand why they said what they did about him.

At the time I met Pinson, he was assistant deputy chief of staff of Weapons Effects Tests, assigned to the Armed Forces Special Weapons (Continued on Page 75)

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By WILLIAM HEUMAN

APACHE ATTACK

It was her only chance to keep the Indians from taking her alive.

Twice that morning Ben Carrigan had heard a curlew sound down among the willows along the creek, and he would not have taken any particular notice of this fact ordinarily, except that at this season of the year the curlews were already supposed to be farther south.

Of course, there was the possibility that this particular curlew was moving south at a more leisurely pace, or it could be that the curlew was no curlew at all, but rather one of a half dozen or more renegade Apaches who were now closing in on this swing station of the Great Western Stage Line, fifteen miles out of Sherman City.

Dave Barrister, riding shotgun for Great Western, had come through with the news as he'd stepped stiffly down from the box of the eastbound stage the previous day.

"Every once in a while," Dave had scowled, "a bunch of 'em take it into their heads that they're sick o' Government rations, an' they skip the reservation to raise a little hell any way they kin."

"How many?" Ben had wanted to know.

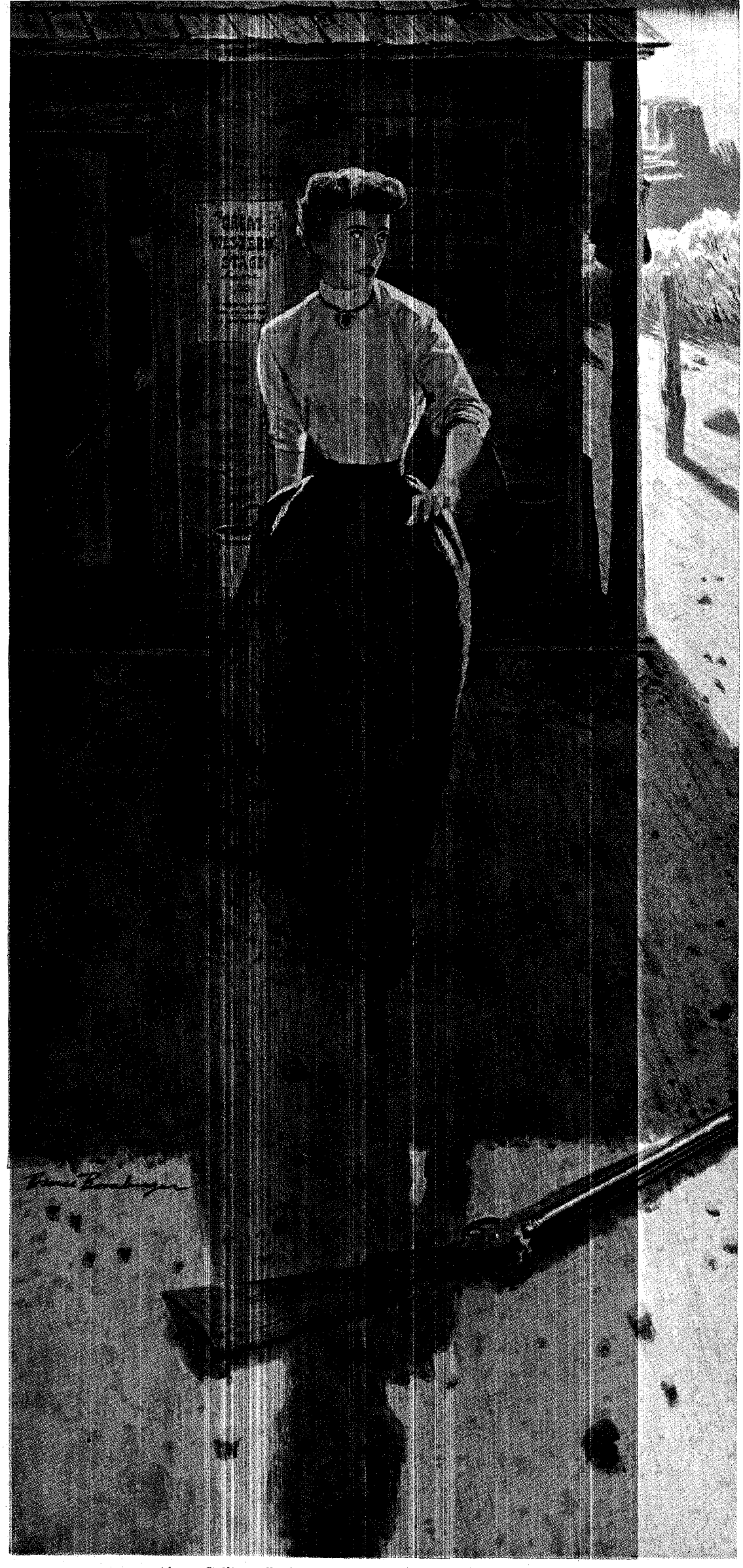
"Half dozen," Dave said, "raided our Flat Rock Station fifty miles west o' Sherman. Killed a mule an' ate it; killed Sam O'Dowd, station keeper, too, but they didn't eat him. What they left after they finished with poor Sam wasn't worth eatin', I reckon."

Ben Carrigan finished harnessing the third team of matched grays which were to replace the teams in harness on the eastbound due at Stony Creek swing station in less than half an hour. As he worked he kept one eye on the lower creek where the willows were more plentiful, providing an easy cover for skulking Apaches if they were in the vicinity. The willows were the only cover along the creek, and they were close enough for a rifle shot.

About two hundred yards to the east on the far side of the creek ford was a rocky plateau where an Apache could lie on his stomach and put a bullet through anyone in the yard of the station if he so desired. A curlew now sounded from the direction of the plateau.

His lean face expressionless, but with the worry in his gray eyes, Ben patted the neck of the nearest horse and then stepped inside the stone hut which served as his living quarters. He worked rapidly now, buckling on his gun belt, which he never wore around the station, and then he took the rifle from the wooden pegs over the door, checked the load, and stood the rifle just inside the door, where he could snatch it up at a moment's notice.

He came out again then and stood in the yard between the hut and the stone (Continued on Page 93)



Alone, Callie walked out to retrieve the weapon.

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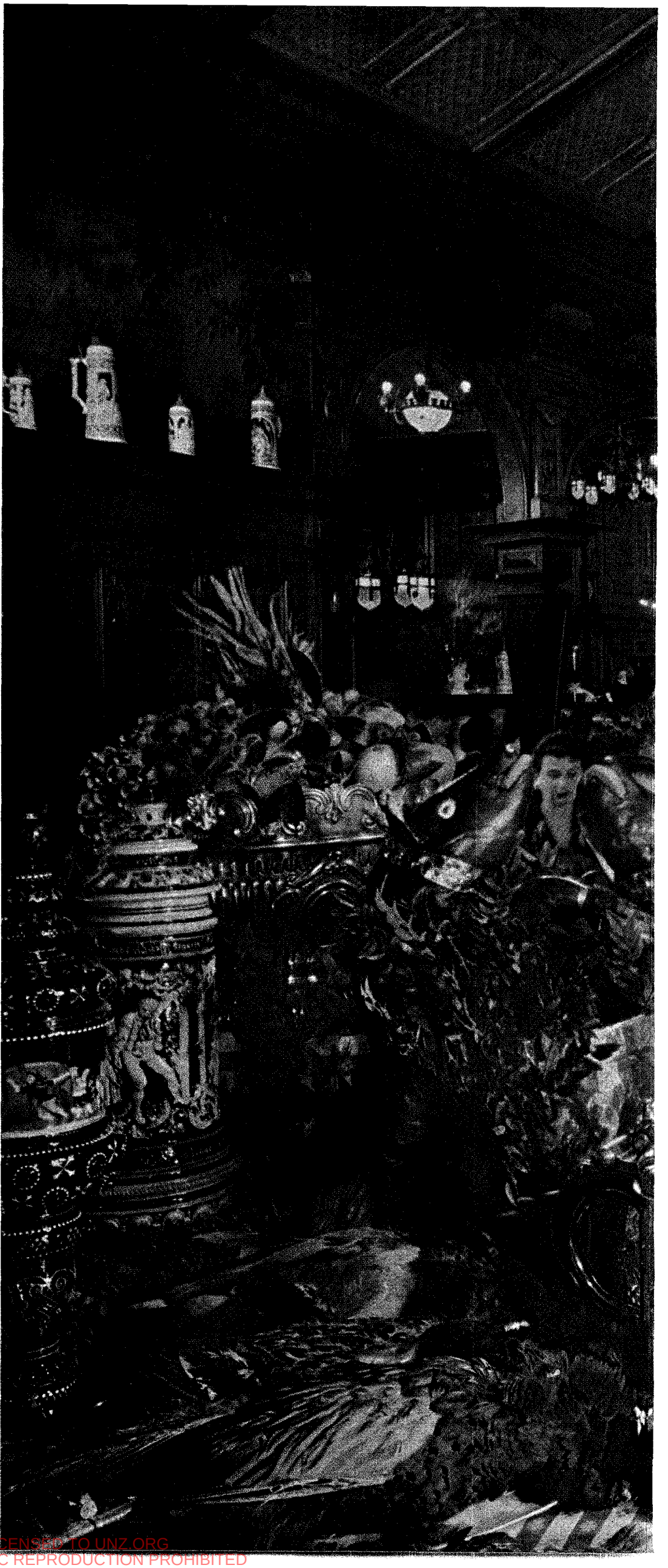
The Face of AMERICA

The Festive Season

The cheerful diners you see here are celebrating Christmastide in the Teutonic way—with heroic feats of epicureanism. The scene is not Germany, however, but Fourteenth Street in New York City, a cosmopolis where one may be served meals in the native style of almost any country on earth. This particular eating place was founded by August Lüchow, a rotund Hanoverian with a huge, beer-straining mustache, who has long since gone to Valhalla. His dining hall is now operated by Jan Mitchell, a Swede, who feeds about 2500 guests daily and offers them a choice of sixty-five separate dishes. For the Christmas season he puts up a tree which he asserts is the city's largest (indoor division), and the customers, in an atmosphere of *Gemütlichkeit* and sentiment, may gorge on roast goose while listening to Lüchow's string orchestra playing *Silent Night*.

• Photograph by Arnold Newman



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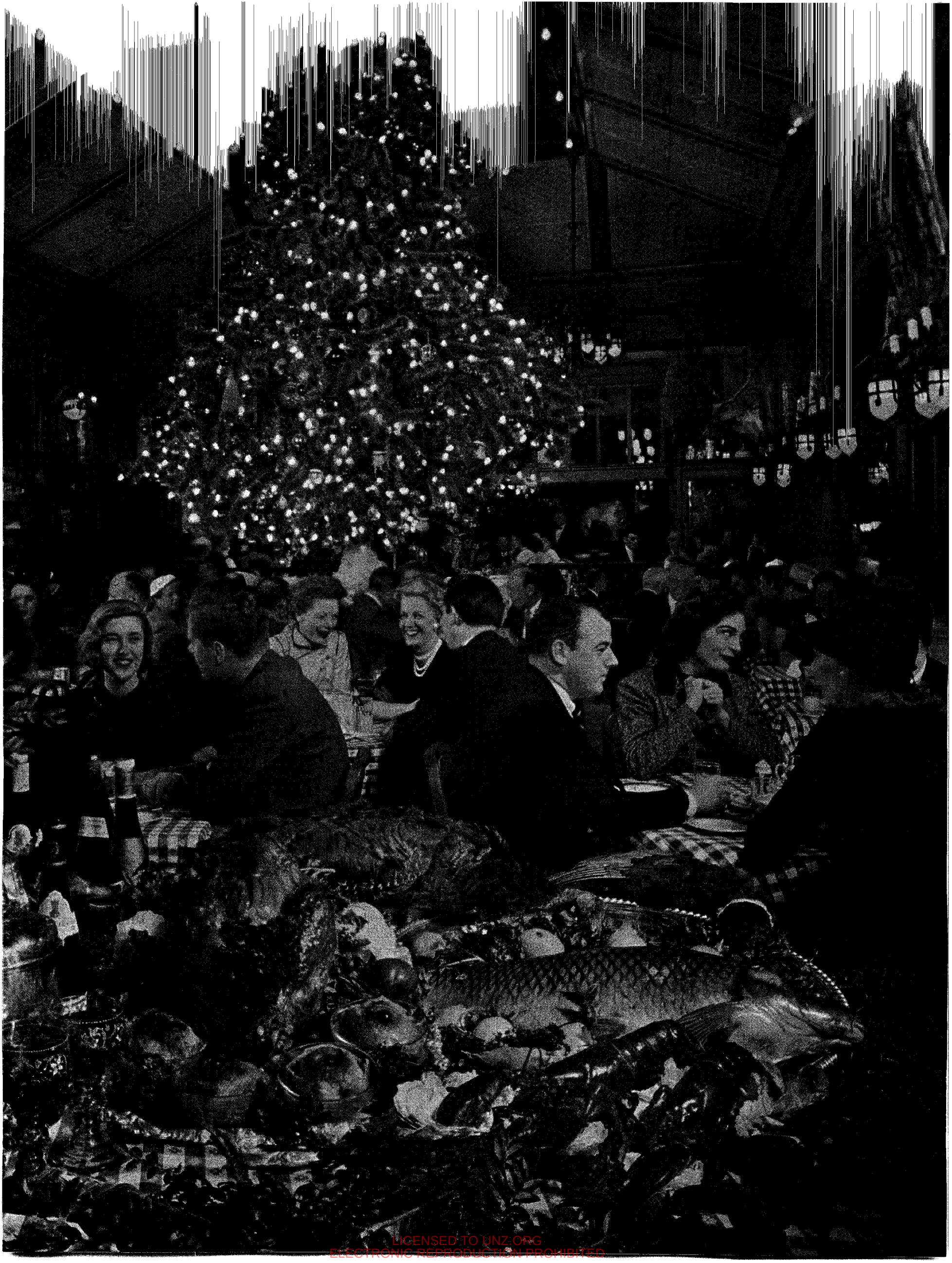

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Impetuous Wedding

By GLADYS TABER

Don't parents have a right to know the man their daughter is marrying?

Lucia sat peacefully on the warm sand, getting what would turn out to be a fine sunburn. George was clamming, and she could see his sturdy figure bend and rise with the clam rake. It was the first vacation George had been able to take since Bard, Brad and Burns had taken him into the firm as a partner. And that had been before Jeanie's junior year at Radcliffe.

Three idle, blissful weeks lay ahead. That is, thought Lucia, idle except for scrubbing clams, chopping clams, making clam chowder, simmering clam sauce for spaghetti. George liked clams. But it was vacation anyway. And she wouldn't be cooking for Jeanie's crowd day in, day out—for Jeanie had gone to Blue Hill, Maine, to visit her roommate.

"We'll have a second honeymoon," George had said.

Now he came toward her, leaning with the weight of the pail. "Honey, you ought to come dig some," he panted.

"Not much use being buried in clams," said Lucia amiably.

She walked along with him to the cottage, her slim legs shedding sand, her face glistening with sun-tan oil. She pulled off her head scarf and shook her dark hair free. She wasn't even going to think of a beauty parlor for three whole weeks!

When they got to the cottage, George set the pail in the shade. "This is the life," he said. "Let's relax and have a drink. Then you can fix the clams while I catch up with the news."

He showered and put on a dreadful pair of too-small faded blue pants and a sweat shirt he must have got from the dump. Lucia took her shower and put on fresh shorts and a pink shirt. Then they sat on the porch of the old-fashioned cottage and sipped nice frosty drinks.

"It's great to have nothing to worry about," he said.

The phone rang. "Guess it's the Foster man," said George. "I'm going clamming with him tomorrow early."

But when he answered the phone, he raised his voice the way people always do when it is long distance. Lucia set her glass down and went stiff with fear. Jeanie must be sick. Jeanie had an accident. Jeanie was in trouble. Panic turned her bones cold.

George was saying, "Well, well," and then, "You mean it?" and "What do you know?" and "I'll tell your mother. Sure. Sure. Don't worry about a thing." With a final "Well, well," he hung up and came out.

"Now, Lucia, don't get excited. Everything's fine. Nothing to worry about. All very natural and simple."

"What is it?" Lucia was already in a hospital bending over a bed in which lay Jeanie.

"It was Jeanie," he said. "Now you must be calm. She's old enough, and from what she said I think it is all right."

"What's all right with what?" Lucia was not screaming; it only sounded as if she were.

"She wants to get married a week from Saturday."

"Married?" Lucia's perfectly good drink crashed to the floor. "Are you crazy?"

"Well, that's what she said. She says she will phone back as soon as you have had time to get used to the idea. She says she knows how you react to things. She says I should break it to you gently and then she'll call back. She says ——"

"Just because she's involved in a summer romance ——" said Lucia.

"Well, she can tell you when she calls back." George sat down. "All I know is this is a Jonathon Lewis, just graduated from Harvard and simply the most wonderful ——" He sighed. "There goes our vacation."

"Why didn't you tell her it was absurd?"

"Well, I could hardly—well, you know I couldn't really ——" George finished his drink. "Jeanie is old enough."

By the time Lucia stopped crying it was too late to do the (Continued on Page 44)

Illustrated by R. G. Harris

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"Here he is, mum,"
Jeanie said.

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Screwtape Proposes a Toast

By C. S. LEWIS

(The scene is in Hell at the annual dinner of the Tempters' Training College for young Devils. The principal, Dr. Slubgob, has just proposed the health of the guests. Screwtape, a very experienced Devil, who is the guest of honor, rises to reply.)

Mr. Principal, Your Imminence, Your Disgraces, my Thorns, Shadies and Gentledevils: It is customary on these occasions for the speaker to address himself chiefly to those among you who have just been graduated and who will very soon be posted to official Tempterships on earth. It is a custom I willingly obey. I well remember with what trepidation I awaited my own first appointment. I hope and believe that each one of you has the same uneasiness tonight. Your career is before you. Hell expects and demands that it should be—as mine was—one of unbroken success. If it is not, you know what awaits you.

I have no wish to reduce the wholesome and realistic element of terror, the unremitting anxiety, which must act as the lash and spur to your endeavors. Yet at the same time I would wish to put before you a moderately encouraging view of the strategical situation as a whole.

© 1959 by Helen Joy Lewis

Your dreaded principal has included in a speech full of points something like an apology for the banquet which he has set before us. Well, Gentledevils, no one blames *him*. But it would be vain to deny that the human souls on whose anguish we have been feasting tonight were of pretty poor quality. Not all the most skillful cookery of our tormentors could make them better than insipid.

Oh, to get one's teeth again into a Herod, a Henry the Eighth, or even a Hitler! There was real crackling there; something to crunch; a rage, an egotism, a cruelty only just less robust than our own. It put up a delicious resistance to being devoured. It warmed your inwards when you'd got it down.

Instead of this, what have we had tonight? There was a municipal authority with Graft sauce. But personally I could not detect in him the flavor of a really passionate and brutal avarice such as delighted one in the great tycoons of the last century. Was he not unmistakably a Little Man—a creature of the petty rake-off pocketed with a petty joke in private and denied with the stalest platitudes in his public utterances; a grubby little nonentity who *CONTINUED ON PAGE 86*

About the Author

Clive Staples Lewis, professor of Medieval and Renaissance English Literature at Oxford, has been described as possessing "the rare gift of being able to make righteousness readable." Since the publication of Doctor Lewis's *The Screwtape Letters* in 1942, the book has become a satirical classic—one of those rare works that approach the problems of Christian morality with both grace and humor. Screwtape, the writer of the letters, is a senior devil who gives his nephew, Wormwood, a junior devil, an advanced correspondence course on how to corrupt human souls. As Screwtape here reappears as an after-dinner speaker, we repeat Doctor Lewis's earlier admonition to his readers: ". . . the devil is a liar. Not everything that Screwtape says should be assumed to be true even from his own angle." Photograph by Wolf Suschitzky

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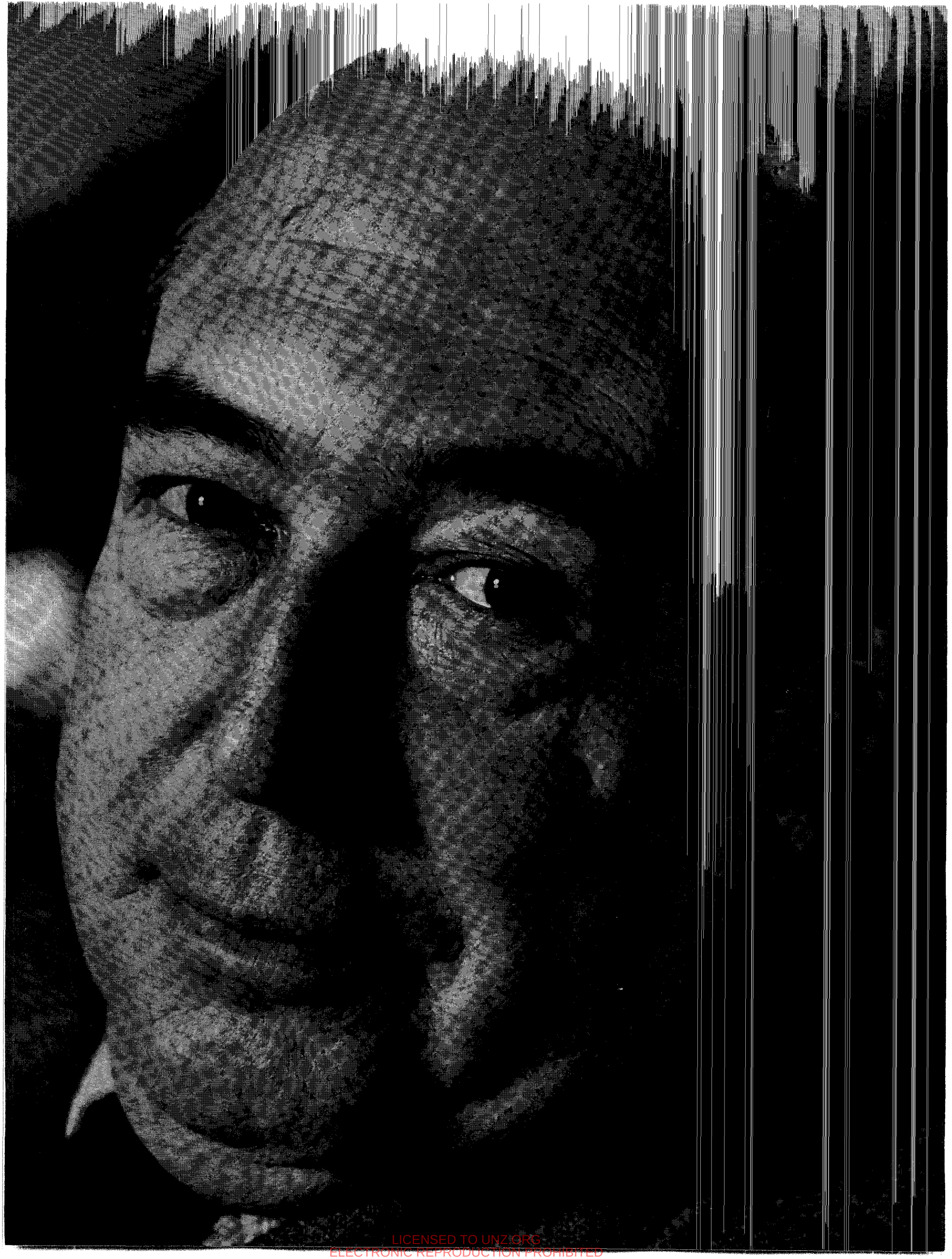

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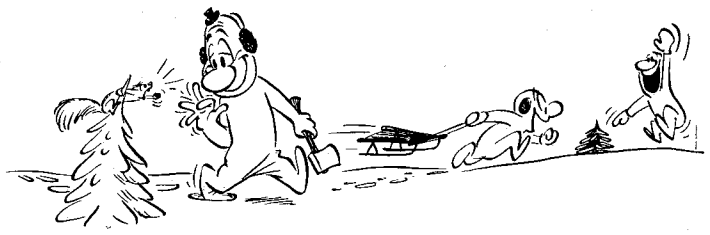
Post Scripts



And So it Goes

I sent the Smiths a card last year;
From them I didn't see one,
So now the Smiths in shame, I fear,
Will soon be sending *me* one.

But since I've crossed them off my list,
No salutations hearty
Will pass from me to them. A twist!
I'm now the guilty party.

And so, next Christmas, from my pen
A post will Smithward go forth,
But they'll have canceled *me* by then—
Et cetera, and so forth.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

Mother Talks on the Telephone

TO THE MINISTER:

"Excuse me, Doctor Miller . . . What is it, Carolyn? You wait, darling, mother will talk to you when she's finished telephoning."

TO HER MOTHER-IN-LAW:

"Wait just a minute, Mother Nelson . . . Now, Carolyn, mother is on the phone."

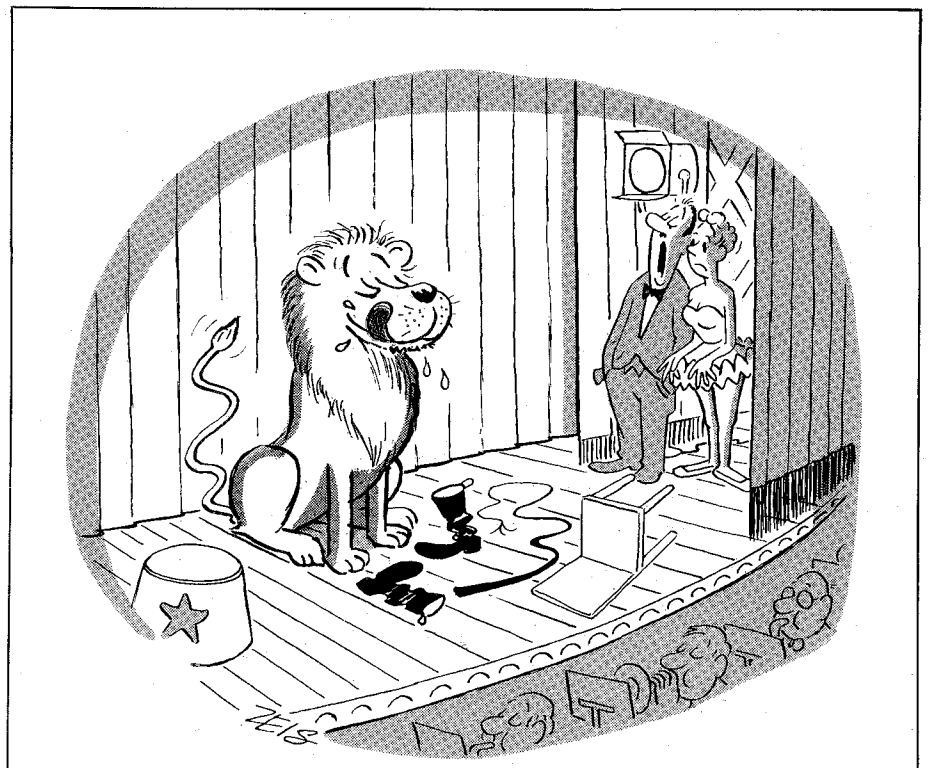
TO HER MOTHER:

"Wait, mother . . . If you don't cut that out this instant, I'm going to hang up this phone and give you a good swat!"

TO HER HUSBAND:

"Hang on, Ralph . . . *Now* you're going to get it! Get in your room! Sure, it hurts; I meant for it to! *Every time I get on the phone*—SHUT THAT DOOR!"

KAY NELSON



"That's going to be a tough act to follow."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Do We Have Anything by Rimsky? Why, of Korsakov!

I'm afraid if the great composers and singers of the past had lived in the present era, records and albums such as the following would deck the racks of music stores.

MOONLIGHT SONATA ROCK

PRELUDE IN C-SHARP MINOR CHA CHA CHA

LISZT IN ORBIT!

ENRICO CARUSO AND HIS GUITAR

DAS WOHLTEMPERIRTE CLAVIER, MAN!

JENNY LIND SINGS THE BASIN STREET BLUES

BEETHOVEN GOES BOP

TCHAIKOVSKY'S DIXIELAND MOODS

VERDI'S MUSIC TO EAT PIZZA BY

RAVEL'S BLUE BOLERO

SCHUMANN-HEINK SWINGS WITH THE WINGY FLEESON TRIO

SCHUBERT'S UNFINISHED TEEN-AGE ——

VERNON H. KURTZ

I Didn't Choke Up; I Merely Reconsidered

"Mr. Sanders, in view of the many years I've served with this firm, the time has come to make my position perfectly clear and state that—and state that it's been a pleasure working here."

"Look, bub, I don't like that kind of talk—not the least little bit. And if there's any more of it, I'm going to—move over to someplace where I don't have to listen to it."

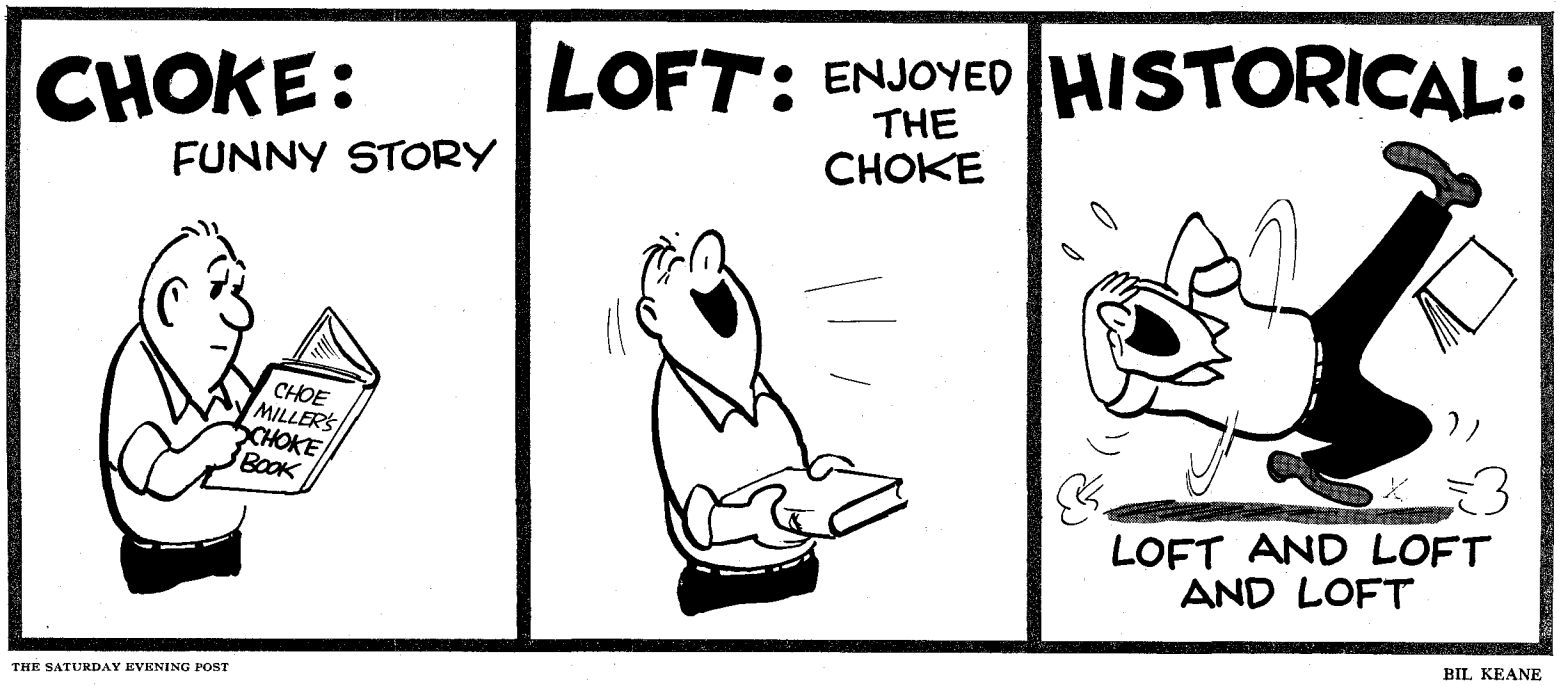
"You think I'm chicken—afraid to repair a television mast? Well, I'm going to continue right up this ladder, crawl my way along the roof—until I get near enough to the mast so I'll be able to tell the repairman what needs to be done."

"You say I can't sink this putt? O.K., wise guy, I've got ten smackers that says—I've got ten smackers that says I get down in two."

"I tell you I'm going to pay this when I get good and ready, and I'm willing to take it all the way to the Supreme Court if necessary—unless the middle of next week will be satisfactory."

PARKE CUMMINGS

Pun-Abridged Dictionary



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BIL KEANE

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Nobody's kid brother, this one stands on its own four tires and challenges every car made here or abroad to match it — pound for pound, dollar for dollar! Chrysler Corporation has the last word...

Valiant

25 ways you'll like Valiant best . . .

1. It looks great.
2. It's easier to get into than most big cars.
3. The doors close with a big-car "thunk!"
4. **There's room for a well-fed family of six.**
5. Even basketball players can sit up straight.
6. The hood is low so you can see better.
7. You can stow more in the trunk than in many big-car trunks.
8. **The *inclined* engine (up front) is so quiet you can hear back-seat whispers.**
9. You can get up to 30 miles per gallon on regular gasoline.
10. You can cruise at top turnpike speeds with plenty in reserve.
11. You can climb hills as if they weren't there.
12. **The Torsion-Aire ride is so smooth you could pour coffee.**
13. The unitized body is probably the safest on the road today.
14. The body is rust-proof, leak-proof and rattle-proof.
15. Even when the engine's idling, the battery is charging.
16. **You can pull into parking spaces you passed up before.**
17. Your garage is suddenly over two feet longer.
18. Everything under the hood is easy to get at.
19. Valiant's finish stays shiny; you never have to polish.
20. **The smart interiors can be cleaned with a damp cloth.**
21. You can have power steering and power brakes.
22. You can have stick-shift or push-button automatic transmission.
23. You can have a 4-door sedan or a station wagon (two or three seats).
24. **Your maintenance costs are very, very low.**
25. The price is right.

Don't even turn the page—go at once to your Valiant dealer!

Valiant

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Blaine went down like a shed door in a high wind.

Violence on the Plains

This was a quarrel they would have to settle without guns.

By CHARLES O. LOCKE

Trouble is blowing up fast," foreman Bill Snow told Amelia Rankin. "Even the hands are worried."

As boss of a huge cattle ranch left her by her husband, Amelia had infuriated many neighboring cattlemen. The Bannerman brothers, for example, and spiteful old Hurd Patchem bitterly detested her policy of giving range land to farmers.

And when one of the farmers, Howard Blaine, was killed by Red Johnson, a cowhand on the Rankin ranch, Amelia's enemies multiplied. Goaded on by Blaine's troublemaking son, Johnny, the farmers came to hate Amelia for refusing to turn Johnson over to them for a lynching party.

One personal problem vexed Amelia. Mary, her daughter, was staying with the Blaines—to console Mrs. Blaine, Mary said. But Amelia, along with Hurd Patchem's sons Lester and Willy, worried lest Mary become too attached to young Johnny. Bill Snow underscored their concern.

"Now's the time to get Mary back," he warned.

V

When Amelia awoke it was nearly sunset. The western sky was deepened by a drift of mist and clouds. Etta came and Amelia told her she wanted no supper; then she must have dropped off to sleep again. The word "evening" kept coming back to her in half-sleep.

She went downstairs finally and picked at some food, wanting her bed again, seeming to want weeks of sleep.

Etta said, "You need sleep, Miz Rankin, so I let you sleep ahead."

She stared at the wall as she listened to Etta's movements in the kitchen. Tom's going was a sickening error that she doubted could ever be mended.

Etta's high-voiced babbling began to irritate her. "I say to myse'f, 'Bill Snow keep a-sendin' people for Mary. Why not he go himself. Send a man—come back and tell you. Send anotheh man—come back and tell you. What kinda men ——'"

"Hush up, Etta. We're going to send Willy. Mr. Turner and I have talked it over. It's chiefly my fault. I've got to change my way of thinking. I don't give my men enough room to act."

"I *take* room to act. Let a girl of mine stay with them Blaines ——"

"Etta, the Blaines are good people. They are suffering terribly. Can't you understand that? Suffering. Surely you must have had deaths in your own family. Elizabeth Blaine must be nearly crazy with sadness."

"I don' think they suffer so much." Etta broke into sudden tears. At the kitchen door she turned. (Continued on Page 68)

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You can light either end!

This Christmas, give yourself and your friends satisfying flavor...so friendly to your taste! No flat "filtered-out" flavor! No dry "smoked-out" taste!

Outstanding...and they are Mild!

© A. T. Co. *Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"*

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yes, Mr. Brown, Your Firestone under any and all circumstances..

BROWN, DOUGLAS AND BROWN

RICHARD L. DOUGLAS
ROBERT A. BROWN
ROBERT E. DOUGLAS

ROBERT A. BROWN, JR.

Tootle National Bank Building
St. Joseph, Missouri
TELEPHONE ADAMS 2-7749

October Twenty-sixth,
1959

Firestone Tire & Rubber Company,
Sales Department,
Akron, Ohio.

Gentlemen:

I hope you will have the patience to listen to my somewhat involved tale of woe and then tell me where I stand.

Although Father Time is catching up with me, I still do a good deal of bird hunting and for the last several years I have used Firestone Town & Country tires, putting them on a station wagon every October and taking them off after the snow left in the spring.

This summer I purchased a new station wagon and, bearing in mind the success I had had with your snow and mud tires and your claim that you paid the tow, I specified that the car should come with four ordinary tires and two Firestone Town & Country tires, and that's the way it came. The snow tires were furnished by your dealer here.

For several years I had talked to the heads of the Game Departments of Saskatchewan and Manitoba, about bird shooting in their country. I have a son I wanted to take north before I got too old to walk, so I finally worked out a trip with the help of the two men I mentioned, and we left here September 26, with your new snow tires on the rear of the car. We got to Hudson Bay, Saskatchewan, the night of the 28th, after plowing mud for several hundred miles, and the tires worked beautifully. Unfortunately, Monday night I slipped in the mud on the hotel entrance and twisted my hip. Tuesday it was rather sore but my boy and I went hunting, and we drove out northeasterly from Hudson Bay and had a delightful time. The roads were pretty muddy but the tires still worked fine. Late in the afternoon when we started back we just about turned around and there the car stuck, and when I say stuck I mean it stuck. We got a team but it couldn't do any good. We jacked the car up several times to dig the car out but that didn't do any good. We got a tractor and the tractor got stuck. By that time, since I couldn't help very much, I'd gotten rather cold and the weather was quite damp and I got a good chill. Some fellows finally came by in an old high-wheel car so we went back to town, leaving the tractor and the car. The other car ran off the road on the way in and it had to be jacked up. By the time we got to the hotel I felt too badly even to take a drink.

OUR POLICY IS CUSTOMER

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:ALER or STORE WILL PAY THE TOW
en those described in your letter

Wednesday morning I couldn't move. My boy got another tractor and went out and finally got the car out of the mud. I spent three days in the hotel flat on my back and the only consolation I got was reading your ad in, I believe, Maclean's magazine, which I believe is a Canadian publication. The ad repeated what I'd seen before, that if anyone got stuck on your tires you paid the tow, so I thought I would at least get my fifteen Canadian dollars back, which with the exchange rate amounts to $15.75 in United States currency. That was a small consolation but it cheered me up somewhat.

Now this isn't the end of the story. We left Hudson Bay on Sunday and went to Oxbow. The next day my two dogs tied into a skunk and we spent part of the day washing them with canned tomatoes and, incidentally, if any of you have dogs and have skunk trouble, canned tomatoes is the cure. Tuesday a blizzard blew in but the rest of the week we did pretty well on the roads, hunting Hungarian partridge, and the tires again worked fine.

I had already invested fifty-two dollars and some odd cents in two Manitoba licenses but the blizzard completely kept us out of Manitoba so that's a dead loss. Still, I knew I was going to get my $15.75 back and that made me feel a little better.

We pulled out of Oxbow ahead of a storm and went to Bottineau in North Dakota, and about the time we got there another blizzard hit. Again, after the roads finally were cleared a little, we traveled some of the back roads and the tires again worked fine. Finally a third blizzard was predicted so we left Bottineau, headed for Oakes in southern North Dakota, to hunt some pheasants. After we got down some little distance and some eight or nine miles east of Rugby, we passed a side road which was paved and near which there was a nice fresh haystack. I needed some fresh hay for the dog crate so we started down this nicely paved side road, ran across a few patches of snow, but the tires worked fine and we were still on pavement. About that time we hit a third patch of snow and, unfortunately, the North Dakota Highway Commission had only paved this side road for about thirty yards, and under this third patch there was nothing but mud so we plopped into the mud and again, there we stayed. I walked back a mile or two to a farmhouse but the farmer's tractor was out of commission so I called the Chevrolet garage at Rugby and a tow truck came out. The driver was smart enough to stay on the pavement and simply ran a cable to the car and winched us out. The boy had put fresh hay in the dog crate in the meantime, so with a tow charge of $8.00, this time American money, I concluded it was rather expensive hay but that, of course, I'd get it back.

I figure I am entitled to $23.75 back from the Firestone Company which has a great deal more money than I have. My question is, when and from whom do I get it?

Yours very truly,

R. G. Brown

ATISFACTION GUARANTEED

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Impetuous Wedding (Continued from Page 34)

clams. George added cold water to the bucket and dumped in corn meal. "They'll be fine," he said. "We can go to the inn for dinner. Their fried clams are very good."

"I don't want to eat," said Lucia.

The phone rang and she answered it.

"Isn't it wonderful, mum?" Jeanie said. "I can't wait to see you. And just wait until you meet Jon."

"Now listen, Jeanie," said Lucia, "you cannot rush into marriage on the spur of the moment. It's ridiculous."

"Oh, mum, I've known him for ages," Jeanie said. "He took me to the Boston Symphony last winter. And then he just happened to come to Blue Hill ——"

"Jeanie, just be sensible."

"Oh, I am. I am the most sensible—Jon says I am the most sensible girl he ever knew—and, mum, don't worry about a thing. I just want a simple country wedding with the family and Jon's best friends and my roommate. I'm writing you a long letter tonight. We have to get married week after next because Jon has a job in California, and I want to go with him. He's going to hunt Indian relics in his spare time, and I just love Indian relics."

"Spare time from what?"

"Oh, it's some engineering thing—I don't know what. But it's more practical for us to go together. . . . Mum, are you there?"

"I think so," Lucia gasped.

"Well, my letter will explain everything. I've got to hang up now because someone is giving a beach picnic for us."

"Well, I don't think ——" Lucia began, but the connection was cut off.

Jeanie's letter came the second day. Most of it was an enthusiastic description of Jonathon. At the end she said they had better be married on Saturday in the afternoon, so people who were driving could make it. She and her roommate were going to Boston for the wedding dress that very day, and mum was not to worry about anything.

Jon would drive her home two days before the wedding. They were getting licenses and stuff in Boston. There might be a few extra guests for the wedding—some Harvard and Radcliffe people, so maybe it would be a good idea to serve something afterward.

Lucia was already packing. "The sooner we get home, the better," she said.

"I don't see what the rush is all about," grumbled George. "I was going clamming ——"

"Well, you're not!" she snapped.

"Why can't we just ease in the day before?"

"Ease in? With a wedding?" Lucia's voice rose. "Do you realize I haven't even a dress to wear?"

"Well, can't you wear that flowered thing you wore last summer?"

Lucia gave him a look.

"It's just a simple wedding," he said.

"Well," said Lucia, "it's bad enough to marry a perfect stranger without having your mother wear an old rag."

They drove home with a carton filled with clams bedded in ice. They lived in the country and, as they drove up to the house, Lucia moaned. The man who was to cut the grass had evidently decided that with the family away he needn't bother. The boy who was to paint the picket fence had also laid off, and only a third of the fence shone with fresh white. Two shutters had lost their hinges and slanted against the windows.

"Guess we may as well eat out," said George, lugging in the clams.

"You may eat out," said Lucia, glaring at her favorite man. "I'm busy."

They had fried eggs and toast. And read the letters from Jeanie. She had mailed the wedding dress home. It was a sort of pink. And they had decided to be married in the village church, so would Lucia see about decorating it? There would be a few more people. Jon's favorite professor and wife were coming, and could they be put up for the night?

"But you needn't go to any trouble," said Jeanie.

George went to bed, and Lucia polished the silver. The best lace tablecloth turned out to have a stain in the middle. She put it to soak and phoned Elizabeth, the nearest neighbor. Elizabeth was a farm woman and had been through many crises. "I'll be over in the morning," she said. "Just don't worry."

The next morning the wedding dress arrived. The postman honked loudly and roused Lucia from her preoccupation with the champagne glasses. Elizabeth was upstairs making up beds.

"We better unpack it and hang it," advised Elizabeth.

They unpacked it. It shimmered like moonlight, delicate with lace and with a foam of veil.

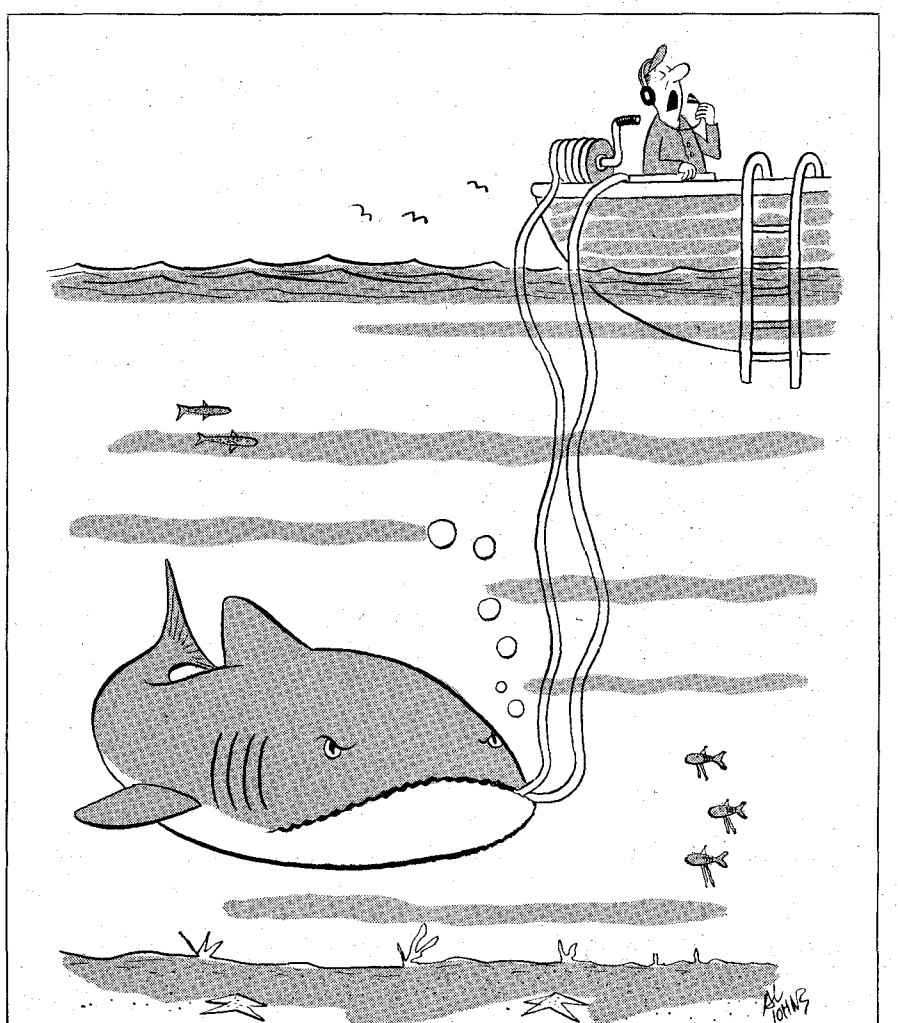
George wandered in, attired in his old Army pants and shirt. When he saw the dress he said, "Lucia, we got to go to the city and buy things suitable."

At this point the postman honked again. He had a package. Shell-pink slippers were in it. They looked the size for a fairy. George took one look and said, "Say, hon, you got to get slippers too."

Lucia said savagely, "I have to get a turkey and get it cooked. And see about the church."

"Maybe I ought to fix the cellar door," said George. Lucia told him sharply that he was to go to the market and get everything she had written down on a list.

"Nobody's going down cellar," she snapped.



"Could you speak a little plainer, Fred?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The phone rang with the firm long-distance peal.

"Mum, there will be seven more coming. But they'll all drive back after. Some of Jon's club friends and a few more of my classmates want to come. It won't be any bother."

Lucia sat holding the receiver until the phone began to buzz. Then she replaced it and went back to the kitchen. Elizabeth was rubbing the spoons. George was banging around aimlessly—quite calm.

When he saw the look on Lucia's face he said, "Now, hon, it's all right. I mean she isn't marrying a gangster or anything. He's even got a job."

"Go down and order the champagne," said Lucia, "and ask Jim to keep it in his cooler so we can pick it up after the ceremony."

"We've got room for a few bottles."

"A few bottles!" She turned fiercely on him. "Do you realize that so far it adds up to forty guests coming to see Jeanie marry this perfect stranger?"

"I thought she only wanted a couple of ——"

"I wrote them down. Every time she phones, I add the new ones. While you're out, stop and see if Pam can lend us all her champagne glasses. We have exactly five, two nicked. You and I get the nicked ones and watch your mouth so you don't get cut."

Elizabeth said, "Don't worry. It will come out all right. You best finish making up the beds while I run the vacuum and dust."

"Will a case be enough?" asked George timidly.

"If it isn't, they can drink tea," said Lucia.

As she whacked the pillows, she remembered the flowers. She'd call the florist in the next town. She ran downstairs, caught her heel on a step and landed with a crash at the bottom.

"Oh, heavens!" Elizabeth came flying to her. "Are you killed?"

Lucia crawled to her feet. "It wouldn't matter," she choked. Her ankle was not broken, just wrenched, and she limped to the phone. It rang as she reached it. It was long-distance from Jeanie.

"Mum? We'll be home tomorrow. I'm not sure how many yet. I just thought if you'd order the bouquets—there won't be time after we get there—just a cascade for me, corsages for you and Penny and boutonnieres for Jon and the best man."

"Best man?"

"Jon's roommate, Roger. Jon will pay for them after. . . . Mum, are you there?"

"Yes, I'm here."

"Don't fuss about anything. I thought maybe we could just picnic sort of in the yard."

"Picnic?" Lucia said faintly.

"Sure. Carry everything out under the apple trees. To make it easier. Oh, and we're bringing Jon's uncle for the minister. He's a bishop or something. But we called our own minister and asked him to do the prayer and stuff."

"What about his parents?"

"Oh, they can't make it," said Jeanie. "They're in Spain."

Lucia limped back upstairs to make the rest of the beds. Elizabeth went on vacuuming. It was too bad the good rugs were at the cleaners along with the best slip covers. Well, nobody would notice much.

They had eggs and bacon again for supper. George was tired of bacon and eggs. In fact, more and more he was beginning to doubt the advisability of the whole procedure. After supper he went out and gloomily threw his precious clams in the swamp. He could see Lucia was in no mood for clams.

The next morning he had to drive Lucia to the nearest sizable city. It wasn't, it seemed, the time of year that Drake's had a good stock of dresses for mothers of brides, especially those which could be worn with no alteration.

"Why don't you just wear that thing you got for the country-club banquet last year?" asked George helpfully.

"That old rag? The one I also wore at the Garden Club open house and the reception for the new minister and the concert and Pam's dinner for that lecturer. I'll just go away and not be at the wedding," stated Lucia.

"You look good in anything," said George loyally. "Nobody can hold a candle to you. All you need is to get your hair done ——"

"Oh," moaned Lucia, "the beauty parlor! I forgot to call. They'll have to work me in at eight tomorrow morning. They'll have to open up the shop and just work me in."

Eventually she bought a pale lilac silk, which the clerk assured her they would take in while she waited. It wouldn't look at all like a maternity dress when it was snipped in. "And modom can always add her own jewelry."

"Yes," Lucia said to George while they waited, "my dime-store pearls will make any dress."

"Now you know, hon, I was going to get you ——"

"We had to use the money for Jeanie's Dartmouth weekend." Lucia turned on him suddenly. "What happened to that Dartmouth boy? At least we knew him!"

"He was all right," admitted George, "but he was just another college boy."

"Well, he wasn't a pig in a poke," said Lucia.

"Maybe you might like this one."

"I could wring his neck," Lucia stated flatly. "After what I'm going through."

"Well, after all, Jeanie likes him."

"She's nothing but a baby. He probably looks like a movie star."

On the way home, they stopped at André's. André (*Continued on Page 46*)

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The Holiday Season is a special time when families draw together, reaffirming well-loved customs and fundamental beliefs. It is a joyful, eager time for the children, rich with make-believe and laughter—for their elders a time of pride and pleasure, of memories of things past and imagining of things to come. It is a time of gratitude, compassion, hope and faith. Gratitude for the many blessings on this land and for trials withstood. Compassion for the less fortunate. Hope for a better world of peace and justice. Faith in our ability to grow and to build. For our way of life is a good one—strong and free and full of promise—and one in which we may rear our children with confidence. It is in this spirit that we of New York Life, whose privilege it is to serve so many American and Canadian families, extend to all our warm greetings and good wishes this Christmas season. New York Life Insurance Company.

nylic

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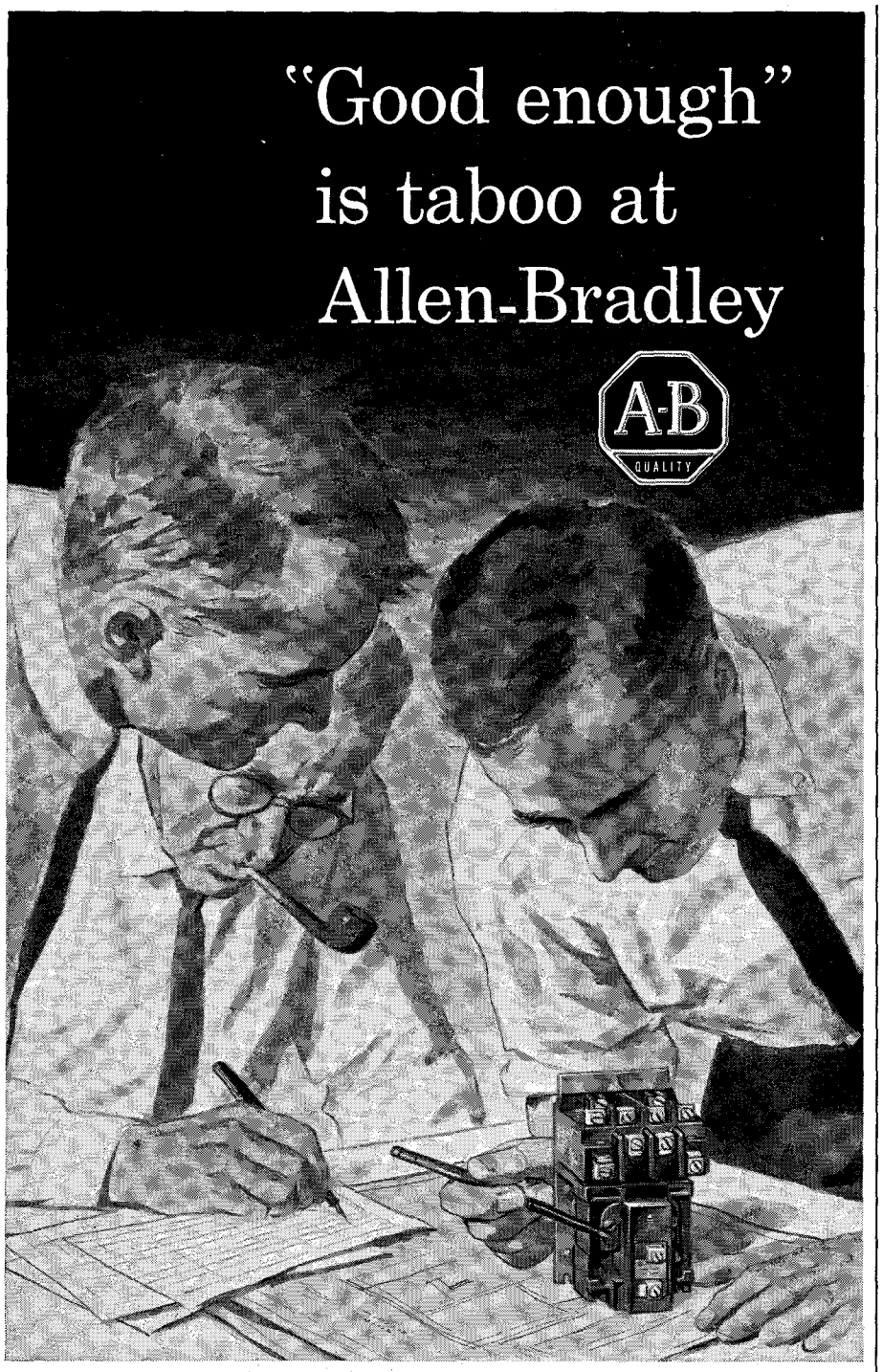

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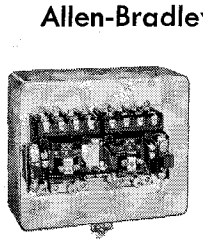
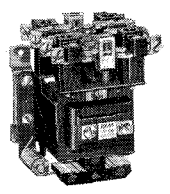

Bulletin 705
Reversing Switches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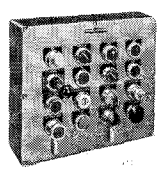
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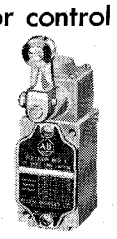
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(*Continued from Page 44*) explained that he could not possibly bake a wedding cake and deliver it to Shadowriver on such short notice. Lucia agreed with him. She knew it was absolutely impossible and she understood perfectly. She would bear up, but she intimated that only one of his wedding cakes would save this affair from being a shambles. André promised the cake. He would bring it himself by noon on Saturday. He'd have to close the shop, but never mind. He didn't normally deliver anything, much less anything that had to go thirty miles. But a wedding without an André cake—he would do it.

By the time they got home, Lucia could barely hobble. Her ankle was swollen until it resembled a rutabaga.

"You ought to go to bed and have a compress on it," said George.

"I've got to bring the dinner plates up from the cellar," she said. "We'll need all those we packed away."

"I'm hungry," said George. "I never knew a wedding meant you starved to death. Let's have a peaceful dinner out tonight—just a good charcoal-broiled steak at Rondo's. Maybe some jumbo shrimp first. And one of those flaming things for dessert."

Lucia shuddered. "How I ever married an insensitive, unfeeling man like you! Here we are about to lose our only, our only daughter to a man we don't even know, and you want to eat!"

"Honey," he said, "look at it this way. You aren't really losing a daughter ——"

"But gaining a son," she snapped. "I don't want him. Give him back to Boston, I say. And the bishop, too, and the parents in Spain."

"You've always been a good trouper," said George, "and I know you will be this time too. At least Jeanie didn't sneak off and get married secretly. She wanted to be married at home."

"Home," said Lucia drearily, "looks like the town dump."

"I'll mow the lawn early in the morning and fix the gate," he said.

"You can't paint the house and rebuild the sags in the picket fence and weed the garden," Lucia told him. "Why did we ever go away on that vacation?"

"We didn't know we were going to be summoned back to stage a royal command performance," he pointed out. "It seemed sensible to paint after the worst of the fly season was over, and to get everything cleaned while we were away. It seemed sensible."

"Well," sighed Lucia, "I don't know what all those people will think of a partner in Bard, Brad and Burns who lives in a house with old rugs, broken blinds, leaning fences and a garden of thistles."

"Let's eat out," he insisted, "and get our strength up for D Day. Maybe Rondo's might even have fried clams!"

There was another thing. Although this was to be a family wedding attended by a few of the bride's and groom's best friends, none of George's and Lucia's friends had been called up and invited. The only guest coming that they knew, therefore, was Penny, Jeanie's roommate, who had been in and out of the house for three years. Was there ever a wedding in which the parents didn't know anybody, not even the groom? It seemed unlikely.

They ate out, and Lucia made lists of the groceries needed. She had certainly stripped the house pending this three weeks' vacation. There wasn't even a scrap in the freezer, because the men were to repair the motor while they were away. Basic supplies consisted of salt, pepper, flour and two cans of tomato soup.

When they went to bed Lucia tried not to keep George awake. But she kept whispering things to herself. She and Elizabeth would do the turkey in the morning; then the man at the market would have to put it in his cooler until the next day. George would have to be sure the church was open for the florist. Would André bring the cake in time? Elizabeth would have to do the salad early.

Then a fatal thought struck her. The groom should not see the bride on the wedding day until the wedding. But in their house the only place one could be unseen was the second bathroom, which had a lock. The groom couldn't just be put away in the bathroom.

She called Pam at eight in the morning. "Don't worry," said Pam. "Just have someone deliver him, and I'll feed him and give him some of those nice pills I got when I was so nervous over Bob's appendix." She added, "You sound hoarse. You aren't coming down with anything, are you?"

"I'm at death's door," said Lucia.

George, groaning and cursing, was mowing the hay which the lawn had become. He had, by now, a healthy hatred of the man causing all this furor. He ought to be in the Army, minding his own business. Lucia hadn't been in such a state since the day Jeanie was born. She looked feverish, and her eyes, he thought, were kind of glassy. And her normal sweetness was put down in vinegar.

Lucia gave him an egg sandwich for lunch. He was pretty tired of eggs. Elizabeth and Lucia didn't eat. They were cooking stuff to feed the guests when they came. The kitchen was full of casseroles.

He sat down on the stone terrace and had a cigarette. He was a tired, confused man. Lucia seemed so far away and looked at him as if this were his fault. Maybe she just didn't like men much at this point. Well, he didn't either.

Anyway, Jeanie was too young. What did she know about anything? Marriage could be deadly. Ought to have a year being engaged anyway. By then anything could happen. But Jeanie was impulsive like her mother. Now she was plunging into a dark sea, and he and Lucia hadn't even passed on this man. The whole thing should be called off. He should have put his foot down at that first phone call. But Jeanie's voice trembled with happiness, and he had been kind of knocked off base. This was all his fault—this horrible mistake.

Lucia, dicing onion, had a good excuse to cry. She always bit a piece of bread while dicing onions, but she always cried anyway. Now she mopped the tears away and thought this was all her fault. She was Jeanie's mother. She should have said right away that this was impossible. She should have put her foot down.

"Now I'll finish," said Elizabeth. "You go clean up and fix your face. People get married all the time, and often it works out. And even an unhappy marriage is better than no marriage at all. Women were not meant to be alone."

"I'm just—so scared ——" Lucia wept on Elizabeth's cashmere sweater. "I'm so scared."

"Now go put a cold washcloth on your eyes."

Lucia was just pinning back her hair when they came. Her heart raced all over her body, and her bones stiffened. She sloshed some of her Christmas perfume over her and went downstairs.

George came in with Jeanie and Jon. George hadn't changed and looked like a farm hand. He surely did not resemble a partner of anything. Jeanie flung herself in Lucia's arms.

"It's all so wonderful," she cried in her soft, breathless voice. "Oh, mum, here he is!"

Lucia's blurred eyes tried to focus on him. Jon was a tall, thin man, like a lot of other men. He had dark hair and blue eyes and a shy smile. There was nothing

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spectacular about him at all. He did not remotely resemble a movie star.

He had a handclasp worthy of an athlete, however. Her bones ached.

"Everybody else will be along," said Jeanie. "We took the short cut."

She went over and kissed her father. As he looked down at her, she seemed no older than when she had her first big party.

"Well, hello, rabbit," he said. Then he got out his handkerchief and blew his nose.

"Gee, I hated to spoil your vacation," said Jeanie. "If it wasn't a matter of life and death, I never would have. You know that, daddy."

"Oh, well," he said.

"Mum, I hope you put the bishop in the foam-rubber-pillow bed," said Jeanie. "He's allergic to feathers." She laughed. "We put him in another car so we wouldn't get talked to in a sermon sort of way."

"I'll get the bags," said George huskily.

"Jon is to stay at Pam's," Lucia said. "Just bring Jeanie's."

"Let me get them, sir," said Jon.

"No. I always bring them in," said George.

From boarding school, from college, from visits, George had carried Jeanie's bags in. He wasn't going to give this up so fast.

"I've got to go look at the dress," said Jeanie. "Be right back." She skimmed upstairs, as if her feet could hardly be on the steps, so light they were.

Jon and Lucia were left alone.

"You look like Jeanie," he said. "I'd know you anywhere."

"Well, I don't know ——"

"This has been pretty rough for you," he said quickly. "I'd have had it different. But this job coming up and all ——"

Lucia looked at him. She saw the compassion in his eyes. He was thinking of how she felt.

"Do you love her?" she asked.

"I love her, all right," he answered. "I love her. Believe that."

"She—" said Lucia "—she is—rather special to us."

"She is special to me too."

They looked at each other.

"I know this is right," he said, answering the question in her eyes. "I know. There should have been time for me to win your approval. But being across the continent for a year—well, a year can be a long time." His eyes were honest, his smile shy. "It's kind of like pioneering days."

Before she could speak over the lump in her throat, the house began to fill with the second carload. The confusion was like a carnival. Dishes seemed to fly through the air, coffee cups bounced, silver clattered. Jeanie went off like a sparkler. Finally Jeanie delivered Jon to Pam, the dishes got washed, and uneasy quiet settled.

It began to rain in the night and poured all day. George took the bishop out for lunch and the young folks munched sandwiches. André puffed in with the cake. The florist came with the flowers. Somebody brought the champagne glasses, and Elizabeth went to get the turkey from the market cooler. And more guests drove in from Cambridge.

Lucia got the fastener of her dress stuck, and George couldn't find his good studs. And at three-thirty Penny lost one of her contact lenses. Everybody went around like truffle hounds while Penny wept. Someone found it under the bed.

Pam sent over a raincoat with a hood for the bride. And at four-fifteen the guests filed into the little village church, the organ began to play, and Jeanie came down the aisle on George's arm. She looked like moon mist and apple blossoms. When she and Jon looked at each other, the church seemed filled with light.

Afterward George had to try to get Lucia's left slipper back on. It was a mistake to take it off, because her ankle had swelled more.

There was a slight delay because one car wouldn't start, and the bishop tucked up his robe and hopped out in a puddle and gave it a manly push. The picnic under the apple trees had long since been abandoned, and the buffet was served at the dining table. Champagne corks popped all over. George cut his lip on his cracked glass.

Jeanie and Lucia had to go to the back entryway to have a few words. Jon was lugging the suitcases to the front porch.

"Oh, mum, it was simply perfect," said Jeanie. "It was just perfect. And isn't Jon the most wonderful—the most perfect —— and oh, mum!" Then they cried together as mothers and daughters must.

"And you know, mum, you aren't losing a daughter ——"

"I know." Lucia wiped her eyes. "I'm gaining a son."

"And I told you not to worry," Jeanie mopped her face. "I just wouldn't have wanted a thing different. I just wanted a simple country wedding with the family and a couple of our best friends from college."

Lucia choked. Then Jon looked in anxiously. "I think we ought to get started," he said.

They were off in a flurry of confetti, and gradually the guests sorted out their rubbers—one was never found—and matched the right umbrellas to the right person, almost, and they went too. The bishop gave Lucia a warm handclasp. "Let not your heart be troubled," he said, half smiling. "This is right for them both."

Elizabeth left last, promising to come and help clean up in the morning. "Don't touch a thing," she said.

Lucia sank on the sofa, and George took off his coat and tie. He came over and kissed her and she clung to him. He ruffled her hair. "They're in love," he said, "and there's nothing to worry about."

"I think so too." Lucia rested her head against his starched shirt.

"But right now," observed George, "I'm thankful we had only one son to gain!" THE END

Beneath This White

By Ralph W. Seager

Spring wheat sleeps green
beneath this white,
The woodchuck curls into his
night.

The red rose banks its July
ember
In these ashes of December.

The salamander's deep within
The frozen pond's blue, icy skin.

These are the hearts that
outbeat winter
Until the March sun shaves a
splinter

From the edge of this cold
clime,
And warms the pulse in April
time.

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Tropic Holiday (Continued from Page 21)

and the Government. Someday my share will all be yours, Karen."

Karen laughed. "You'll probably settle down now and have five children of your own. I'll have grandfather's money when I'm twenty-one, and that will be plenty for me."

Hosmer Smith frowned unaccountably. "You'll have mine too. I promise. It's the least I can do to make it up to you."

"You're always saying that, Uncle Hosmer. I don't understand why. You have nothing to make up to me for. I was very happy all those years living with my father. We went camping, we loved the woods and mountains and books and music and our friends—things that didn't take money. I saw you just that once at mother's funeral when I was eleven—that was the first time I even heard my grandfather was going to leave me money, with you trustee of it. But I never thought much about it. I never met him, you know. He only died four years ago, and the money isn't due until I'm twenty-one, six months from now. Certainly I had no idea it would be such a big sum—over three hundred thousand dollars. I didn't know that until last week, when you heard of father's death and came to Pawnee Falls and took me with you."

Hosmer Smith leaned toward her, smiling affectionately, but very earnest. "You're my sister's daughter. You know my father never forgave her for leaving her career as a concert pianist to marry a small-college philosophy professor like your father. My father wasn't so rich then; he made most of his money later in the stock market. But I always loved Jill, your mother. I think people have the right to do what makes them happy. You do understand that, Karen? In the end, it's happiness that counts. And if there are temporary inconveniences or difficulties, you must always remember that, and not be frightened. I'll take care of you, no matter what. I promise you."

Karen's warm brown eyes met his. "Frightened, Uncle Hosmer? Why should I be frightened? I may not have had much money, but all my life I've been surrounded by people who loved me, cared for me."

Hosmer Smith leaned back. "Yes, of course; but perhaps you've been too surrounded. Perhaps you trust people too much."

"Father always said there was some good in everyone."

Hosmer shuddered. "Your father was not a very wordly man."

A small woman came down the aisle, going toward the lounge at the rear of the plane. Her tiny figure was an extremely feminine one, beautifully curved, small-waisted. Her walk emphasized her shapeliness, without being too obvious about it. Though no longer in her first youth, she was still very attractive and knew it. She had a flair for clothes. Disdaining the latest mode, her blue suit was plain, as really good suits are, of the most expensive sheer wool. Her skirt was very tight and stylishly short, her slim legs very elegant indeed.

She was almost past when she suddenly noticed Hosmer. "Mr. Smith!" Her voice matched her figure and walk; its throatiness went well with a rather pronounced English accent.

Hosmer Smith stood up, looking very pleased. "Lily!"

"Don't tell me we're both going to the Virgin Islands." Lily laughed gaily. "But of course we must both be going where the plane is!"

Karen found herself laughing too. Lily's gaiety was infectious. Karen liked the older woman on sight. Lily seemed capable of laughing at herself and almost anything else. There was about her an independence and utter lack of timidity which Karen fervently wished she herself had. She could not imagine Lily in a situation which Lily could not handle with frankness and good humor and ease.

Hosmer held Lily's softly feminine hand longer than was necessary. "My niece, Karen Corey. . . . Lily Lewis-Patterson."

Lily's smile was genuinely friendly. "You know that all the women in New York are jealous of you, don't you, Karen? Your uncle talks of nothing else. Oh, he does occasionally mention Hosmer's Health Hunkies."

Hosmer Smith joined in the good-natured laughter at his expense. He said, "I didn't know —— I had no idea —— What luck that you are going to be in the islands!"

Lily shrugged a dainty shoulder. "I do get so tired of ice and cold and just looking out at the park. All those trees covered with snow. I decided maybe a little sunshine would feel good. It's been over a year now since Mr. Lewis-Patterson died. He was in shipping, you know."

"Yes, you told me." Hosmer was sympathetic. "Sad. Very sad. But it's high time you got out more and saw people. Where are you staying?"

"The Cay-Carib Hotel."

"Good," said Karen. "So are we. It will be fun to have a friend there."

Lily Lewis-Patterson touched her throat with a hand which wore a huge ruby ring. She winked at Hosmer, flirting with him openly, casually, as if she thought this the only natural relationship between any man and any woman. She gave Karen her bright smile and moved down the aisle, small, dainty and graceful.

Hosmer looked after her with open admiration. "I met her at a party in a Park Avenue penthouse the other night. I get invited to those swank joints now. Money talks. I'm still the same person I was all the years I was nobody, but my bank account is different. We had a long talk. Maybe if I'd met a woman like her twenty years ago ——"

Hosmer sighed. He recovered the full volume of his voice and boomed, "A young man about your age in the lounge, Karen. Shall we go back? I don't want you to sit here mooning over that marine fellow. Understand, it was your own decision. I asked you to come with me. Selfishly I very much hoped you would. It is a great pleasure for me to be able to give you the things money will buy—things you have never had—and eventually the musical training you want for your lovely voice. But most of all I want your happiness. And if you had decided it was with that marine fellow in Pawnee Falls —— Nothing like this in Pawnee Falls, is there?"

Karen felt her face getting hot. She thought that everybody in the plane must be staring at them, speculating about her and Doug. Even over the steady roar of the four engines up front, Hosmer's voice sounded as if it were in an echo chamber. Karen's nature had come from her quiet father; she valued privacy and hated to be in any way conspicuous.

She said in her quiet pleasant voice, "You go back to the lounge, Uncle Hosmer. I'm rather tired."

"Of course. Of course." Hosmer raised his voice, if possible, and summoned the svelte young brunet stewardess, who a few minutes before had stood in the aisle and calmly demonstrated, in Spanish and in English, the proper way of donning a life jacket in event of ditching the plane at sea.

"Miss!" Hosmer beamed at her with the same charm he would have accorded a duchess. "My niece wants to sleep."

"Of course, sir." The stewardess reached efficiently to the overhead rack, spread a soft, luxurious blue blanket over Karen's knees and tucked a pillow on either side of her.

Hosmer's tanned, handsome face was close to Karen's as he bent to kiss her good night. "Don't approve of them myself, of course," he murmured, surprisingly for her alone. "But you're not used to the roar of the engines. A little harmless sleeping pill."

"No, thank you, Uncle Hosmer. I've never taken one. I won't need it."

"Nonsense. Very mild. To please me."

Karen swallowed the green gelatin capsule before Hosmer began to roar about it. He tucked the blanket around her tenderly. "I'll take care of you, Karen. No matter what, I'll always take care of you."

Karen smiled and turned her face to the window, slanting her rather tall, thin body in the seat, putting her cheek on one pillow, her hip against the other.

"That's it. That's it."

Karen shut her eyes, and the booming voice was gone. She told herself firmly that Hosmer Smith had been very kind to her. He had paid more for the soft tweed suit she was wearing than her father had made in a month teaching at the college in Pawnee Falls. Karen knew she should feel sophisticated in her new expensive clothes, the very high spike heels on which she sometimes still teetered, her naturally wavy brown-with-gold-flecks hair, cut in the latest very short style at a Fifth Avenue salon. But somehow she felt that her old sports campus clothes had suited her better. There was an uneasy ache in her throat now which had never been there before, even at the tragic bewildering time of her father's death.

Stop it. Right now. Two weeks ago I was in Pawnee Falls without even enough money to finish the college term. I never thought I would be in a plane like this, flying above the clouds with the moon full and the water silver-blue below me.

She switched off her reading light, swiveled the individual air-intake for her plane seat so that the draft did not blow directly on her, and watched the clouds.

She woke several times in the night, sleepily feeling the change in the darkness outside, as the stars seemed to come close enough to touch; the clouds seemed even whiter, the sea softer.

I've read about tropical skies, but now I'm seeing them. There is a difference, an excitement. Karen tried to keep her eyelids open, not to miss a moment of the beauty. But her eyes kept closing in spite of her efforts.

Silly to be thinking still about quarreling with Doug. We've fought since we were two years old. But this time it was different. I wonder why I feel so strange. I see the beauty, the mystery of the tropical night. But it's as if it were happening to someone else, not me. And I feel something else. Something odd. I don't know what it is. As if eyes were watching me. Threatening me. But that's silly, because everyone else on the plane is asleep except Lily and Uncle Hosmer. And Uncle Hosmer is the only one watching me.

Back in the red-leather lounge, Lily Lewis-Patterson had taken off her small, chic black-with-white-feathers hat. Her platinum-blond hair was charmingly disheveled from leaning back against the seat. But tonight not even Lily's attractions could hold Hosmer Smith's attention. He was indeed watching his niece, with a feeling of real tenderness, real regret.

Karen wouldn't be hurt, he told himself. Will Roth (*Continued on Page 53*)

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The burglars broke a hole in the rear wall of the supermarket and poked a flashlight through to see what was inside. What they saw turned out to be the police waiting to arrest them.

"We caught them in the act of breaking and entering," the police testified. "Therefore they are guilty of burglary."

"Not so," defense counsel retorted. "The cops spoiled their own game by their eagerness. The defendants 'broke,' but they never got a chance to 'enter.' Therefore the charge should be reduced to attempted burglary."

If you were the judge, would you minimize the offense?

• •

No. The court ruled that it is not necessary for a lawbreaker's entire body to enter the premises in committing burglary. The entry of the hand with flashlight alone was sufficient to turn the attempt into burglary and add five years to the sentence.

Based upon a 1958 Oregon decision.

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COLDS MISERIES AND SINUS CONGESTION

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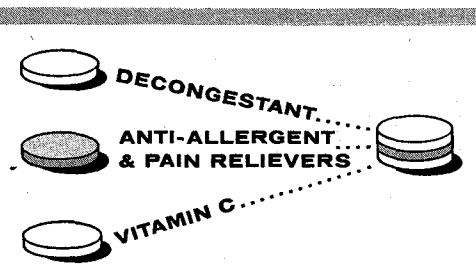
(critical areas of colds infection)



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TAKE DRISTAN. Working through the bloodstream, DRISTAN shrinks all swollen membranes, promotes drainage, restores free breathing.

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The Day of tender gifts and parties, too.

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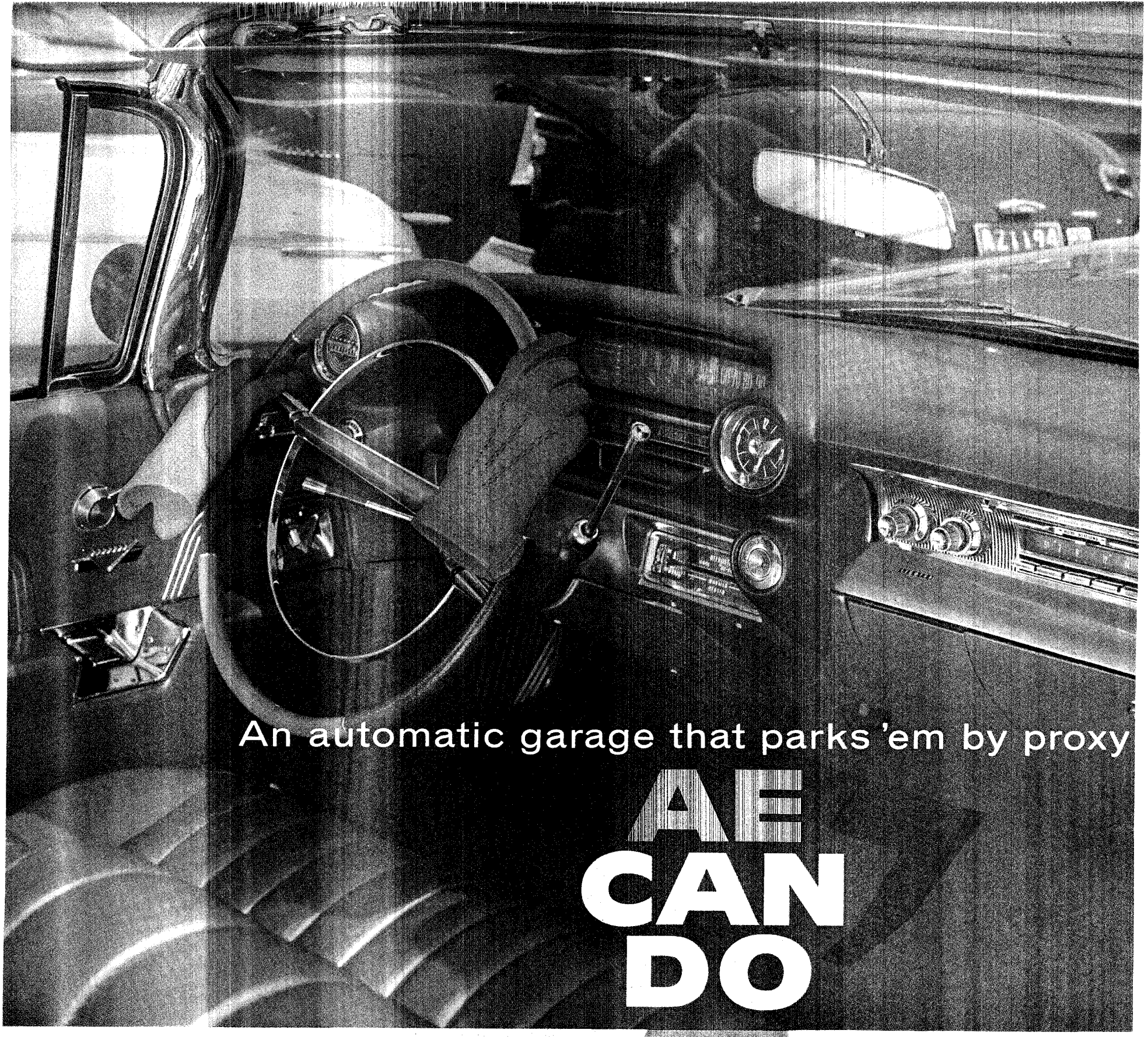

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(*Continued from Page 48*) had given Hosmer his word that no one would lay a hand on her. And whatever else you said about Will, he prided himself on keeping his word. But could Will keep that muscular young brother of his under control? Of course he could. Will would have the gun, and he was a dead shot. This was the only way—for Karen and for Hosmer. Hosmer was arranging for a little time. He hadn't anticipated that he would like the girl so much, that was all. It had been one thing to sit in his office two weeks ago, when he hadn't seen her since she was a leggy brat of eleven, and plan this with Will. But when Karen's brown eyes, so like her mother's, looked up at Hosmer, trusting him —— She was so very young and inexperienced. Hosmer wished he had never gone back to the office that night in New York. He wished he had never seen Will Roth. He couldn't help the feeling that something awful was going to happen. But it was too late to stop it now. They would be waiting for her at the airport. If only Hosmer could go back two weeks. . . .

It had been snowing in New York that night two weeks ago, when Hosmer Smith had unexpectedly decided to go back to his office. The modern elevator had ascended swiftly, almost soundlessly. Hosmer got out at the eighteenth floor and stood for a moment looking out the hall window, up Madison Avenue at its tall, beautiful buildings.

I'm part of all this now. An important part, even. I have what I've wanted all my life. Success. If I can only keep it without going to jail.

Hosmer sighed and turned away from the window. He strode down the hall. Even with no one to appreciate the effect, Hosmer always strode, his large handsome head high, his big arms swinging confidently. He stopped, thinking he saw a shadow move ahead of him. Five years in the Far East had given him an almost intuitive perception of danger.

There was a light in his office. It was not the cleaning women; they lit the whole place up. This was just one small light. Hosmer felt not so much fear as anger. He strode forward and jerked open the door.

It was a large room, done in a modern oriental style, with blue walls and gray silk draperies and a specially woven Indian carpet in muted shades of blue.

A small innocuous-appearing young man was working at Hosmer's safe.

"Stop that!" roared Hosmer.

The young man fixed nearsighted blue eyes on him wonderingly. He stood up without haste. He had curly blond hair, slicked back with some sort of grease, and a thin, incongruous mustache. His lips were thick, and there was a scar on his right eyelid, causing it to droop.

He moved toward Hosmer slowly, doggedly, with a shuffling step, his head down. He sprang so suddenly that the action was almost a reflex one, hardly seeming to involve conscious thought. His hard tough body, though a foot shorter and half the weight of Hosmer's, hit the bigger man with the impact of a rock wall. Hosmer went down, feeling now a sudden, surprised fear and outrage. The young man's tremendous strength had not been evident in his mild appearance. His body was small, but pure young muscle. He knew exactly where to aim his blows. Efficiently he hit Hosmer in the belly, low. Then his strong fingers clawed for Hosmer's eyes.

"That's enough, Mick," said a soft southern-accented voice from the doorway. "I don't want to go to the chair for aiding or abetting a murder."

"He'll talk, Will. Nobody knows we're here if he don't tell 'em." The muscular young man's speech was thick and slurred and almost whining. It was evident that his intelligence was not of the highest.

"Let him go!" the soft-voiced man said wearily. "You heard me, Mick."

Mick got off Hosmer slowly with obvious regret. He backed away to stand watchfully against the wall.

The white-haired man who had spoken to him from the doorway was well over six feet tall, and so painfully thin that he seemed even taller. He was immaculately groomed in clothes which had once been very expensive, but were now very shabby. As he came unhurriedly into the light, his sharp nose was his most prominent feature, but it was his gray eyes that held Hosmer. They were smiling eyes, and yet, Hosmer thought, the coldest eyes he had ever seen.

The tall man seemed to glide rather than walk, with a nonchalant elegance and dignity. He eased his long body carefully into the best chair in the room, running a critical finger over the blue brocade with which it was covered. He watched Hosmer with a distantly amused interest.

Hosmer lay on the floor for a moment, gasping for breath. Finally he got up. He made the best show of dignity that he could. Will Roth was a hard-enough man to face even at eye level. Hosmer had known Will ten years. For all his dapper elegance, his smiling gray eyes, Will Roth was the hardest, most ruthless man Hosmer Smith had ever met.

Hosmer staggered to his own chair behind his redwood desk. Will Roth lighted one of the Turkish cigarettes he always smoked, fitting it carefully into an exquisitely carved ivory holder. He waved a long thin hand to disperse the smoke. "Ah. Hosmer."

Hosmer had difficulty getting words out of his throat. "I suppose I shouldn't be surprised to find you robbing a safe, Will. I saw you shoot a man in the back in Singapore; I've seen you fleece old women out of their life's savings."

Will smiled with his thin pale lips. "Whereas you only fleece men?"

"I don't pretend to be an angel, but I do draw a line."

Will Roth laughed, a harsh, mirthless sound. "Perhaps you do now. Perhaps now you can afford to. But before this?"

Hosmer was beginning to recover his breath and his confidence and his anger. "I don't have to sit in my own office and hear my character analyzed by safebreakers. The police ——"

The small muscular man known as Mick sprang again as if by reflex action. Before he reached Hosmer, Will drawled lazily, "No, Mick."

Mick stopped jerkily, like a puppet.

"Hosmer won't call the police," said Will softly.

"What makes you think I won't?"

Will indicated the young man. "My half brother, by a misguided later alliance of my father's. The Mick was a professional fighter. Once I had hopes of making him a champion, but unfortunately even I was never able to figure out a way to do his thinking for him, and I found that at a certain point the Mick does not even hear coaching from the side lines. He killed a man in Cuba."

Hosmer felt a strange coldness down his spine and in his hands. He waited for a moment to steady his voice. "As you said, Will, you don't want to go to the electric chair."

Will raised a thin, shabbily elegant shoulder. "Is that your thanks to me for saving your life? I happened to be going by when I saw this man hitting you."

"Your half brother?"

"Prove it," suggested Will. He studied an advertising poster mounted on the wall. He shook his head. "Incredible. Though I don't suppose you could be expected to know good design from bad. So few people do. Witness the abysmal ignorance which keeps the public from buying my paintings."

"Just as a matter of curiosity, Will, what did you expect to find in my safe?"

"Letters," said Will Roth softly. "Letters from me to you, telling you—free, mind you—of my new health discovery. The product you so brazenly call Hosmer's Health Hunkies!"

"I tore them up long ago, Will, and scattered them in pieces eighteen floors above Madison Avenue."

Will Roth turned his gray eyes on him. "No doubt," he murmured. "No doubt. I want my cut, Hosmer. Fifty per cent."

"You've had a health mania for years—ever since you got that tropical fever which recurs. You've had more quack cures than you have hairs on your head. You've told them to everybody. They weren't worth anything; neither was this one. It's no more healthful than any other wheat product. It was my promotion that made it, not your formula."

"Fifty per cent." Will gestured slightly, and the Mick moved in closer, his stubby hands clenched into eager fists. Will Roth sat back, waiting.

Hosmer spoke with a boldness he did not feel. "I don't owe you a thing. Anyhow, at the moment I'm not making anything myself. All the profits and even most of my salary are still going back into paying the costs of setting up the business. I live largely on credit; they know they'll get their money. But perhaps after I start making money that I can keep, I may give you something."

"When you don't owe me a thing? That's the difference between you and me, Hosmer. At heart, you're a sentimentalist. I'm a realist. What difference does it make if you shoot a man in the back or the belly? He's just as dead. But you have physical courage. I envy you that. You sit there one spring from death at the Mick's hand and you don't turn a hair."

"You won't risk murder, Will. You never took an unnecessary chance in your life."

Will nodded. "I bet only on sure things. I should know. I was a card dealer for years, since I could not live by my painting. Gambling at gambler's odds is sheer idiocy. That kind of gambling put you in the position you are as regards your niece's estate."

"I don't know what you're talking about, and neither do you. Nobody could!"

"It wasn't difficult to figure out. You offered the financiers a very tempting proposition, a very clever advertising campaign, when you set out to get backers for Health Hunkies. But the financiers weren't going to put up all the money. You had to put up a certain amount yourself. By odd coincidence, it was almost twice the amount your father had just conveniently died and left you.

"Half of your share of the money came from your own inheritance, but where did the other half come from? There was only one place you could possibly have got it—from the estate of which you were custodian for your niece. You converted the whole estate into cash instantly. No doubt your story to the probate judge will be that you kept your niece's share in cash in a safe-deposit box, not trusting banks or stocks—if you had the money for the accounting of the estate. But you haven't."

"Try to prove it."

"I'm not in the least interested in proving it. You are no good to me in jail. Don't mistake me, Hosmer. I hate you more than I have hated men I have killed. What you have belongs to me, but revenge is only sweet when it pays off in cash. So I came to make you a proposition growing out of the situation. It would benefit us both."

"You're not interested in benefiting anybody but Will Roth."

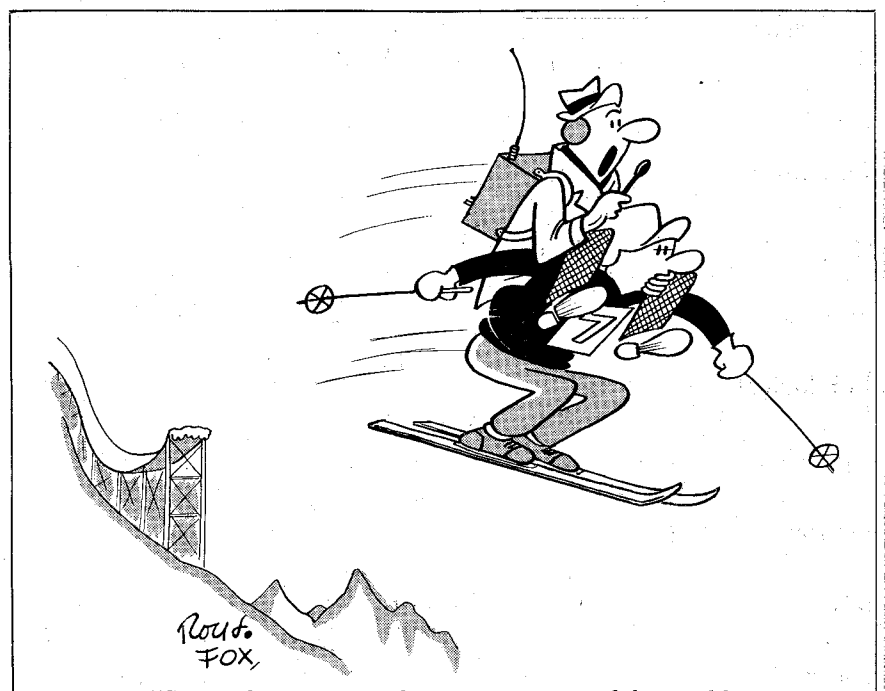
Will's soft southern voice said, "The financing costs of setting up your company will be paid off in less than a year. Then you will own fifty-one per cent of the stock clear, and your entire salary. You could easily make up the shortage in your niece's estate after that. But you have to account to the court for her estate in six months, when she is twenty-one. And you won't have the money. You'll go to jail for embezzling the estate. My plan will buy you what you need—time to pay the money back so you won't go to jail."

"And what will this plan of yours get you?"

"Fifty thousand dollars."

"You think I'd give you that!"

"For this I think you will, Hosmer. If I had longer to live it would be more. The doctors say that with this fever I have only six months at most. Fifty thousand dollars isn't much for the risk we take and (*Continued on Page 56*)



"So much for our on-the-spot coverage of the world ski championships—and now, back to New York."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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vision/avenir

"Gandhi said: 'To the millions who have
"Comme l'a dit le Mahatma Gandhi: 'Les millions de gens qui ne
to go without two meals a day the only
mangent pas deux fois par jour ne peuvent accepter
acceptable form in which God dare appear
Dieu s'il ose apparaître autrement que sous forme d'aliments'.
is food.' Creative uses of atomic radiation
Une utilisation productive du rayonnement atomique
in agriculture can help give more and
dans l'agriculture peut aider à fournir de plus grandes quantités
better food to all peoples, everywhere.
d'aliments de meilleure qualité à tous les peuples.
Atomic contributions to the agricultural
En mettant ainsi, sans conditions, la science nucléaire au service
development of undernourished nations,
du développement agricole des nations
with 'no strings attached,' will offer
sous-alimentées, nous prouverons une fois de plus
new proof to the world that we practice
au monde que nous pratiquons la fraternité que nous prêchons."
the brotherhood we preach."

reality/réalité

TRIGA, the inherently safe research, training
Le TRIGA, réacteur offrant par sa structure même toutes
and isotope-producing reactor, conceived,
garanties de sécurité et prévu pour la recherche, la formation
designed and produced by General Dynamics
professionnelle et la production d'isotopes, a été conçu, mis au
Corporation's General Atomic Division, is now
point et réalisé par la General Atomic Division de la
in use or soon will be in operation on five
General Dynamics Corporation. Il est déjà ou sera bientôt mis
of the six continents. *India:* cooperative
en service dans cinq des six continents, aux fins suivantes.
research and experiments at the World
Inde: recherches et expériences conjointes à l'Exposition agricole
Agriculture Fair in New Delhi; *Belgian Congo:*
mondiale de New-Delhi; *Congo Belge:* recherches sur la croissance
research in bone growth and bone disease;
et les maladies des os; *République de Corée:* études sur les
Republic of Korea: studies of genetic mutations
mutations génétiques des plantes; *Brésil:* formation d'ingénieurs;
in plants; *Brazil:* training of engineers;
République du Vietnam: enquêtes sur les maladies tropicales;
Republic of Vietnam: investigation of tropical
Japon: formation de techniciens et recherches biologiques;
diseases; *Japan:* technical training and biological
Autriche: programmes de physique nucléaire et de chimie des
research; *Austria:* programs in nuclear physics,
isotopes; *Italie:* recherches sur la physique des neutrons;
isotopic chemistry; *Italy:* research in neutron
Etats-Unis: formation professionnelle, recherches sur la
physics; *United States:* training, research
croissance des plantes, irradiation des semences,
in plant growth, irradiation of seeds, cancer
diagnostic du cancer et recherches sur le métabolisme humain.
diagnosis and research in human metabolism.

CONVAIR
ELECTRIC BOAT
GENERAL ATOMIC

GENERAL DYNAMICS

CANADAIR LIMITED
ELECTRO DYNAMIC
STROMBERG-CARLSON
LIQUID CARBONIC

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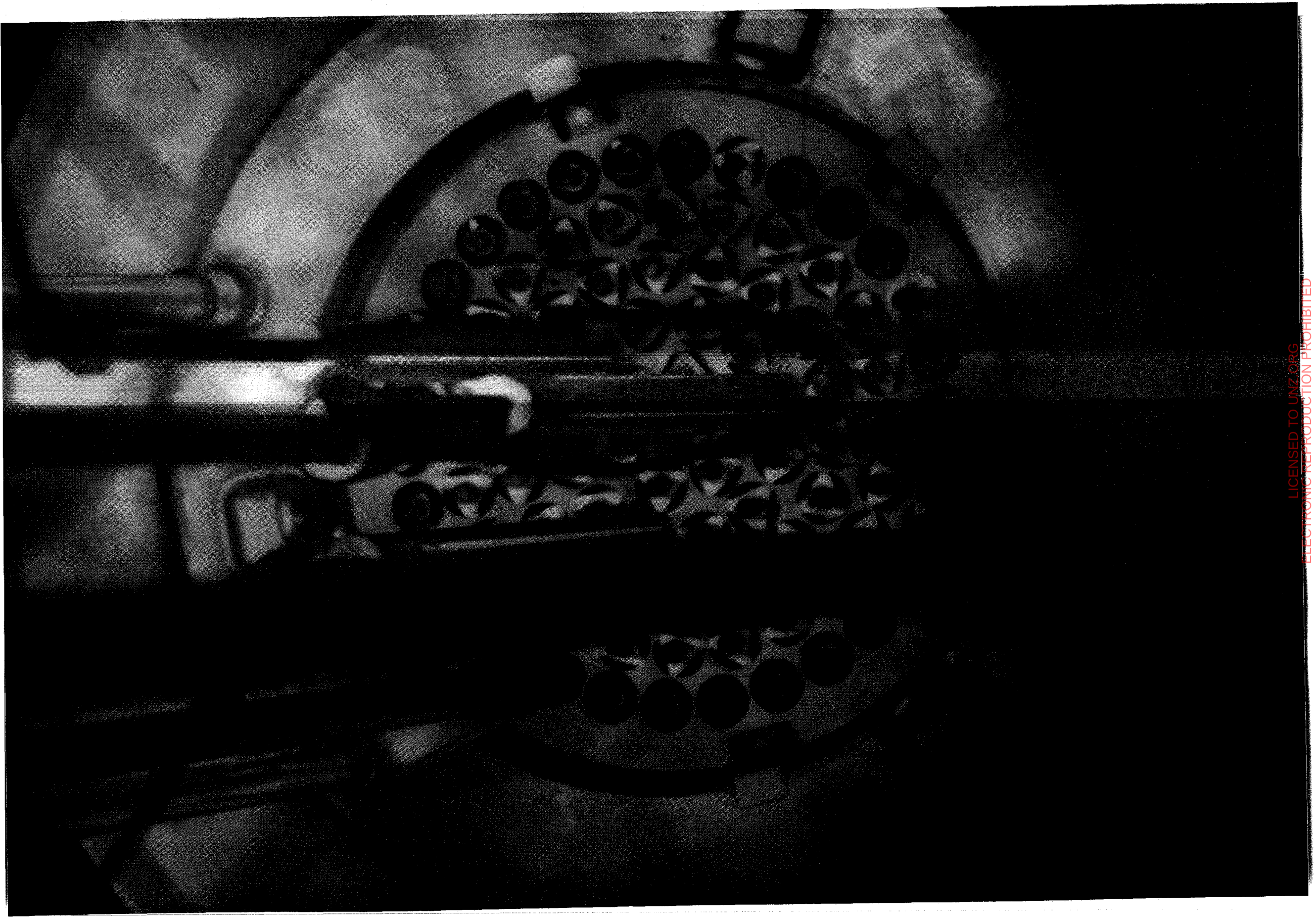

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(*Continued from Page 53*) what you get in return. You get freedom from jail, to enjoy the millions you will make on my product—all the rest of your life."

"How could you do all that?"

"Very simply. But before I explain my plan, we are agreed on my price if you accept the plan?"

Hosmer hesitated. "All right."

Will Roth began to cough. His long thin body shook from his heels up. His face grew purple. Then he stopped as suddenly as he started. He leaned back, his forehead wet with sweat.

Hosmer said, "Some whisky?"

Will waved a thin hand. His soft voice seemed to come from deep in his body by a tremendous effort. "I never drink when I'm doing business."

The Mick said sullenly, "You shouldna got out of bed. The sawbones told you."

"If I hadn't come, you'd be on your way to the chair for murdering Hosmer." Will Roth straightened his handsome knit tie carefully. "Not that the thought of walking by the door and letting him murder you wasn't tempting, Hosmer. Now about my plan. If there were a legitimate excuse—legitimate, mind you—for you to borrow from her supposed estate to save your niece's life in a great emergency, wouldn't the court be willing to give you the few extra months you would need to pay the money back, when you offer to make full restitution to her from your own funds of the money spent to save her?"

"You mean if she were sick, or something?"

"Not sick. . . ."

Hosmer listened to Will's plan with growing horror. "No, I won't do it!"

Will Roth sat back, giving Hosmer time to think. Finally he said, "You have my word that if she behaves no one will lay a hand on the girl. Whatever else you may say of me, have you ever heard of my breaking my word?"

"No."

"Ultimately the girl herself will be better off, if you have time to restore the money to her estate. You only need such a little bit of time—six extra months at most until the financing costs are paid off and you will be making a mint. And you won't go to jail. But of course you may prefer that. . . . Come on, Mick. Let's go back to my studio."

Hosmer watched Will Roth rise from the chair with the same fascination he might have watched a deadly snake uncoil. He saw the thin dapper body move toward the doorway, the shabby clothes hanging on it elegantly. He said hoarsely, "Perhaps we should talk this over."

Will turned. "I have it completely worked out in every detail. You are your company's treasurer, as well as president. You personally write large checks for advertising, and so forth. So long as they are paid and there is no interim audit, nobody is going to question the date of the checks. You could borrow the money necessary for our plan briefly and unofficially without anyone ever knowing the difference. Convert it into cash inconspicuously in a number of places, so as not to attract attention. Put this cash into your safe-deposit box. Your secretary will have to have a key and a power of attorney.

"Your story will be that this money in the safe-deposit box is the cash you have got from liquidating your niece's estate, preparatory to the court's accounting. You can return all the money except my fifty thousand dollars to your company within a few days, and no one will ever know you borrowed it. You can keep borrowing from different places to cover the fifty thousand, or borrow it at a bank. That's your problem. You're the treasurer. I have chosen the place. It is a cabin on the seashore in the Virgin Islands. It belongs to a Connecticut doctor who keeps it boarded up except for two summer months. There is nobody around for miles."

"Couldn't we just fake the whole thing? I mean, do we have to do it?"

"The girl must back your story in court. She'll have to tell what actually happened. It has to happen. Of course we can't fake it."

Hosmer sighed. "Well ——"

The plane was circling the small field for a landing. Karen rubbed her eyes and leaned as close to the window as she could without actually putting her nose against it. In the middle of the incredibly turquoise-and-green-shaded ocean, the island below seemed small, though she knew that in places it was actually twenty-two miles long and seven miles wide. At a distance over the low, green hills she saw the red and blue roofs of a town sloping to a curving harbor. As the plane glided down, she saw her first palm trees, and noticed that the field was wet from a recent heavy rain.

The stewardess steadied Karen on the metal landing steps. Ahead of her, Hosmer Smith, helping Lily Lewis-Patterson, was looking over his shoulder, as if distressed by the intervening people. He was pushed forward, however.

There was a crowd of people behind the white gates at the edge of the field. As the passengers reached them, they were swept up, surrounded. There were glad cries of welcome in Spanish, in French, in Danish, in English; offers of wares and services; porters, innumerable children of all sizes and shades and degrees of enchantment. Spanish words rose in an excited, confusing babble. Spanish colors were in big, gay straw hats, bright cotton skirts, blouses and shirts. Karen touched her head again, feeling the sudden, moist tropical heat, the noise, the confusion.

She moved without choice with the crowd. She liked their faces, their ready smiles, their joy in the simple event of meeting an airplane. She finally made her way with difficulty through the small red-tile-roofed airline building. She caught up with Hosmer and Lily a bit breathlessly.

"Uncle Hosmer!"

Uncle Hosmer's expression was odd, she thought, startled, almost as if he were not expecting to see her. Yet he still kept looking over his shoulder, searching the crowd.

"Cab, *señora?*" a gentle laughing voice said. "Bonito's cab Juana?"

Bonito's cab Juana was of very ancient vintage, with a noisy, uneven engine. Her fenders were rusting around the edges, but she was spotlessly clean, as was Bonito himself, standing in the bright sunlight, his pleasant olive-skinned face smiling at them, his dark eyes twinkling with sheer joy of living. He wore an outrageously gay shirt, khaki shorts, and a small, festive straw hat with a red feather.

"That?" asked Lily. "That's a cab?"

Bonito took no offense. He beamed. "Juana is the best cab on the island. I am the best driver. The best guide."

"Then he can tell us about things as we go," said Karen. "There's so much I want to know. I want to see the ruins of the old sugar mills, the wrecked estates. Especially Bulow's Minde, where the great slave revolt centered in 1848."

Bonito looked at her with approval. "The *señorita* knows my island."

Hosmer took one last anxious look around. He mopped his neck with his silk handkerchief. "Is it always this hot here?"

"Soon the trade winds blow," said Bonito cheerfully. "Nearly always we have the trade winds to fan us. But it is not yet eighty, *señor*."

"It's the change," said Lily. "And there's the humidity. This is the tropics, Hosmer. Coming out of a New York winter six hours ago, still in your winter suit—you'll adjust to it. My travel agent said people just live at a different tempo here, that's all. No hustle and bustle."

"The South Americans and North Americans, they build great busy cities," said Bonito. "But on my island, *mañana* is our favorite word. Tomorrow we will do it. And often, by tomorrow, it is not necessary."

As they drove, Bonito chattered cheerfully, naming the great ruined estates, some with masonry walls three or four feet thick, as they passed them. He stopped to pick up a mahogany bud for Karen. Lily joined in the gay chatter between Bonito and Karen. But Hosmer remained completely silent in a mood Karen had never seen. He jumped anxiously; he watched the road behind them. He spoke only with an occasional ejaculation at the clatter of Bonito's driving, the narrow margin by which Bonito missed a holiday-decorated donkey cart or stray Brahman cattle in the dirt road. Driving was on the left side. It was plain that Bonito knew nothing of a car's mechanics and cared less. He took mudholes and curves in exactly the same carefree manner, by pressing his foot full down on the gas pedal of the ancient, rattling car.

Presently they were in the little town on the hill. They had seen its colored roofs from the airplane. It slept peacefully in the sunlight, a fascinating place of pastel-hued buildings, some obviously very old but beautifully restored; others also old but crumbling about their cheerfully unconcerned inhabitants. The streets were cobblestone and narrow; and the stores, when they reached them, had wide verandas covering the sidewalks.

Bonito continued at the same breakneck pace, only keeping one hand on the bulb of his ancient horn. People moved very slowly but good-naturedly out of his way, smiling at them, most of them calling, "Hey! Bonito!" at which Bonito removed his remaining hand from the wheel, raised it in formal salutation and called, "Hey! Carlos! Hey! Maria!"

They passed a green park where several natives were whitewashing the bases of the benches at a very slow pace.

"It must take them all day to paint around one bench," said Lily.

"*Mañana, señora,*" said Bonito, with an expressive shrug of his shoulders.

Beyond the park was the most perfect small harbor Karen could imagine. In the distance was a reef on which the incredibly blue-green-shaded sea broke in a huge progressing wave. A large sailing sloop was just tacking to enter the harbor, past the small island which was in the bay close to shore.

Karen drew a deep, unbelieving breath. Bonito said, "Here in our island the sailing sloops are still working cargo vessels. Your hotel is on that little island. There is a rowboat, always with an attendant, day or night, to take you across. Sometimes the guests swim; it is only a few hundred yards."

Karen sat in the rowboat and dangled her fingers in the warm water. "This is the Caribbean Sea! Pirates and buried treasure and rum running and ——"

Hosmer Smith sighed. "We'll be at the hotel soon." But he looked, not forward, but back over his shoulder, as if searching the sunny dock for someone.

At that moment Will Roth stood in the sun, but not on the dock. He was on a narrow sandy road, little more than wet wheel tracks overgrown with weeds, only a short distance from the beach cottage which he and the Mick had appropriated. He swore with considerable fluency in several languages. "Of all the stupid lunkheads! After all my careful plans, you pick the crucial moment to get stuck in a mudhole!"

The Mick, his curly blond head dripping sweat, worked savagely at a deeply mired wheel. "You can't tell how deep these holes are. And after the rain you can't turn off anyhow. The ditches on both sides are running a foot of water."

Will Roth looked at his watch for the tenth time and abandoned both his anger and the Mick with a shrug of his elegant shoulders. "It's too late now. The plane is in. It would have been so simple, with her half drugged, in the noise and crowd and confusion of that little airport. Now —— Bring the car when you get it dug out. And fill that mudhole. I'll have to walk back."

Will sighed the sigh of a man who bears the world's burdens on his shoulders. He moved slowly down the narrow private road toward the cottage.

Behind him, unnoticed, the Mick worked on. He had shed his shirt and shoes and worked barefoot, sweating and swearing. The expression in his near-sighted blue eyes when he looked after his older half brother, moving back to coolness and rest, was the rage of a wild animal watching the man who has caged it. His fierce fists clenched and unclenched, and hatred exuded like a stench from his short tough body. Will Roth would have been surprised, if sardonically amused, to know that slow-witted though he was, the Mick was, like him, a man biding his time, waiting for his opportunity.

That evening Karen entered the small lobby of the hotel wearing a bright yellow print. She came in shyly, feeling that the eyes of all the guests assembled before dinner would be watching her. But everyone except Hosmer and Lily were gathered eagerly around the radio.

"What is it?" Karen asked. "Has something happened?"

An old lady who could only be described as a dowager hissed at her "Sh-h!"

A young woman, very stylish in billowing white lace, said in a low voice, "You must hear this. The island has its own radio station out on that point. Usually there's just one man there. He's the engineer and the announcer; he gives the news and ——"

"Sh-h!" said the dowager.

The young woman lowered her voice to a whisper. "For twenty-five cents anyone can send (*Continued on Page 59*)

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

A woman who knows what her husband is going to do next probably isn't dancing with him.

Nothing's so apt to come between neighbors as a fence.

Anybody who eats his cake and has it, too, risks indigestion.

One way mature women seldom celebrate their birthday is annually.

It's easier to stop on a dime these days than to get very far on it.

America's greatest export this year appears to be Americans.

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Four Roses
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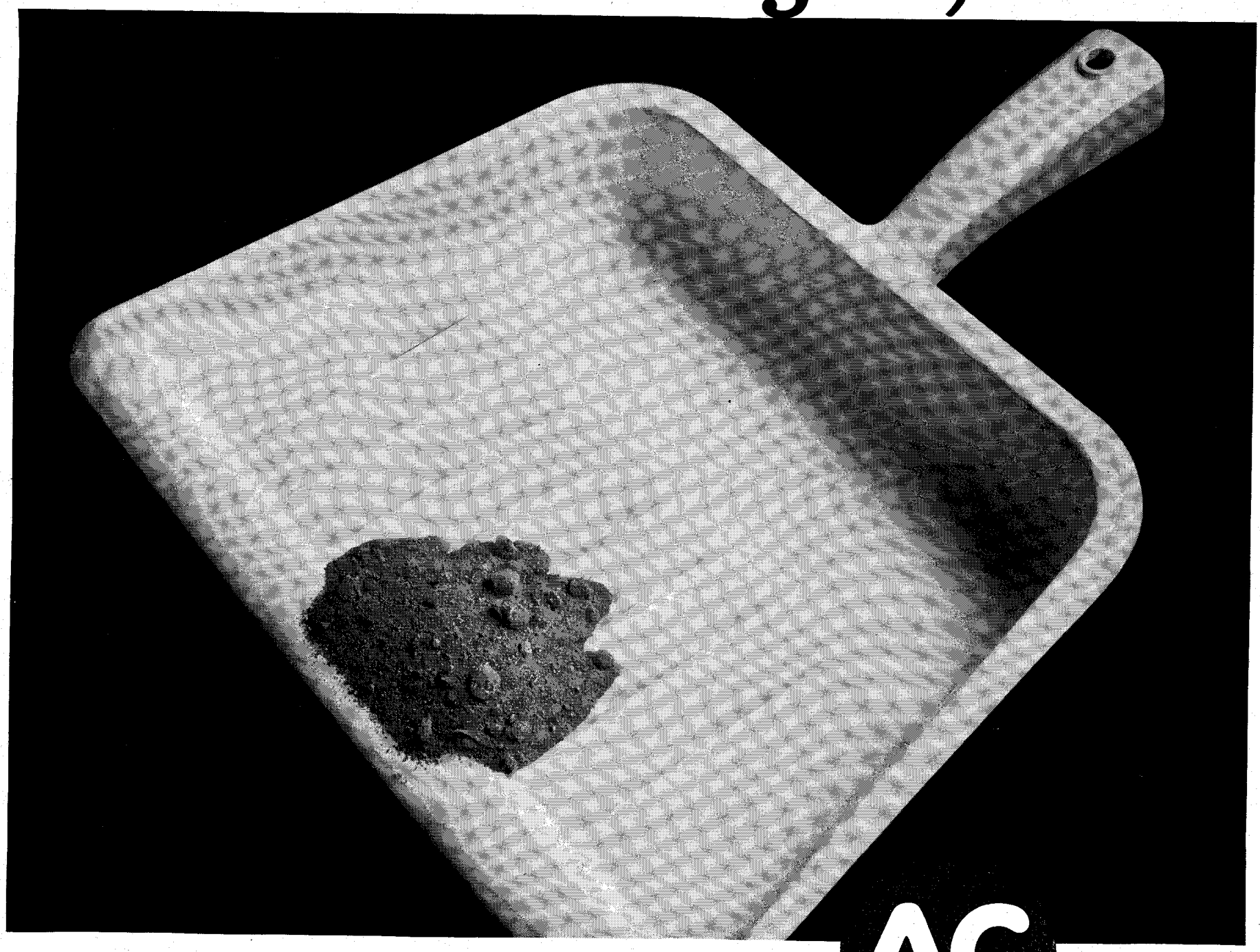

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(*Continued from Page 56*) in a request for a record. The guests send them to each other for kicks. And the local messages are absolutely priceless. We have a pool on which ones are gags and which aren't."

The dowager tapped the young woman's bare shoulder with her beaded evening bag. "Sh-h!"

A message sent by one of the hotel guests to another put them into gay laughter. Karen looked about the hotel lobby. The building was obviously a very old one, modernized, but its simple decorations were very beautiful. A plain rattan screen was decorated with some lovely sea fans. Karen had seen pictures of sea fans growing, but never the reality—great lovely fragile things, purple and yellow, incredibly delicate in line and texture. On high shelves, as doorstops, everywhere, there were many sizes and shapes of sea shells and coral.

Karen slipped out onto the terrace, looking across the now dark water toward the gay lights of the old town. A white-coated attendant appeared, to say that her uncle had sent for her.

"Is the town always so brilliantly lighted?" Karen asked him. "Those strings of multicolored lights across the square, by the dock, the colored lights on all the little sailboats in the harbor?"

"They are for the festival, *señorita*. Tonight is the steel-band competition."

"Steel band?"

"It is our native music. We tune empty kerosene drums to different pitches, we paint them brilliant colors, we play them in groups called the Pirates, the Marauders, the Moonshiners. It is a music like nothing you have ever heard before. It comes from our souls, our roots, with its beat deep within our hearts. As jazz came from your own South."

Karen turned back reluctantly to the fashionably dressed people in the lobby. Hosmer Smith got up restlessly, coming to meet her. Hosmer was as uneasy as only a man would be who knew what Will Roth, unwatched, was capable of doing. And yet Hosmer was helpless. He did not even know where Will's cottage was. He could do nothing but wait.

Hosmer heard the words on the radio. For a moment they did not register. "Mr. Smith. Happy birthday from Will. We will now play Mr. Smith's favorite selection, compliments of Will: 'Tonight.'"

Hosmer could almost see Will's sardonic smile at using the device of the local radio greetings to convey his sinister message: Tonight!

Hosmer caught the edge of one of the modern Danish chairs for support. His face was clammy in the heat. He wiped it, but the cold drops of sweat kept coming. At least the suspense was ended. Tonight. But he felt again the cold terror that the thought of Will Roth always brought. He looked over at Karen's happy young face and swallowed hard.

At dinner Karen thought Hosmer was unusually silent. They ate outdoors on a screened terrace in the warm evening by the glow of candlelight. But behind them, floating across the harbor water, were the beat and excitement of the old town.

"I want to go to the festival, Uncle Hosmer," Karen said.

"It's for the natives. I understand you have to stand up in the square, right in the crowd, with them all drinking the native beer and throwing the cans and firecrackers. We'll have a game of bridge."

"No. I want to go. I want to stand in the square with everybody else and drink beer. I like these people. They're friendly like Bonito, and they have such fun in the simplest things. I want to enjoy their festival with them."

Hosmer started to protest further. Then he stopped suddenly. His big voice boomed, "Well, my dear, if you really want to go to the festival."

The rowboat landed them almost at the square. They walked past the working cargo sloops and small-motored commercial boats, past the customhouse. Once around the corner they were in the midst of the festival. Gay lights were strung in streamers crosswise, incongruous among the historic buildings. There were palm-decorated booths on either side of the square, dispensing refreshments to the large crowd.

Karen felt the excitement that ran like a contagion—pure joy. She left her Uncle and Lily and moved about, watching. People paid not the slightest attention to her unless she smiled at them, at which they smiled back happily. Friends greeted friends, always shaking hands and saying, "Hey! Georgo!" or "Hey! Lola!"

Then, from the raised wooden platform in the center, came a sound which Karen had never heard. A steel band. The players in this particular group were very young boys in their early teens, and yet each had without musical training fashioned his own drum, tuned it and made a mellow blend with the others. The beat was an unforgettable, haunting one.

A familiar voice beside Karen said suddenly, "Think we could teach the kids to do this in Pawnee Falls?"

Karen stepped back, hanging on to one of the booths for support at the sight of the tall, long-necked young man who could only be called skinny. "Doug!"

Even the extreme crew cut that the marines had given him could not entirely conceal the fact that Douglas Burke was redheaded, and even by the multicolored festival lights his freckles showed. So did his stubborn mouth and chin; Doug had always been noted for his stubbornness. In second grade Doug had nearly been expelled for refusing to give Karen an apple which she had claimed was hers and he claimed was his. It wasn't the apple, which he had voluntarily given her afterward; it was that he intended to insist on what was his by rights.

Karen felt a rush of warmth, of pure happiness. Doug was home, old ties, family almost. Doug was—well, Doug. To Karen there had never been anyone like him. He had been around her house and she around the Burkes' for as long as she could remember. He had taken her to her first dance—almost all her dances. He was the first boy she had kissed.

Karen held out both her hands. "Doug!"

He took her hands in his large, capable ones. He held her at arm's length for a moment, looking at her. He grinned, and his somewhat ill-assorted features became very attractive. There were laugh lines around his green-brown eyes and his mouth. He pulled her closer and kissed her, first gently, then very thoroughly.

When Karen opened her eyes, the festival lights overhead spun for a moment. Then Doug released her and they stood looking at each other, suddenly very serious.

"I thought you were in California!" she said.

Doug raised a skeptical eyebrow. "Want me to say I took my Christmas leave and all my savings to follow you five thousand miles and beg you to forgive me? Well, I didn't. I came to knock a little sense into that turned head of yours and take you home with me where you belong."

They glared at each other, and they might have been back where they had been in second grade. Then Karen put her hand on his arm. "Try to understand, Doug."

"Understand what?" Doug Burke's young pride was cold in his voice.

Karen gestured to take in their exotic and colorful surroundings. "Doesn't this mean anything to you? Can't you understand why I want to see something of the world besides Pawnee Falls?"

"Sure. I've been to Japan and a lot of the Pacific islands. They're fine for a vacation. Later on, after I get the hardware store going good, we'll take vacations and see places."

"Is that all the world means to you? Places where we might take a two weeks' vacation when we're old?"

Doug jutted his chin out. He leaned one bony hip against a nearby pole. "I'm not Sir Francis Drake. I'm just an ordinary guy wanting to live an ordinary life in an ordinary way. I've seen enough of the world to make me sure what I want. I want to go back to Pawnee Falls and live in the house I was born in, maybe serve on the school board and be a scoutmaster like my father was, raise a flock of healthy and happy kids like we were, work hard, and enjoy life. What's wrong with that? Does everybody have to have a sign in five-colored lights on Broadway? I don't even want one."

"There's no need to be nasty about Uncle Hosmer."

"Uncle Hosmer," said Doug quietly, "is a phony. I don't know what's the matter with him, but there's something.

When a man displays strength of character in his own home, it's called a stubborn streak.

HAROLD COFFIN

He looks you in the eye and pumps your hand and turns on the charm and doesn't mean a word of it. And why did he suddenly appear, all devotion, when you had seen him once before in twenty years?"

"He just heard I was alone and needed help, that's why! You have no right to talk like that! You sound jealous!"

"You've known me all your life. Have you ever known me to be jealous?"

"No," Karen admitted.

"And I'm not starting now. You're a grown woman. You have to make your own decision. If it hadn't been for Uncle Hosmer, I would have considered that you had made it. But I can see that furs and clothes and flattery about your voice and tales of faraway places, to anyone as inexperienced as you are —— Places are pretty much alike, Karen, and the people in them. I don't mean the climate, or the architecture, or the history. I mean underneath, where it counts. Here they have a festival and move to the music of a steel band and call it tromping. At home, we have the county fair and square dancing. Most people here speak Spanish and we speak English. But the men love their wives and children and raise their families, both places. The important things are the same."

"Doug, can't you understand that I have to be me, too, not just Mrs. you?"

Doug grinned. "Be yourself all over the place. I don't care. Sing in the church choir, anything you like. You have a nice little voice."

"Oh, I do! Uncle Hosmer says that with the proper training ——"

"Uncle Hosmer knows as much about music as that mongrel over there."

"My mother was a concert pianist."

"And do you think," Doug asked quietly, "that she ever for a moment regretted giving it up to marry your father?"

"Of course not. But she had had the training and she knew she could have had the career if she wanted it. I'm only twenty. You might give me a little time."

"To see if you find something you like better? Not me. A man's a man or a mouse. You've had time to think about this now, to know what you really want. If it's me, then come home with me when I leave on the morning plane."

"That's a fine way to propose to a girl! You come with me this minute or else."

Doug leaned back, his green-brown eyes serious. "I'm sorry it sounds that way. But I only have a two-week pass, and I've spent a lot of time getting here. It won't be any different two days or two weeks from now, Karen. Either you want Uncle Hosmer and his money and his fancy hotels and singing lessons, or you want to be Mrs. Doug Burke in Pawnee Falls. Which is it?"

"Doug!"

His voice was very quiet. "The plane for San Juan leaves at six A.M. I've made two reservations. I'll meet you at the airfield if you're coming."

He looked at her, long and steadily. He put out a hand, then drew it back. Without touching her, he turned and was gone. A few minutes later Karen saw him in the crowd in front of the bandstand, his skinny hips moving to the beat of the music, his arms locked companionably with those of the crowd nearest him. Someone handed him some brightly painted gourds. He shook them in perfect beat with the music. He was thoroughly at home, here as everywhere, and here as in Pawnee Falls he was instantly liked. The native bandsmen in their bright costumes grinned down at him. One extended a hand. He took it, and was on the platform with them, to the delight of the crowd.

Karen, watching him, knew what it was that she wanted. It was Doug. It had always been Doug. He was right. If he hadn't been so highhanded about it, she would have told him instantly that she had never been so glad to see anybody in her life. Paris and singing lessons were a small exchange for Doug. Well, they couldn't both act like stubborn children all their lives. She would tell him now that she would come with him anywhere, any time.

She moved toward him, skirting around a booth to avoid the thickest part of the crowd. Outside the circle of the festival lights the sudden darkness was nearly complete. She moved along swiftly.

A short young man following her moved even more swiftly. She never saw him. She only felt the cloth tossed over her face, choking off sight and speech. She struggled, but the hands that held her were far too strong. She kicked. A man swore thickly. She was lifted from her feet, carried under someone's arm as lightly as if she had been a doll. She was thrown down and hit a hard surface painfully. It seemed to be the back floor of a car, apparently a jeep, from the sound and shape of it. They drove away so fast that she bounced from side to side. She worked her way painfully to a sitting position. She would throw herself from the car.

When she had partially worked off the gag-blindfold, she was conscious, suddenly, that there was another man present in addition to the driver. His long thin legs were directly beside her in the back seat. He had watched in silence as she had been buffeted from side to side and struggled up. Now, however, his soft elegant voice said, almost disinterestedly, "I wouldn't move any further, Karen, or try to call for help. This is a thirty-eight automatic in my hand. I don't want to have to kill you. At least not yet."

TO BE CONTINUED

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The Man Who Scorned Christmas

(Continued from Page 29)

she said Not at any price thanks. She said she'd just turned down an offer of marriage from an engaging young man with a grubby face, who was in any case a much more attractive proposition. Then they both looked at me and laughed.

My dad said his name was Bill Brennan and they shook hands. She said hers was Susan Kirkham.

My dad said Scram and I said Aw dad and he said Scram so I did.

Later my dad and Doctor Susan walked out to the car and she got in. She said 'By, Fancypants, and my dad said Fancypants indeed! He said he wondered who was actually wearing the fancypants if it came to a showdown. This made Doctor Susan blush a little bit. Then she stuck out her tongue and drove away.

Next day it wasn't so hot, and my dad didn't say anything about not going out of the house, so after breakfast I went for a walk. I walked right past the house with the cracked chimney, so I thought I'd go and see Doctor Susan.

She saw me first and she said Hello Fancypants and I said Hello and she said Come inside. She was wearing real proper fancypants and a jersey. She said she was just wondering about her Christmas decorations and she needed some help. Would I like to help?

I said it was all right with me, and she rubbed her fingers in my hair and said she was going to make some pancakes later so we should get up a good appetite.

She took me through to a spare room and climbed up on a chair. She handed down a long, thin box. She said Grab that and I did, and then she climbed down off the chair and opened the box. Inside there was a sort of tree with its arms all folded up. She put it on the bed. She knelt down and got another box from under the bed. She carried it through to the lounge and emptied it on the floor. The pile on the floor was all colored papers and shiny hairy string and lights. There were dolls and fairies and a silver star. She sat down on the floor, and we started sorting through the pile. She said Arrange everything in stacks so we know where we are. We started making little stacks out of the stuff. Then she said did I know about Christmas. I said Sure, it's when everyone gives presents to their friends so that the rich men in the shops —— And she said No not that, the First Christmas. I said sure I knew about that.

Then she asked if I knew the story about Santa Claus and how he gave presents to all the children and I said sure I knew that stuff too. She said who told me, and I said I didn't know—I just knew.

I said I didn't believe that kid stuff about Father Christmas riding around the world with his reindeer, though, and falling down people's chimneys, and then she said a funny thing. She said You know something, Fancypants, that's not kid stuff. Everyone's got a Father Christmas, and whether he comes down the chimney or rides with reindeer doesn't matter. Sometimes he's not even a person—he's the thing inside you that makes you want to give presents to the people you like.

Then she said Tell me Fancypants, wouldn't you like to give something to your dad on Christmas Day?

I said it would be all right, but it would make my dad pretty mad with me and she said Nonsense, he'd love it.

By then all the stuff was sorted into stacks, so we started work. She climbed on a chair on a table and hammered colored streamers in place. All she said was things like How's that? and Is it straight?

When we'd finished putting up the streamers and the paper balloon bells, we started on the Christmas tree and stood it up and opened out its branches and decorated them. When it was finished Doctor Susan said On Christmas Eve I'm going to put my presents on the tree, one for me, a big one, and one for you and maybe one for your father. On Christmas Day we'll have a proper Christmas dinner and we'll wear paper hats and bang crackers.

I said it was fine with me, but not my dad he wouldn't come and she said Oh yes he will, I'll see to that. She said what's more he was going to give me a present. I said I bet he won't and she said Yes he will, you wait and see.

Then I felt as if I was going to cry and I think I almost started. I was only a kid then, anyway, so I rubbed my eye and said I've got some dirt in it and she said That's not dirt, honey, that's a great big tear. Then I really did cry, and she put her arms around me and hugged me.

I ran away and when I got home my dad said What's the matter son? and I said I fell. He said Never mind, old chap, you're not hurt.

That afternoon I didn't go back to Doctor Susan's. I went down to the beach and played with some of the other kids. We played cowboys and crooks.

After supper my dad went through to the bedroom and started getting dressed up. I said You're going out and he said Yes I am. Where? I said. He said he was going to see a man about a dog and I knew that means mind your own business, so I said I'd better go to bed. He said Fine so I went

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He waited till he thought I was asleep and then he turned down the lamp till it was only a tiny flame and left. He walked down the drive and I heard the gate squeak. I waited a long time. I tried to go to sleep but I couldn't, so I decided to get up and go for a walk. I got dressed and put my shoes on. I thought I'd go down to the beach, but then I got an idea. I thought Doctor Susan would be pretty sick of just swotting books and I decided to go round and visit her. I reckon my dad must have had the same idea because when I walked up the drive I could see him through the window. I couldn't knock at the door when my dad was in there or he'd have been mad at me for being out of bed, so I went up to the window and just looked in.

The room looked very nice with its Christmas decorations and all that stuff and Doctor Susan looked nice too. There was a flower in her hair and she had on a wide, shiny dress with small white buttons. My dad looked all right, but different because his hair was brushed and different also because he was happy. He kept on laughing and smiling and Doctor Susan laughed too. I could hear some of what they said, but it didn't seem funny to me.

Doctor Susan said There's a jinx on me, and my dad said Why. She said All I want this Christmas is a little maidenly solitude so I could work and instead —— My dad said maidenly solitude was the last thing she wanted and why didn't they go for a swim?

I thought if they were going swimming I'd better beat it, in case they saw me. It was no use going down to the beach because they'd be there, so I decided to go back to bed.

Next day my dad said To blazes with working let's take a holiday. He said Go over to Doctor Susan's and tell her we're going for an all-day picnic. I said Sure, O.K. and ran. He called after me Tell her to bring her suit of armor in case of wolves and when I told her she laughed and said That man's incorrigible and I said He's not he's having a holiday. She said something about the mouths of babes and suckerlings.

We sat three in front and we drove for a long time. It was pretty hot, but my dad didn't think so because he said the atmosphere was young and cool yet, but things would warm up later with any luck, and Doctor Susan said he had a very evil mind. They went on talking a lot of stuff like that but it didn't make much sense. I reckon when you're grown up you don't have to talk sense as long as you talk.

After a long time we got to a place where there was a lagoon and huge mountains of beach. This place was called Umgazi Mouth, and to get to the beach you have to take a ferryboat across the river. My dad gave me the picnic basket to look after and we went across in a super little boat with an outboard motor. The old native let me steer some of the way. It's quite easy when you get used to it, but you've got to remember to push the lever the way you don't want to turn.

It was a very long beach. We walked till we came to a place where there's a whole lot of rocks. There we found a sort of cave made of three rocks, and my dad said it was our El Dorado. We dumped the picnic basket there and Doctor Susan went away. When she came back she was wearing a bathing costume. We all went for a swim and then my dad made a fire and put the kettle on. After lunch I decided to go and hunt some crabs and my dad and Doctor Susan sun-bathed. We stayed at that place the whole afternoon.

Then my dad said Let's go back to the hotel and see if they've got a bungalow for us, and Doctor Susan said Two bungalows please. My dad grinned and said Since when did you think you'd graduated to the status of the Sabines? Doctor Susan said It's not wishful thinking so you don't have to grin like that.

My dad always makes her blush.

After supper my dad came to say good night to me in our bungalow. He said You like Doctor Susan, don't you son? His mouth was like a straight line and his eyes were prickling me all over, so I knew I had to tell the truth. I said yes. I said I wish we could keep her, and my dad grinned and then everything was all right again.

Next day was Sunday and we didn't get back to Qolora till after dark. I was tired so I went to bed. I must have gone straight to sleep because I didn't hear Doctor Susan come in.

I woke up suddenly and she and my dad were talking in the lounge. My dad sounded very angry. I heard him say It's my own damn business why. If I don't like Christmas why should I make gestures and build up a lot of silly pretensions? and Doctor Susan said For the sake of your child. I don't care what your reasons are you've got no right to withhold Christmas from a child.

So I knew they were quarreling about me. I knew I should put the pillow over my head and not listen, but when you know people are talking about you, you've got to listen.

My dad said Doctor Susan was talking a lot of esoteric damn poppycock and Doctor Susan said That kid cried. He cried, I tell you, and it wasn't self-love either. Those sobs were pushed out of him by a force bigger than himself, and that's why he had to run away.

My dad said Nuts, he cried because an oversentimental woman was slobbering all over him. He ran away because he'd made a fool of himself and he knew it.

Doctor Susan said If you don't give that kid a decent Christmas I will. My dad said Just don't try, I'm warning you. She said You're a cruel and bigoted old fool. She said I'll never speak to you again. She said I hate you.

Then the door slammed and there was quiet. I was scared and I didn't go to sleep for a long time.

All next day my dad was in the study. He was working. I didn't go to see Doctor Susan because I thought that if she was cross with my dad she'd be mad at me too.

So I just played around with the other kids. It wasn't much fun. At lunch my dad was worried. I spilled the water and he lost his temper. He hit me and sent me to my room. I cried a bit and went to sleep. When I woke up I sneaked out.

When I made six-o'clock tea my dad said I want you to run over to Doctor Susan's for me. He gave me a letter and he said Give her that. I went.

Doctor Susan wasn't mad at me. She pushed her fingers in my hair and mussed it up. She read the letter and said Tell your dad the reasons aren't important.

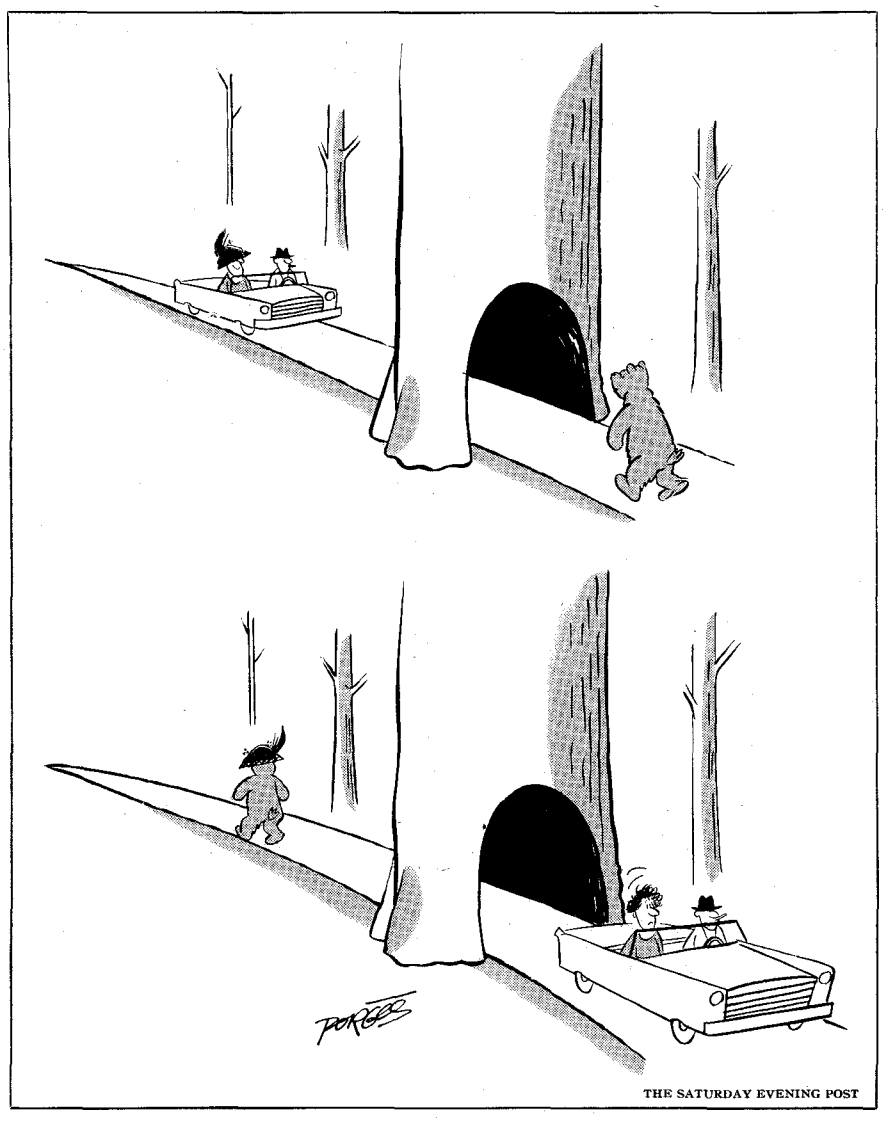
I didn't take the message back because I reckoned my dad would be angry. So I went for a walk.

At supper my dad said What did the woman say? I told him. He didn't say anything.

Later there was a knock at the door and my dad yelled Come in. It was Doctor Susan. She stood at the door very straight and tall. She said All right we can talk. My dad said Beat it and I did.

I went down to the beach and sat on a rock and listened to the waves grunting. I thought I'd like to sit there the whole night. I thought that would teach them to chase me out and quarrel about me.

After a bit I got tired of the beach and the waves grunting. I went home. My dad and Doctor Susan were still talking and I had to go and listen because I reckoned they were talking about me. I went and sat under the window where I could hear them.



It didn't make much sense. My dad said Christmas isn't all a spirit of good will. He was speaking very quietly and I felt as if his eyes were prickling me. He said There's another side to it, drunkenness and filth and deceit and that's the only spirit of Christmas I know. To me Christmas stands for everything that's cowardly and corrupt, and what's more corrupt than a woman who can value a sordid intrigue more highly than her two-year-old son, a woman who hasn't the guts to make a bad decision honestly, but has to do so on the tawdry excuse that she can't face a loveless Christmas?

Doctor Susan said I'm sorry Bill, I'm truly sorry. Everything that's happened shouldn't have happened. I shouldn't have interfered. I shouldn't have come here tonight. But I'm here and before I go I've got to tell you one thing. Hate a person if you must, but when that hate dies don't turn to hating a time or a tradition or a belief. That's self-love in its cruelest form, and self-love is the cruelest love of all.

Doctor Susan walked out. My dad followed her and he put his hand on her arm. I love you Sue, he said. She shook her head and turned and walked away.

Next day was Christmas Eve and I got up very early while you could still count stars. I went for a swim because it was hot, and then I went for a walk. On the way back I had to go past Doctor Susan's house. I saw her car back out of the garage and drive off. I went and looked through the window. The Christmas decorations were gone.

At breakfast my dad said I want you to go over to Doctor Susan's and I said She's gone. My dad said What do you mean? I said She's gone. She's taken her Christmas things down and she's gone. My dad said We're going to get her back.

My dad drove very fast. He didn't speak much, just yes and no when I asked questions. We drove all the whole day. In the afternoon my dad said It's no good, son, she's gone all right. He looked very unhappy. He said Let's go home. He turned the car round and we drove.

When we got home he said That's that and walked slowly up the path. He opened the door and there was Doctor Susan. She said Come in my darlings, and my dad grabbed her and kissed her. The house was full of Christmas things, but my dad didn't notice at first. He said We thought you'd gone, we thought you'd gone. She said I wanted you to think that. My dad said Why on earth? and she said Because of what you said last night. My dad said It was true.

Doctor Susan said Yes it was, but if it hadn't been you wouldn't have gone looking for me. She said I hoped you would because I hoped it was true. My dad said It is true. Then she said Besides I wanted you both out of the way. I had work to do.

Then my dad noticed the decorations and he smiled. He said Oh my darling, my darling and he kissed her again. They stood kissing for a long time and then my dad said son, you and I will give each other a Christmas present.

I said O.K., what? and he said Her.

She looked up at my dad and her eyes were shining. She said I take it my application has been accepted? and my dad said That really is wishful thinking, who said anything about legality?

Doctor Susan blushed and said, Bill, how dare you try to make a Sabine out of me? She said Any more talk like that and I really will pack up and leave.

My dad said You can't darling, you're all trussed up and parceled off, wrapped as a gift, given and accepted twice over, for keeps.

For keeps, she said. Come on Fancypants, say it.

For keeps, I said. THE END

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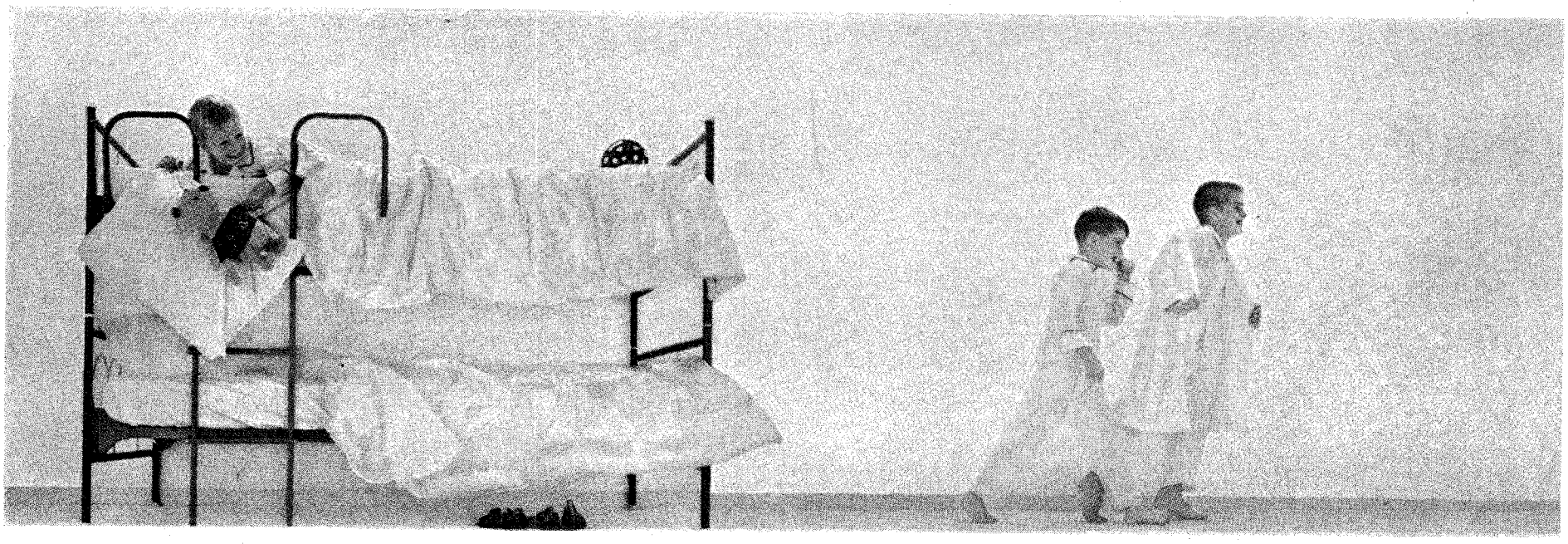
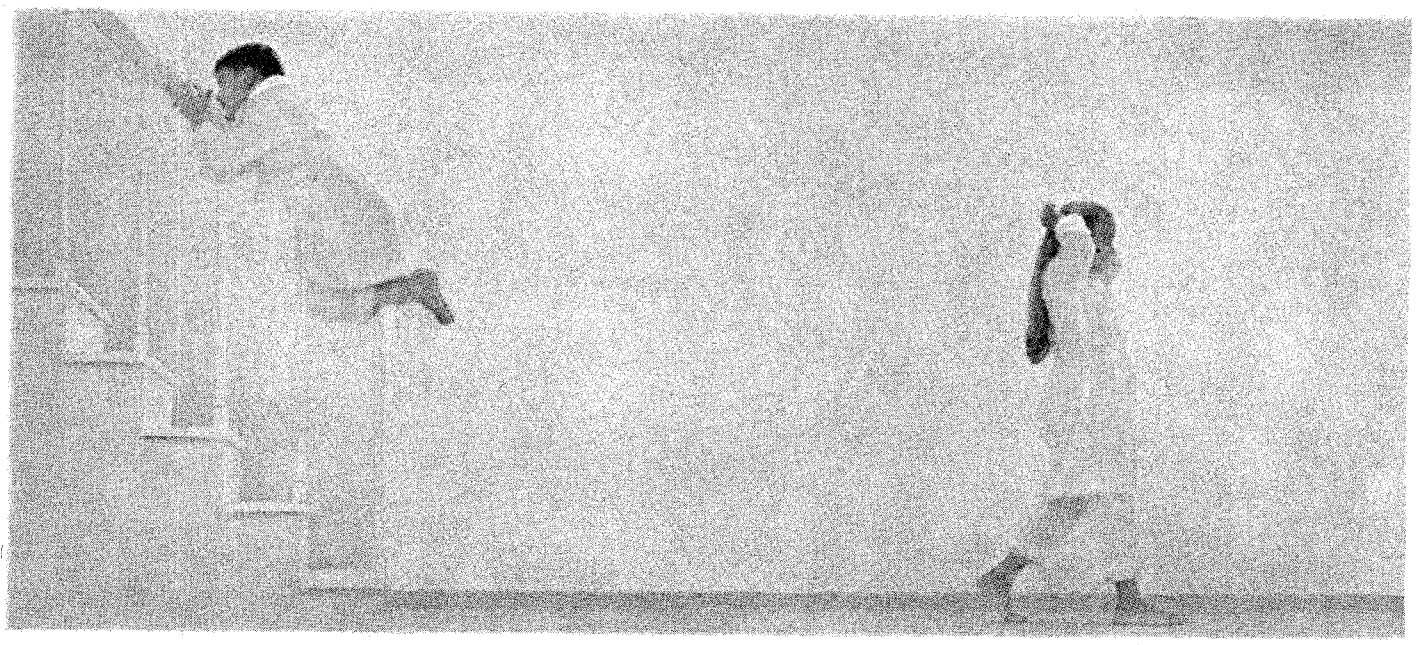
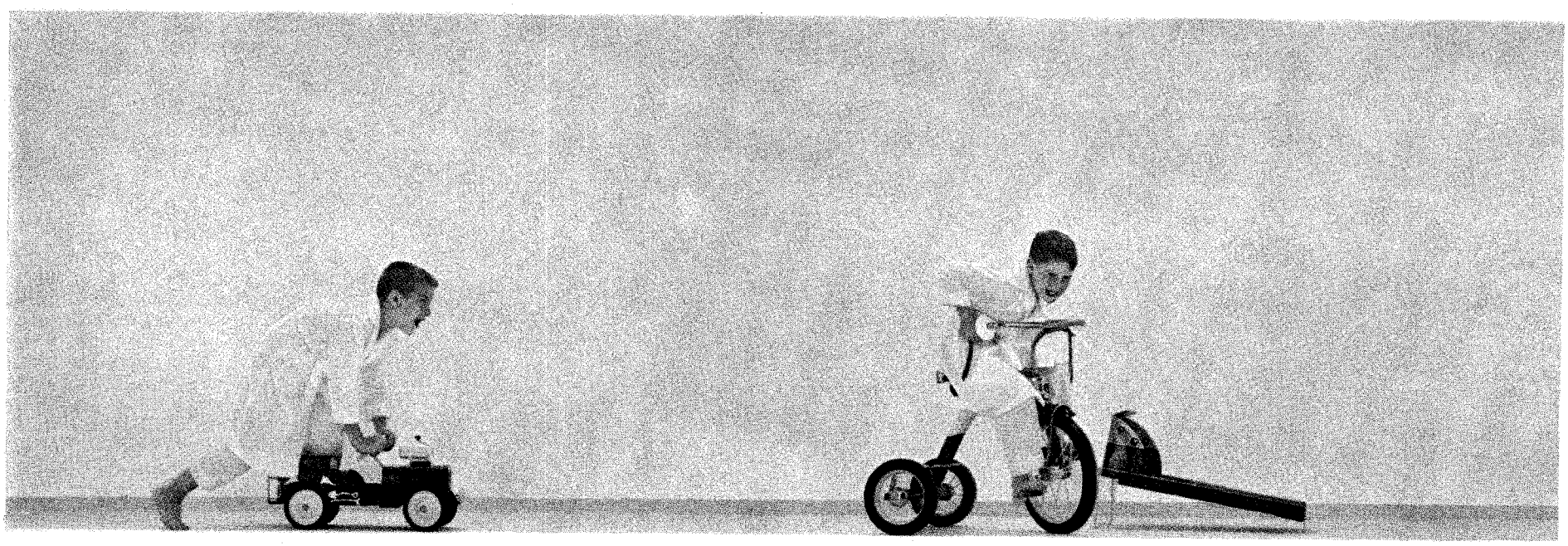
Steel is for springing



It's Christmas! Wake up, you sleepyhead . . . time to pop out of that sturdy bed . . . it's rumpus-proof steel .



fly down the stairs . . . there stands the answer to Mother's prayers! . . . a dishwasher, t



there are loads of steel toys in colors bold . . . steel colors as gay as the Christmas tree

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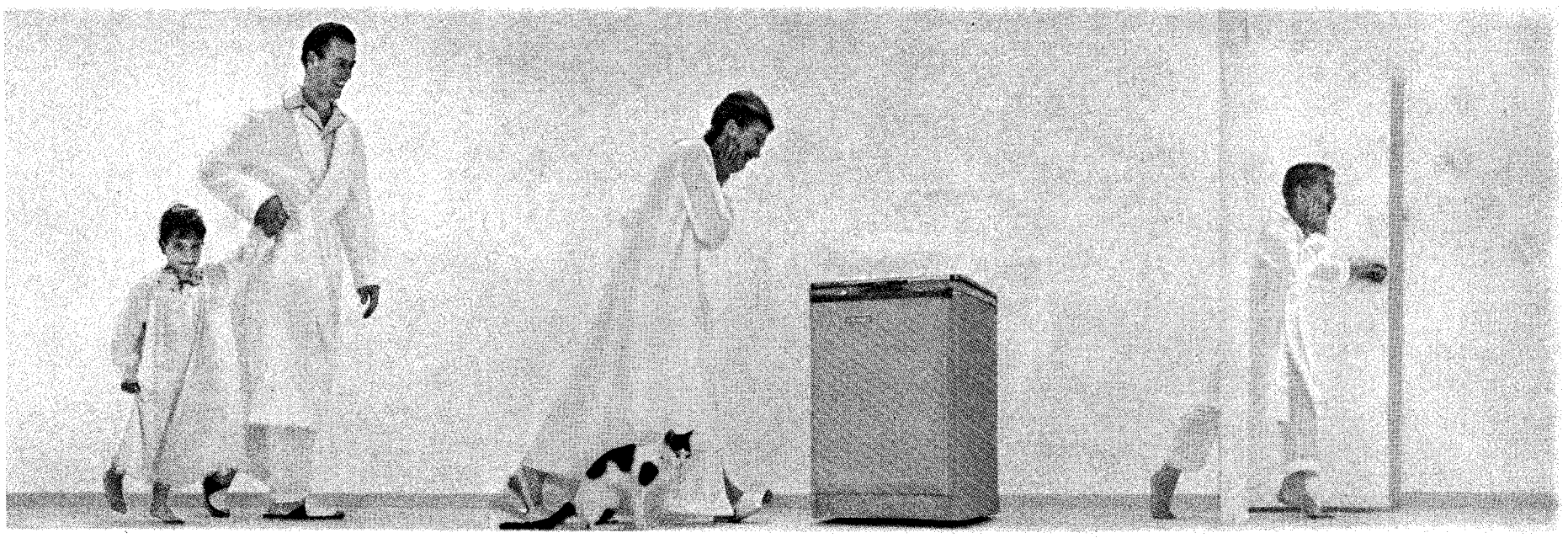
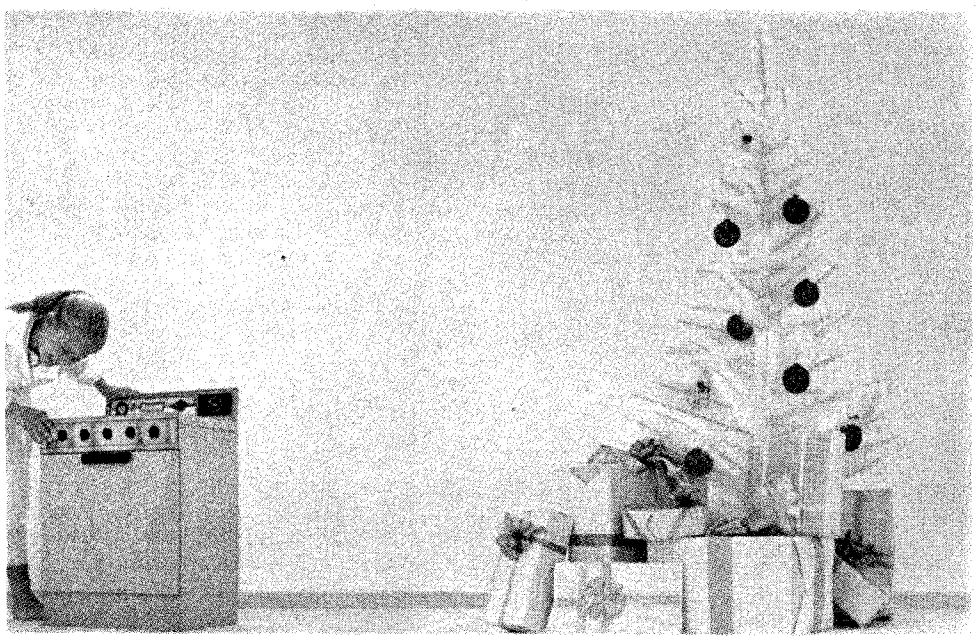
urprises

Today's USS steels lighten your work . . . brighten your leisure . . . widen your world

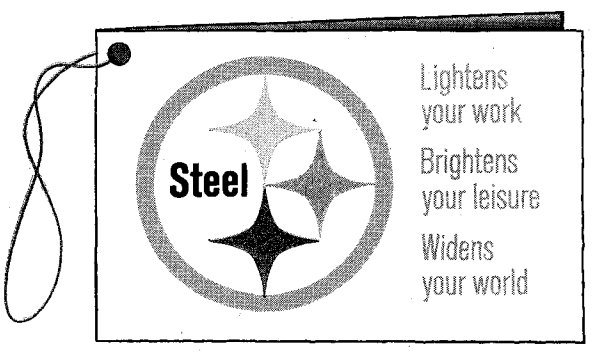
ed to count sheep on that innerspring mattress that lulls you to sleep . . . dash through the hallway,



right in steel . . . to lighten her work after every meal . . . and there in the family room, lo and behold! . . .



these toys will last—they're steel, you see!)



The STEELMARK on this tag tells you a product is made of steel. Look for it when you buy.

USS United States Steel
TRADEMARK

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Sweden: Paradise With Problems

(Continued from Page 23)

sixty cents; free marriage counseling; holiday homes for fatigued housewives; pedicures for the aged, and impartial advice to consumers trying to decide which soap powder or washing machine to purchase. Characteristically, too, the security-minded government has gone to extraordinary effort to protect its constituents against nuclear attack. More than 30,000 shelters have been dug. They can accommodate almost one third of the population.

"They've thought of everything but the human spirit," said an American diplomat.

So varied are the protective services that many citizens are not aware of them all. The state bank, for instance, makes special loans of up to $600 to newly married couples for home furnishings. Unwed mothers with new babies are equally eligible. To help recipients spend the money wisely, the city of Stockholm employs a home-and-furnishings consultant. She is attractive and articulate Mrs. Gunnell Björkman, whose cheerful office is loaded with catalogues, fabric samples and good will. Mrs. Björkman, a former teacher of textile designing, admits to one frustration—lack of customers. In an average week, she told me, she may have five. She wished that more newlyweds knew about her. And she wondered whether those who need her advice most—the ones who might spend their loans foolishly—weren't those least likely to seek her out.

Last May the voters added to all these plums the most generous compulsory-pension scheme in the world. Beginning in January, 1960, most employees will be covered by a system designed to guarantee them, at age sixty-seven, about two thirds of their average income over their best fifteen years of earnings; in the lower brackets some retirement checks will even exceed the pensioners' working wages. The ceiling is $4000 a year. This does not look like much by American prices, but in Sweden, where the worker's income averages $2400 and milk costs thirteen cents a quart, it could hardly be more generous.

The pension was voted in by a count of 115 to 114, and the events that preceded it afford a glimpse into the doubts that the Swedes harbor about themselves. Sponsored by the ruling Social Democratic Party, the scheme first came to a vote last year. It was—and is—to be 100 per cent financed by the employers. The campaign slogan was, "The employer pays." Still it was defeated. The reasons were complex, but one stands out—many voters, including top officials of the Social Welfare Board, said the benefits were too high.

Heavily committed to the scheme, the government decided to try again. It dissolved parliament for the first time since 1914 and ordered new elections. This was a risky move for the Socialists. In power just about continuously since 1932, they had been losing votes steadily. During World War II they commanded an absolute majority in the all-important lower house of the Riksdag. By 1952 their strength was down to 46.1 per cent. By 1956 it was 44.6 per cent. Yet, for two reasons they felt they could gamble on the pension question.

The first reason was that, as usual, the "bourgeois" opposition parties—the Liberals, Centrists and Conservatives—were so noisily split that they could not agree on a common counterproposal. The other was that opposing an employer-paid pension was for most voters equivalent to voting against money in their own pockets.

So, in the elections of September, 1958, the Socialists inched up their parliamentary strength to 46.2 per cent and brought the pension to another vote. This time it squeaked through, but only because the Riksdag's five Communists voted for it, and one delegate of the Liberal opposition, after weeks of dramatic indecision, refused to vote against it.

This dissenter was Tore Königson, a rumpled-looking little forty-nine-year-old Gothenburg dock worker, and the pressure on him was terrific. His leaders reminded him that party discipline is so inviolable in Sweden that no delegate in memory ever defected on a major issue. Back in Gothenburg, however, Mr. K.'s fellow dock workers let him know unmistakably that they expected him to vote for pensions for the boys. At the height of the debate he became so upset that his doctors ordered him to take off four weeks from his parliamentary duties. When he returned he decided to abstain on the crucial vote, thereby giving the Socialists the one-vote margin they needed.

The welfare state was long in arriving, but once it came it mushroomed fast. Tucked away on the Scandinavian peninsula between Norway and Finland, with one seventh of its area beyond the Arctic Circle, Sweden was not nudged by the industrial revolution until the late nineteenth century. Famine drove half a million Swedes to America by 1890, and until 1900 most of those who stayed home remained farmers and fishermen. Their enormous resources lay dormant. So did democracy. Property qualifications for candidates to parliament remained in force until World War I. The rise of an aggressive labor movement and a socialist government were an almost inevitable reaction.

Today the economy of the country, which is slightly larger than California and has a 1958 population of 7,436,000 is, in effect, manipulated by two giants—the Swedish Trade Union Federation, and the Confederation of Swedish Employers. Between them, at a single table, they negotiate wage agreements that set the pace.

They get along amazingly well. The unions and the Social Democrats work hand and glove. They know, however, that prosperity is so dependent on exports—notably iron ore, wood pulp and machinery—that they must never push their demands far enough to force the employers to price themselves out of world markets. The employers, by and large, have been basking in boom times. They also have a healthy respect for the workers' political punch and fear the government's power to take over more private enterprises. The state already runs nearly all railroads and the liquor and tobacco monopolies; it shares in operating the richest iron-ore mines and, in effect, controls the construction industry.

Nonprofit consumer co-operatives are a further brake on private business. They sell one fourth of all food and serve as a pointed reminder of past conflicts. After World War I, when capitalism was riding high, the co-ops broke monopolies—and prices—in margarine, flour, galoshes and electric-light bulbs by going into manufacturing on their own. Industry would not care to have history repeat itself in other fields.

"The area of agreement grows bigger and bigger," said Tore Browald, president of Sweden's biggest private bank, the *Svenska Handelsbanken*. "You get to understand the other chap."

It is this let's-not-rock-the-boat balance that came to be admired throughout the world as "the middle way." Since 1946 the huge, professorial prime minister, Tage Erlander, fifty-eight, a former encyclopedia editor, has steered the course with the benevolent aplomb of a housemother. The key to everything is the Swedish worker, and the system suits him nicely. He knows his place in "Social Group III"—Group II being the "middle class," and Group I the "better situated"—and nurtures no great yen to promote his status. He doesn't emigrate any more. "The Swedish people just do as they are told," said a veteran interviewer for the Gallup-affiliated Swedish Institute of Public Opinion.

"Well, I see he's wearing that Christmas face again."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Sooner or later someone usually hands them what they want. Almost invariably it is "their" group—the union, the association or the party. As most Swedes see it, the leaders of these groups, planning together without undue haste, are responsible for such blessings as the prosperity which has nearly eliminated unemployment, the neutrality that has kept war away since 1814 and the longevity which has pushed male life expectancy to 70.49 years, the third highest in the world after Norway and Holland—and compared with 67.3 in the United States. If these men see fit to stay out of NATO or to shoehorn the crushing influx of people from the countryside into tiny subsidized apartments in ten- and twelve-story apartment blocks that dot the suburbs—well, then, they must know best.

The system permits the workers to devote themselves to the acquisition of possessions. Few are as diligent about it as the Bror-Inge Perssons of Högdalen, a new Stockholm suburb, but most of their attitudes jibe with the statistics and with the views of other workers, union leaders and politicians to whom I talked. A soft-spoken skilled electrical worker, thirty-eight-year-old Persson makes $3100 a year at L. M. Ericsson Company, manufacturers of telephones and other electrical equipment. His pretty wife, Ivy, thirty-seven, a graduate children's nurse, takes care of neighborhood youngsters and makes another $600. They have two boys, Mikael, eight, and Jan, thirteen.

The young Perssons came to Stockholm during the war and settled in a small apartment. When I called on them they had lived in Högdalen "one year and four months." Clearly they still were unaccustomed to the miracle of their own home. It was a four-level, three-bedroom row house, one of four units and planned and furnished like a small-scale version of a contemporary model straight out of an American magazine. Except for pipes and the foundation, the Perssons built it themselves. After seven years on a municipal waiting list they were granted two loans totaling $8000, one from the state and the other from a bank. The house cost $8800, but they got an $800 credit for their labor—one year of weekends and evenings to ten o'clock, much of the time under searchlights and with their boys shivering around a little stove. The city supplied plans, $8800 worth of materials, advice from an inspector who came around regularly, plus the lot which they rent at sixty-four dollars a year. Their total payments of $480 annually will run for thirty years. The only cash they needed to close the deal was $100 for a registration fee.

The Perssons' total tax bill is $800 a year. They considered this "very high," and Bror-Inge knew that the government was asking for a new 4 per cent sales tax. But he was serene—"They must have their money." He has had enough money of his own for a secondhand car, a TV set and a washing machine. Since the last of several price increases, the Perssons have bought almost no *brännvinn*—potato schnapps—at five dollars a bottle, and Bror-Inge gave up smoking to economize.

"Would you ever consider voting anything but Socialist?" I inquired. The Perssons were perplexed.

"I wouldn't have it as good as I have it now," said Bror-Inge.

"Some people have told me that the welfare state makes it easier for the weak to pursue their weaknesses," I said. "Do you think the lazy get lazier under your system?"

"There'll always be some chiselers," said Persson. "It's more expensive to control them than to let them have what they need."

(*Continued on Page 67*)

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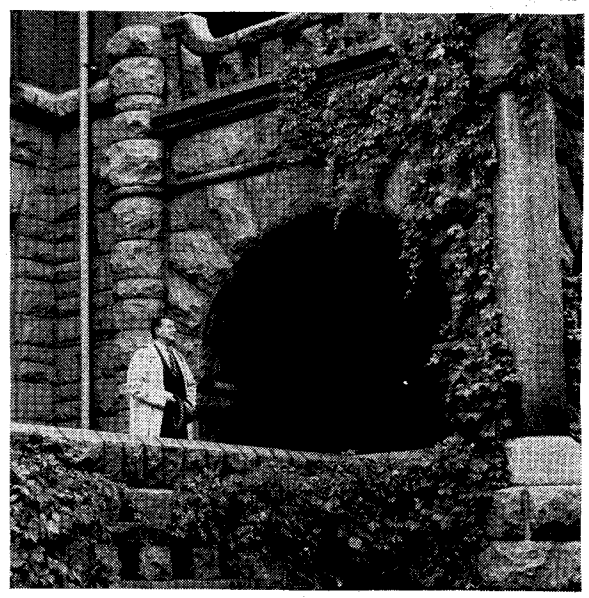
"New homes—Models designed by students at Wausau's Vocational and Adult School are shown to me by star-pupil Judy Linder. About 3875 people are enrolled in the school's day and evening classes. The class in Residential Design, like many of the other courses, trains pupils to work in the unique Wausau Way."



"Old homes—like the mansion built about 1890 by my grandfather for Mr. Plummer, a Wausau banker, are a decided contrast to the homes Residential Design students are planning."

HERE'S A HOME TOWN WITH A DIFFERENCE...

Wausau Story

by **JOHN M. COATES**
President
Masonite Corporation
Chicago, Illinois

"The first-time visitor to Wausau sees Rib Mountain as a big park and a fine ski slope. But I was born and raised in Wausau. I know that old mountain is crossed with secret trails where a boy can get lost forever . . . as long as he gets home in time for supper.

"I haven't explored those trails for some time though. Now when I get back to Wausau I'm kept busy catching up on new developments there.

"For example, last time I was in Wausau I stopped at the Wausau Vocational and Adult School to talk to Larry Hoyt, the very capable director. I had some questions to ask him about the course in Residential Design.

"What Larry told me and showed me proved a great need was being filled. At the Masonite Corporation, we've been aware of it for years. We have a large variety of building products. New ones are constantly being introduced too. This is true in all branches of our industry. The Residential Design course keeps the students up to date on these developments, shows them how to use them effectively and sell them intelligently. That's only part of the course. Students are taught architectural drafting and estimating. They study bookkeeping, merchandising, even carpentry science. When they complete the course, they're ready to take their place as managers of lumber yards or as junior architects.

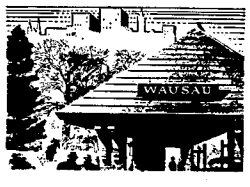
"These young people are being trained to be 'good people to do business with' in their field. They will be informed, efficient, able and anxious to serve. Employers Mutuals people work the same way in the field of insurance. This is an appreciated and well-known fact at Masonite Corporation. And as a former Wausau man and a present Wausau policyholder, I'd like to have you know what the Wausau Way of Working can mean to you."

. . . . . .

Employers Mutuals of Wausau has offices all across the country. We write all forms of fire, group and casualty insurance (including automobile). We are one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. Consult your telephone directory for your nearest Wausau Man or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

"Pleasantest part of a visit to Wausau is greeting friends. Here Bill Burhop, President of Employers Mutuals, and I stop to chat with Elsie Schultz and Alf, her Master Eye dog. Elsie's a typist at Employers Mutuals."

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau



"Good people to do business with"

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SIGN YOUR NAME TO A HOLIDAY MASTERPIECE

The decanter: from the hand of J. von der Lancken, one of the great masters of modern design. The whiskey: a full fifth of Calvert Reserve, the masterly blend that proves how polished and pleasant a full-strength whiskey can taste.

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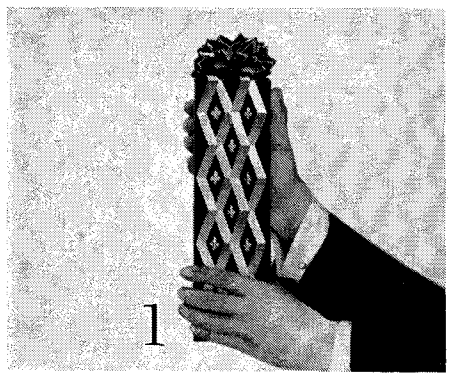
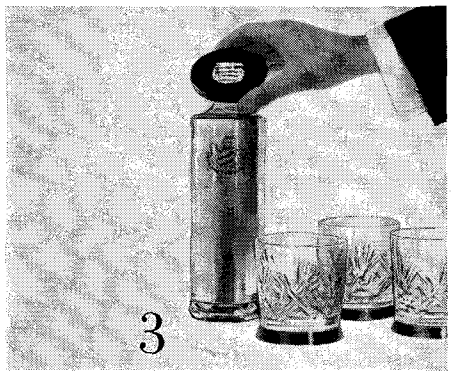
CALVERT
GIVES YOU MORE
TO GIVE



Gift-Wrapped. Work's done for you, *professionally*. Gift box, jaunty bow. New design exclusively for Calvert.

"Four-Coaster" Decanter. Sculptured glass of brilliant design, lasting beauty. All labels whisk off in a jiffy.



Four Drip-Proof Ebony Coasters. Your special surprise! The coasters are nested on the decanter's neck.
(Coasters available in states where legal)

The Whiskey with More Power to Please. A full fifth of the treasured masterpiece only the Hand of Skill can blend! *(Happy note: no extra charge for Decanter except where required by state law.)*

Calvert Reserve
HAS MORE POWER TO PLEASE

BLENDED WHISKEY · FULL 86 PROOF · 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS · ©1959 CALVERT DIST. CO., NEW YORK CITY

(*Continued from Page 64*)

"Do you have a worry in the world?" I asked.

"No, we haven't," he said.

Many Swedes feel the same way, but in the same breath they explain that this doesn't mean they are happier now than they were before the welfare state took over many of their responsibilities. In a 1958 poll of the Swedish Institute of Public Opinion only 47 per cent said they thought Sweden the world's happiest country, and only 29 per cent of the "better situated" thought so.

Reflective Swedes worry about the increasingly materialistic outlook of newly secure people like the Perssons. Polishing the family car, the worriers say, has become the national gesture. "We have nothing for our soul in our leisure time," suggested Torgny Segerstedt, a sociologist who is president of Uppsala University, Sweden's oldest—founded in 1477—and largest. He applauded the welfare state, but regards it as incomplete because not enough people are as yet sufficiently well educated to do something worthwhile in their spare time.

An economist for the Trade Union Federation went further, "The idea was to give people benefits and they will turn out to be good citizens. Things have evidently not turned out that way."

Swedish misbehavior rarely takes violent form. Murders have not increased, but the incidence of what is labeled "welfare criminality" is way up. Car thefts have quadrupled since 1950 although a 1956 law requires all new cars to be equipped with "antitheft locks." In 1957, following the abolition of liquor rationing, Sweden recorded the world's highest per-capita consumption of hard liquor. Psychiatrists report a marked increase in neuroses. The suicide rate always was fairly high, and in this decade it went up nearly 35 per cent, reaching 19.9 per 100,000 population in 1957—compared to 9.4 in the United States and a record 34.3 in troubled West Berlin.

Youngsters figure increasingly in all the unpleasant statistics. "Robbery is now committed by the youngest offenders to an extent that would have been more or less unthinkable ten years ago," notes a new report by the Department of Justice. Swedes console themselves with the knowledge that this is a world-wide trend. But, like Americans, they wonder why so many youths turn to robbery at a time when most of their parents can afford to satisfy their wants better than ever before and when jobs even for the young are plentiful.

Swedish delinquents don't swing knives. Mostly they just shuffle through the streets, dull-faced and encased in jeans and leather jackets, gaping and searching for adventure.

Adult Swedes also aren't as stolidly law-abiding as they used to be. As taxes increased, for instance, so did tax cheating. Husbands and working wives must file joint reports, and cases exist of couples who obtained divorces to save taxes but never stopped living together. Much cash income from jobs like housework and spare-time employment is never reported. Recently the tax men established arbitrary minimum income standards for groups like doctors. Taxpayers reporting lower incomes must prove that they did not earn more or face assessments. And the government was forced into proposing its new sales tax, even though it hits the workers hardest, because it was feared that cheating might get completely out of hand with another increase in direct taxes.

There is no general slowdown among workers. Most of them are paid under incentive schemes; and now that cars and summer cottages are within their reach, the diligent are snapping at the bait. But not everyone is diligent and, according to common complaint, the less energetic have become more numerous in recent years. One reason is that the welfare bureaus, especially in the cities, are so eager to be of service to the uninspired that their will to work is being sapped. The urge to save is also weakening. As Bertil Ohlin, an economics professor and head of the Liberal Party, put it, "They'll work to spend, but why should they save? We're destroying the need to save money except for consumption of durable goods."

There can be, of course, no proof that all these worms grew in the apple of excessive security. Alcoholism, delinquency, suicide and similar ills are rooted in numerous causes, and Government officials offer a variety of explanations for the magnitude of the recent upward trend in key statistics. Alcoholism is blamed on cold weather and the abolition of a liquor-rationing system that was scrapped because it never was effective. Many suicides are attributed to the loneliness of freshly urbanized country cousins. Car thefts are linked to "the higher rate of temptation" created by the increase in cars.

"They steal a car instead of a slice of bread," said Ernst Michanek, deputy minister of social welfare. "It's more or less a statistical matter."

A delinquency expert in the Department of Justice suggested that car thefts may be "the price we have to pay" for a high living standard, and even Prime Minister Erlander thinks that the youth and crime problems are, in large measure, built-in penalties for prosperity. He told me that he had great hopes for curing delinquents by increasing state subsidies for groups such as youth orchestras. "If you find something to interest them, they'll come," he said.

Welfare authorities agreed that the boring predictability and lack of adventure of life in a secure society can be just as frustrating to restless youths as the slums and poverty that breed delinquency in the United States. Merely wiping out need does not satisfy these adolescents. "They long for something," said one social worker. Another explained, "The energy you use for the fight for life is left free here. As yet we haven't found the way to channel this energy into productive ways."

Few personages in authority appear to have thought too deeply about these problems amid plenty. When I brought up "welfare criminality" with Arne Geijer, president of the labor federation and a potential candidate for premier, he shrugged and said, "Maybe there is some reason for the talk. I don't know. I'm not familiar with these problems." When I asked Jarl Hjalmarson, the leader of the Conservative Party, who also carries a premier's baton in his knapsack, whether he saw a link between the new social problems and the welfare state which he professes to oppose, he puffed on his cigar and declared, "I'm unable to say. Maybe our lives are a little too soft. I am not the right man to discuss this. This is not a party problem."

I Don't Decry Hi-Fi, But —

The reason my thoughts are
inexpressible's
That I can't talk over all those
decibels.

Arthur Frederic Otis

Joachim Israel, associate professor of sociology at the University of Stockholm, conceded that the welfare state so far has provided inadequate "psychological security." He regretted that he and his colleagues have yet to gauge the impact of the welfare state on its beneficiaries. "We have here an interesting laboratory that we haven't used," he said. Olaf Palme, a thirty-two-year-old member of parliament, who is Premier Erlander's private secretary and ghost writer, echoed what other politicians also had told me without show of concern, "It's a transitory period. We don't know where we're going to go."

In other countries the private dining rooms of the business fraternity, under similar circumstances, would be buzzing with the claim that the welfare system is nursing along more and more bland, bored and unmotivated citizens and that this generation will, in turn, produce an even softer one. Not in Sweden though. I lunched in a number of these superb smorgasbord dispensaries and found everybody quite content. Tax provisions for plow-backs of profits into going concerns are favorable. Credit restrictions, instituted as an anti-inflation measure, make it difficult for competitive new enterprises to start up. The already-rich fare relatively well—the tax rate on top incomes is 80 per cent against 91 per cent in the United States.

The Socialists' abiding fear is that the welfare system's beneficiaries will ultimately refuse to pay its price—higher taxes and inflation. As this is written, the fate of the new sales tax is being hotly debated. If Parliament passes it, the vote will be extremely close. If it fails, this would reflect resentment that has been building up for some time. Swedes know that their cost-of-living index has gone up 19 per cent since 1953—compared with 9 per cent in the United States. A poll taken for the Conservative Party shows that 55 per cent of the electorate wants the government to economize rather than increase taxes. A surprising number expressed willingness to accept cuts in benefits, such as rent subsidies (45 per cent said they would), free school lunches (40 per cent) and payments for children (38 per cent). A substantial proportion of the economizers were Social Democrats.

The Conservatives regard this as proof that Swedes want to manage more of their own money. "We will have to wait ten years, but then we will have a new majority party," Hjalmarson, the Conservative chief, assured me. To date, however, this jovially smiling politician remains a symbol of the wealthy. In the eyes of most citizens with average incomes, his party is a club of coupon clippers—definitely not "their" group.

"There is no effective opposition," said a resident American correspondent.

Even if a conservative coalition should topple the Socialists, it is doubtful whether—barring financial disaster—the welfare philosophy could be tempered too much. It fits the Swedish spirit of go-along-and-get-along. It is too comfortable to live with, too hard to stop. Cutting back significantly on its expensive features would smack too much of cutting back progress. The Socialists admit that they have run out of major benefits to fight for, and you wonder whether this static state of affairs may not turn out to be just too dull. But drastic social change requires rebels, and in Sweden there is no sign of them.

"We have no angry young men," said Herbert Tingsten, a stout, pink-faced ex-professor of political science who is editor in chief of a leading newspaper, *Dagens Nyheter*. "I think the Swedes are quite complacent and satisfied." THE END

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HOLIDAY

magazine invites you to

TRAVEL EUROPE 1960

Holiday's January issue, traditionally devoted to Europe, this year portrays the people of the Continent against the backdrop of its natural features. A glittering array of authors and such famous photographers as Henri Cartier-Bresson, Ernest Haas, Elliott Erwitt and Burt Glinn bring you a fascinating new look at the Old World.

TIROLEAN ALPS—Travel Europe 1960 begins as Frederic Morton looks at the heartland of the Alpine range and introduces you to the colorful, individualistic folk they've bred.

RIVER RHONE—Lawrence Durrell leisurely samples French history and cuisine as he journeys from the Swiss Alps to the Mediterranean.

NORWAY FIORDS—William Sansom tells what it's like to live among Norway's steep-walled waterways.

GERMANY'S BLACK FOREST—Joseph Wechsberg takes you into the secluded reaches of this storied woodland.

SAN GIMIGNANO—Aubrey Menen visits this tiny Tuscan village and discovers how the residents, rather than the tourists, feel about the place.

AND: Hammond Innes describes the Celtic flavor of *BRITTANY'S COAST;* Robert Graves writes about the tranquil pleasure of *MINORCA.* Sybille Bedford brings to life the multi-national excitement of *LAKE CONSTANCE,* and George Nelson describes his favorite architectural features in a *HANDBOOK OF EUROPEAN ARCHITECTURE.*

PLUS: Our annual list of *EUROPE'S BEST RESTAURANTS;* and a stimulating *PARTY OF ONE* column by guest writer Romain Gary.

Don't miss the January

HOLIDAY

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Now on sale . . . wherever magazines are sold

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

Violence on the Plains

(Continued from Page 40)

"Miz Rankin, I'm afraid of those Blaines." Then she ran from the forbidden topic.

A thought began uncoiling in Amelia's mind. Was Etta holding back something? Were certain things going on at the Blaine place that were being kept from her? The Blaines had been labeled as peculiar, even before Howard had left her employ and begun to farm. And that had been a long time ago, shortly after Henry's death. People said Elizabeth had ruined Howard.

She found the steps to bed well after midnight long and difficult. She knew she should not have had that last cup of coffee, for she tossed and tumbled all night.

There were seven stones on the top of a corral fence rail, the two highest rails having been removed. The stones were about as big and not much harder than the preserved crab apples Amelia's sister sent her in jars from Indiana once a year.

About thirty yards back from the stones Willy Patchem drew a bead on the stone farthest to the left, then slid the pistol into the holster. He laid a dollar bill on a stone, and Shep Conklin laid a dollar bill on top of it.

"You runnin' out of dollar bills?"

Shep rubbed his chin. "I got a few more. Just keep in mind we gotta make change later on, because the second round you failed to make a perfect score."

"Who's perfect? You got two bits coming back to you?"

"No, four bits."

"O.K., I got change."

"I got change, Willy," said Bill Snow, who was standing in a relaxed attitude with folded arms. Someone called to Snow from the bunkhouse, and he replied with irritation that he'd be there soon. "I heard tell about this, but I gotta see it," he grinned at Conklin.

Willy begged Snow's pistol from him. "Just to show there's no magic in this, just a man of superior ability developed by born-in skill and careful practice."

"Wow," said Snow.

Willy dangled Snow's pistol carelessly in his left hand.

Snow raised his hand and let it fall.

Amelia, at the dining-room window, saw the right hand and arm of Willy flashing like the foreleg of a running horse. With a return and draw at each shot, the stones were flecked off the fence rail, the timing of the shots as perfect as the ticking of a clock.

The seventh stone remained. Willy holstered his gun, shifted Snow's from the left to right hand and fired quickly. The stone stayed where it was.

"Get your gun fixed," said Willy disgustedly, handing Snow's pistol back to him. With catlike quickness he picked up both dollar bills and returned one to Shep. "Snow with his rusty piece has made it impossible for me as a gentleman to take your money."

He got out some silver. "And here is the four bits I owed you back on the second round. If I stayed around here for long with that range boss of Amelia's, he'd have me in the poorhouse. What'd you do? File the sights crooked?"

Snow was laughing. "Just careless, Willy. No put-up job, honest. If I ever need a range hand to clean up a prairie-dog piece, I'll be sending for you."

Willy licked his lips. "I don't shoot nothing small and cute. Besides, don't you know those little fellers eat mesquite berries? I got bullets marked for most mean people in the region, and the only thing that holds me up from killing them is pa killing me with work."

The men laughed.

Amelia called from the door to Willy. He turned, startled at her voice, stumbled on a mud rut and fell full length. The men laughed, and he picked himself up, mumbling that he hadn't had a drink yet that day; Amelia held the door open for him as he came inside and began dusting himself with his hat. Etta brought coffee and a brush for his clothes. She carefully dusted a chair before he sat down. He looked at the coffee peakedly.

"Make me feel like comp'ny."

"Quality comp'ny," said Etta.

He made a sudden movement. "I'll drink your coffee, 'Melia." He drained the cup in one gulp.

Amelia went to the kitchen door. "Etta, the bottle is you-know-where. Bring Mr. Patchem one drink."

"A good one," said Willy.

"Make it a good one."

Etta grinned and brought a coffee cup on a saucer, the cup full to the top with whisky.

"Sure this ain't cold coffee?"

"No, sah, Mr. Patchem."

"Sure gettin' genteel around here." He emptied the cup. "That's good stock. Better than mine, better even than pa's. Had no breakfast yet this mawnin' and that'll sure take holt." He began to smile. "It's already taken. You want me to ride up to the Blaines' this mawnin' and bring Mary home? It will be a distinct pleasure." Willy gave a pretty good imitation of Tom as he put his finger tips together. "I will bring the lady home if I have to hog-tie her. Without hurtin' her, of course," he added hastily.

"I think my own hands are shy of her."

"Correct. Direct action needed."

"Something strange about it, Willy."

"Surely," said Willy, "she'll be home for Christmas."

"If it was me I wouldn't wait for no Christmas," Etta said.

"Direct action," Willy repeated. He opened the door and stood there thoughtfully.

The yard was full of hands, and the spring team was at the horse rail, ready to take somebody into town.

"'Melia," said Willy, "you used to be a woman of direct action. For instance——"

In one of his catlike moves he had swung her off her feet. Astounded, she felt his lips and smelled the sharp whisky smell. He kissed her and put her down. "How about you and me gettin' hitched, Amelia? With your brains and my good looks we could mop up all of Texas."

He ran his horse down the long land to the crossbarred gate, and one of the men opened it for him. The nearer men stood in shocked attitudes, with a flicker of a smile among the faster-witted. Amelia put one hand to her head and closed the door.

When Willy started south after leaving Amelia it was still early on a day that promised to be fine. Moisture was on pebble and grass stem. As he rode along, quickening his mount now and then, he pondered his errand.

He came to the Blaines' past noon and paused on the rise north of the house to see if he might get a sight of Mary in the yard. There was none. He got off and spur-clanked up to the whitewashed door under the porch roof. He tapped, and Elizabeth Blaine opened the door with a Bible in her hand.

"Why, Mrs. Blaine," he said, grabbing her free hand and shaking it hard, "you do look fine today. Never saw you lookin' so well."

He thought Elizabeth looked a mite melted down by his cordiality. But she was cautious. "Wait," she said, drawing back and cocking her head. "Why, I should know you—but—why yes, sure, it's Willy Patchem. Well, I declare."

He laughed and took Elizabeth by both her arms. He laughed harder and shook her hand again when he got a whiff of her breath. "Last time you saw me, I allow I wasn't dry behind the ears."

"Maybe you ain't now," she said, and they laughed together.

He walked in, looking for Mary and listening for kitchen sounds.

"Set yourself."

He took a rocker with a pillow seat.

"I've got something for what ails you."

She brought a jug and a pair of china cups and poured two big drinks. The liquid was colorless. He was about to sniff but minded his manners, and they held cups to each other. He downed his drink and looked at Elizabeth; when he could

"You're wasting your time, Mac. We're discussing alimony payments."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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speak, he said, "Sprinkle a little of this in the right places and good health and good looks'll come right up outa the ground."

"Amen to that," said Elizabeth. "Willy Patchem, it's just pure luck you came riding by today. A person gets to repining for the sight of a friendly human face. How's your pa?"

"Oh, fair to middling."

"He's been so kind to me. When you come in, maybe you saw Johnny scratching around outside with a hoe. He's crazy for farming, like Howard was. But I want to get off this ground of Melly Rankin's, and your pa has offered me a nice little piece of ground over by the crick near that old Hutchins piece he took over."

"How's that again?"

Elizabeth repeated the statement, and Willy leaned forward in astonishment. He knew how his father felt about Amelia, but didn't think he'd go this far.

He placed the tips of his fingers together and regarded Elizabeth carefully. "Well, now, hold on there, hold on there, Mrs. Blaine. Go easy with pa. If I was you I'd just let myself think about that a bit. 'Course he's my natural and legal father and all that, but I've lived with the old buzzard nigh onto twenty-two years, and when he begins to get bighearted, I'd square off and look twice at the sentiment. Maybe three times. If I'm going to move on any man's land to improve it, I'd want a deed or a contract. You got a deed here, Mrs. Blaine?"

The surest way to dig up the past is to start looking for something in the attic.

FRANK G. MCINNIS

"We were offered a deed of gift," said Elizabeth down her nose, leaning back and smoothing her dress. "But I'm not taking it."

"Well, now, Mrs. Blaine," said Willy with soft persuasion, growing confidential, "to tell you the truth I come over here to see about Miss Mary, but now that I'm here, I'd like to give you a few facts about Melly Rankin. She's just eating her heart out about you ——"

Suddenly his power of easy speech was gone, for he was struck dumb by the change that came over Elizabeth. He rose with horror at the same time she did. Her face had become so much another face. He could feel the blaze of her eyes drilling him with hate.

"Get out," she said in a whisper, and then her voice changed to a low whine.

He backed to the door.

"Might have known what you were here for, Willy Patchem. Trying to come it over me while you been sucking around the Rankin ranch, playing up to Melly and Snow and Albright and all the rest of the dirty crowd that killed Howard. You and all your gang of rich land-grabbers. You'd better stand by your kitchen kin, 'stead of sitting there and running your father down to me. If Johnny was here I'd have him mop up the place with you, you drunken, worthless, lying, cheating ——"

"Oh, now, ma'am."

"Get out"—she picked up the jug as if to brain him—"or I'll set the dog on you."

Willy backed out and closed the door. He tiptoed off the porch and stopped about ten yards from the house. He stood staring at the door with such concentration that he failed at first to see Johnny Blaine. Blaine was about seventy-five yards up the rutted lane. His big bulk was bent over a hoe in a field beyond the barbed-wire tie-in. Willy walked to his horse and swung up, moving toward the fence as Blaine turned.

"Howdy, Johnny."

"Howdy, Willy."

Willy spat and looked at the horizon. "Didn't see you when I came up."

"Was over by the draw."

Blaine flicked a clod with a hoe movement executed with one turn of his large right wrist. Willy thought he seemed bigger than he recalled.

"Something on your mind?" said Blaine.

"Came to call on your mother."

"Did you?"

"Did."

Blaine spat on his hoe blade. Willy tilted his hat for a head-scratch. "About Mary. Mrs. Rankin, her ma, wants her to come home."

"So?"

"That's a fact."

"She ain't here."

"Yeah?"

"That's a fact too. You'd better get on up after her, Willy." Blaine raised the hoe blade to examine it and smiled at it. "Girl's bound to be tired by now. She's got a long walk."

"What do you mean by a long walk?"

Blaine laughed. "We had a fight this morning, and she started out afoot for home with her clothes in a hand satchel." Blaine laughed again.

"You let her go?"

"Teach her a lesson."

"Is that a fact?"

Willy stared at Blaine. He made several attempts to speak, but his heart was giving him short breath and he decided to relax and take it slow. At last the words came out. "Don't you know, you corn-scratching idiot, that Apaches and some say Paiutes have been sighted between here and Dalhart in the last eight days?" He stopped. "And the way people have been acting about the Rankins—you complete double damn fool ——"

Blaine had dropped the hoe and was at the fence. "Get off my place!" he yelled.

Willy quieted down. "You climb that fence, you human toad, and this here little horse of mine will kick you over into the next county—and I'll foller you there and beat your brains in."

Blaine was still screaming, "Get off my land ——"

"Your land! Your land! It ain't, but if it was it'd be pure poison to me." With a scrape of his right foot he started the astounded horse, turned it on a dime and wrenched around in the saddle on the horse's first running leap. "Why should I want to stay on it—but I'll be back." After the first half mile common sense slowed the pace, and he sat the animal on a high rise, scanning ahead for any moving object.

He kept his eyes sharp while three times wheeling his horse full circle. Then he went on again mile after mile. The rage was still with him when to his great surprise he saw his brother Lester calmly tooling a wagon and team out of the mid-afternoon haze that lay on the land's high roll.

"Whoa," said Lester.

"Whoa, yourself," said Willy.

"What might you be up to?"

"I'm looking for Mary Rankin."

"She's home; I took her there."

There was long quiet between the brothers. Lester saw Willy's condition and had the politeness and good sense to give him letdown room. Willy appreciated it as he was suffering from a chest suffocation, slight but noticeable to both of them.

"How you feel, Willy?"

"Fair," said Willy breathlessly, getting back to normal. "I'd feel a sight better if you'd tell me about Mary."

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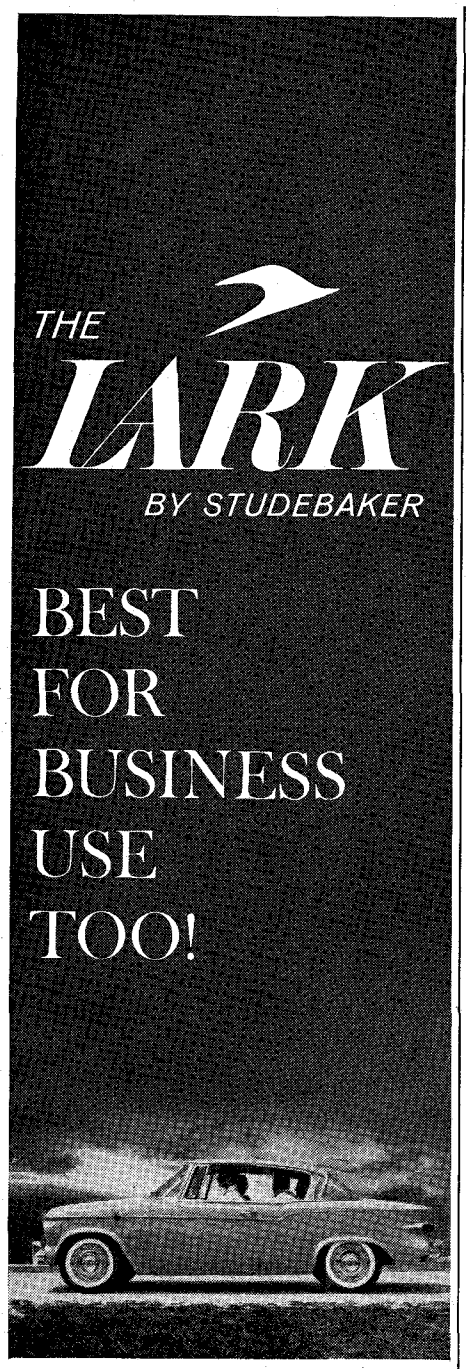

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"Well, I got up early this morning and started for Bradford by the long way and found her sitting under a mesquite tree with a hand satchel, looking at a snake."

"Funny I didn't see her coming over."

"How'd you come?"

"Come by the water."

"She took the short cut."

"Where you headed now?" said Willy.

"The Blaine place," said Lester.

Willy dismounted and tied his horse to the tail rod. He mounted to the seat beside Lester.

"How about me starting and you finish him off, if there's anything left to finish."

"Bragging, aren't you?" said Lester grimly, his eyes on distance.

"Excuse me. Didn't mean it that way."

Lester was thoughtful. "Willy, if he ever hit you over the heart he'd kill you. Mary's my girl and this is my business."

"Sure is."

"Besides, as Mr. Four-eyed Patchem I'm getting pretty sick and tired of you being the only one of us has a license to throw his weight around."

"Yes, sir," said Willy.

Lester drove ahead in quiet, and there was no more talk until they came to the last roll this side of the Blaine place. Willy gently put his hand on Lester's driving hands. Lester stopped the team. Lester was now smoking a cigar, and Willy had noted with pride the calm his brother showed in getting it out, clipping it and lighting it as he drove along. Lester flicked the ash and looked at Willy.

"Lester, you going to fight by the rules?"

"What rules?"

"The ones they learned you at school."

"Yes."

"One trouble."

"What?"

"Johnny don't know 'em."

"I don't refer to ring rules," said Lester. "I mean the manly art of self-defense. I know he can barroom rassle. Don't worry. I won't let him get near enough to tear the tripes out of me."

"Good," said Willy. "Just one thing more. Your specs."

"I've been thinking about that, but I'll manage that part when I come to it."

"Yes, sir, Lester. Just wanted to remind you."

Lester moved the team and they went on, topped the rise, dropped to the level, and, as they stopped for the last time, saw Blaine in the field. Blaine saw them at the same time. They saw him drop his hoe and climb the barbed-wire fence carefully and methodically. He reached the ditch side of the fence, took off a sweater he wore over his shirt and came toward them, pushing his rolled sleeves farther up from the elbow.

Lester got down and threw away his cigar; he took off his coat, folded it on the seat and started jauntily down the lane toward Blaine. It looked to Willy as if Blaine were twice as big, but he remembered Lester's long arms and kept thinking as hard as he could about Lester's boxing lessons. At the halfway point he saw Lester take off his spectacles and put them in a case and then stoop quickly without breaking his pace and lay them in the grass beside the ruts.

Lester reached Blaine, who struck him hard on the mouth. Willy tightened up as he saw the blood fly, but decided it was just as well, for from then on he could see Lester was keeping away from Blaine's fists. Lester got in a tap or two but they didn't count much. As the fight progressed, it seemed as though Blaine was doing all the swinging and Lester was doing very little except ducking and dodging. He kept ducking and pivoting, and Blaine kept swinging in blind rage. Suddenly, in the middle of a dozen haymakers that missed, Willy saw Lester, who had his back turned to him, crouch. Blaine swung once and hit Lester on the shoulder and swung once more and missed as Lester stooped. Then it seemed to Willy that Lester's head came up to connect with Blaine's chin. Blaine went down like a shed door in a high wind.

Willy ran toward Lester, who was standing over Blaine. "I'll never tell no one you butted him with your head, Lester," said Willy, grabbing his brother's hand. Lester yelled and jerked the hand away.

"With my head?" He thrust out the hand with the knocked-down knuckle.

Willy looked at it and apologized; he knelt beside Blaine, whose face was the color of a badly washed white shirt. In panic Willy felt for his heart.

"Lester, I expected you to hit him, not kill him."

"He's not dead," said Lester contemptuously.

"I ain't so sure."

Lester walked to the shed area, found a bucket and filled it at the horse trough. He came back with the bucket and drenched Blaine. Still Blaine did not move. After the second trip with the bucket Blaine began to move, and the brothers got in the wagon and started back for the Rankin ranch.

Willy told Amelia what had been done, but he left out the parts he knew would worry her. Then he rode home; Lester drove to the Tuckermans to spend the night and have the doc look at his hand. He had told Mary he'd be back to see her the next day probably, but he failed to show up; and when Amelia saw Mary looking a little peaked she inveigled her into wrapping up some Christmas gifts.

To Amelia it began to look a mite like Christmas in spite of everything. Lambert had hoped to have the new church ready, but the press of range work made him short-handed of helpers; besides, Bill Snow had become greatly interested and insisted the church interior wouldn't look right until they took the sag out of the old roof. Mary and Amelia went out to watch. Lambert and Snow—"Like a couple of Samsons," Jess Albright said—got up on a trestle and, with the help of a jackscrew, shouldered the kink out of the green-wood rafters that Snow said should never have gone in in the first place. Then some of the hands wedged in a pair of shores, and Snow said he was satisfied and he and Lambert, who had been arguing for hours, shook hands on the deal. Lambert set New Year's Sunday for the opening, to give time for the wall paint to dry and such, and everybody said it would be nice, like a double Christmas.

Mary and Amelia were to have dinner, as always, with the hands. They had tiptoed down in the early-dawn magic of the day and found Etta already up, with rum-laced coffee ready. Then the womenfolk stood in front of the tiny tree and exchanged their gifts. All morning Amelia was worried about her child; but it passed off when Lester quietly drove into the yard in time for dessert and hot punch. Amelia was so glad to see Lester that she kissed him, but Mary, of course, hung back. Later she and Lester drove toward Pan Rock to look at the scenery.

Lester started to explain his absence, but Mary, alive with Christmas and the spiked punch and her gladness at seeing him, said sharply that it wasn't necessary, but she wanted to know what had happened at the Blaines'.

"Oh, that's why you missed me," said Lester. "Should have known curiosity would near kill you." Mary laughed.

"From now on," said Lester slowly, "I'm going to be scarce around your place."

She looked at him.

"Tell you why. Father got Willy and me together the other day and told us to stay away from the Rankin ranch. Willy gave the Old Man one look and got up and walked out on him without a word. I stayed as usual, to smooth over the situation. I think it would be better for all—for you and me and chiefly Amelia—if I stayed off and you rode out to meet me."

Mary nodded.

"Willy's sure to keep on coming, now that pa's told him not to, so Willy'll drop the word to you."

"I won't mind riding out to meet you. It might be more fun."

"Maybe."

"Hurd surely hates mother, doesn't he?"

Lester hesitated. "Yes, I'm afraid he does. It's peculiar. It's not just cattle, farms and fences. Deeper. Willy defies the Old Man more than I do. The way he comes around your place ——"

"To see my mother," said Mary with a smile.

That stopped Lester. "Yes," he said after a long wait, "just to see her."

(*Continued on Page 73*)

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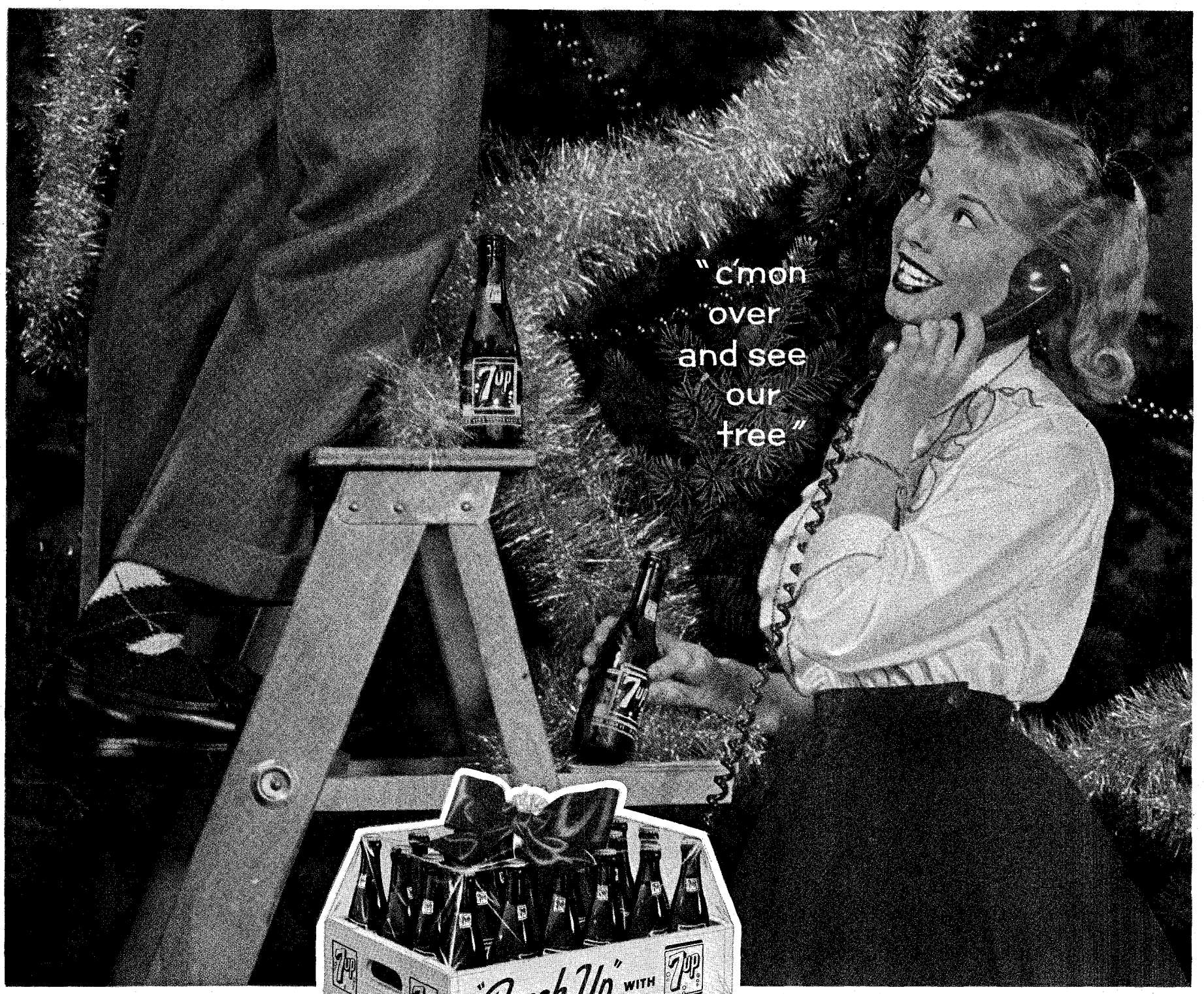

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(*Continued from Page 70*) "Not even to talk to her sometimes. Just to see her."

"Yep."

"I think he'd die for her, but I think he wants to die anyway."

A silence came on them.

"Well," said Lester finally, "that's how it's got to be from now on. I'll have to stay away. If we ever get married, it'll have to be secret. Could tell Amelia, but not pa."

He heard Mary catch her breath as he let the idea slide out easy, but her eyes didn't move.

"As far as we've gone with each other ——"

"Have we?" said Mary dryly.

Lester kept right on. "I know why you stayed at the Blaines' and tried to find more good in Johnny than there is. It's because the Patchem and Rankin trouble stayed on your mind. You got to thinking how early your mother married ——"

"Eighteen."

"And how it might be with you—how could you marry with a Patchem in a feuding state of mind? Also your mother is competition any way you look."

"Sewed your shirt, didn't she?"

"Sure did. You made a long stay at the Blaines'." He grinned.

Mary got angry. "You stop telling me, and let me tell you. There's a sweet, kind side to Johnny Blaine."

"He ought to let it come out more."

"I don't know. I've seen a lot of it."

"You also stayed because you were defending your mother at the Blaines'. I know them and I know you."

Mary simmered down a little. It was as if she knew he was taking charge of the situation. "Yes," said Mary. "As I see it, I've never been much help to her. But I also felt that when I came back home, Amelia'd begin to see me ——"

"As less of a child and more as a person."

She turned to him. "Lester, how can you be so smart?"

Lester kissed her.

She said, "I don't know whether I want to wed with a man who can read my mind."

Lester kissed her again.

After they started back he said, "Mary, with me it's not going to be as it was with Willy, getting sidetracked with Amelia, who is a lot of woman. I was born out here, and as a Texan I'm a sensible, reasonable man. You are my girl. Nobody else. I just want it plain."

Mary said "stop," and Lester stopped the team.

"I've just got to get my breath," said Mary, holding on to the seat. "You ought to be more careful talking to a girl sudden-serious like this. Sounds like a speech ——"

"Like a lawyer?"

Mary said nothing. They sat and stared at the long shallows and reefs of the land without saying anything, and it seemed to them that their lives were unrolling before them like a carpet over the land.

New Year's Saturday on the ranch was fine, with the sun not too hot and just enough wind beyond the ridges to move the cottonwoods. Amelia took her account books to the seldom-used side porch that now had awnings. The night before, she had gone to the old bunkhouse at Lambert's request to approve the way it looked with its neatly patched benches and old chairs, and the perch he had provided himself to preach from and the general tidiness. There were even starched white curtains Etta had salvaged from the attic; Lambert and Etta had spent a day discussing them. His pride was a small wood cross. He and Jess had put it together with lumber scraps, mostly from a packing case that Amelia's new Boston dress form had come in.

As she looked toward the bunkhouse she saw Lambert coming from the horse sheds with the newly varnished cross in his hands. He carried it across the yard like a grail. From the open windows of the parlor, now no longer tomblike, she could hear Etta singing her favorite song as she worked.

Mary came to the porch, pink-cheeked from a late sleep. She sat down beside her mother with some underwear sewing she seemed to be forever snipping and picking at. She began working very intently with a cambric needle; Amelia wanted to take it from her and substitute a bigger one, but she forbore. "You think Etta's really going to make the parlor all right with crepe paper?"

"Yes, but when she went to the attic for it she found those old flat pasteboard boxes that had never been opened."

"Glory be. I ordered them for a birthday party for Henry that we never had. Some kind of lantern ——"

"Japanese lanterns, like church lawn fetes at Austin."

"Mary, you and Etta watch the candles now."

"They'd even look pretty without lights."

"The dance is sure now?"

"Yes," said Mary.

"Lester will be over? He's glad you're back from the Blaines'?"

"Of course."

"And you're glad?"

"Naturally." Mary put down her sewing. "It never seems to occur to anyone that I got interested in Johnny mostly because it seemed I wouldn't marry a Patchem."

Amelia looked up. "You felt that way?"

"Of course."

"Lester says you were forting up at the Blaines' in defense of me."

"It wasn't quite that bad."

"Is Lester ——" Amelia was scanning a calf tally in Snow's heavy figures and deliberately broke off the words.

The silence was long. Mary finally said, "I hope he won't pop it too soon. I'm still making up my mind."

"I had no time with his father," said Amelia, letting the words slip out slowly, "to make up my mind."

"What?"

"I never mentioned it to anybody. When a man proposes marriage and a woman turns him down, she has no call to spread it around. Hurd came over here in a shiny new rig about eight months after your father died. It was the familiar story—joining up the land, families who have been friends for years —— Short on romance. Maybe that's why it made me mad. But Hurd's not for me."

Mary got slowly to her feet, watching Snow and Albright trail down from the west ridge, leading a string of horses to the corral. It included her colt.

"Why, I think that's what probably started all this."

Amelia yawned and put by her account book. She examined the horse string from that distance. "There may be something in it. Snow thinks Hurd's headed for repudiation by his own friends. He called a meeting in town last week, and Bill says he sat all day in that lodge hall of his, and only the Bannermans showed up. Snow was at Backus's saloon."

"But he's working against us all the time. He's stirring up people—all sorts ——"

"Anybody who'll listen," said Amelia.

"I heard a lot from Johnny. Johnny's top dog with the farmers. Hurd's working on them, lending them money to organize. Offering the Blaines other land to live on ——"

"Sounds like Hurd. Always, if we did anything, Hurd had to do the same thing right off. Before this is over he may have farmers on his land."

"Just to spite us."

"Tom says Hurd's got hallucinations." She turned suddenly to Mary. "One thing worries me—what you told me about Johnny and the fight. Johnny Blaine will strike back, I'm sure, in some way."

Mary, at her sewing again, nodded. "I've told Lester to watch."

"I just wanted to say that. Now, no more of our troubles."

The men in the yard had disappeared into the barns. She had called in Snow and Albright early that morning and had given them complete authority to run the ranch in the present emergency. The hands also were to be free to carry arms whenever and wherever they pleased; she knew that the order had never meant a great deal anyhow. She had condemned herself to Snow and Albright in sharp, precise words as, among other things, "a foolish, interfering woman." She had delighted them. From now on she would try to hold to the idea of being relaxed and lazy.

She wanted only to lie back in the patent chair with its attached crisscross wicker footstool and doze. The thought of the church warmed her. The languorous, easy feeling persisted and soothed her; when horses in the yard and loud voices roused her at about two o'clock, she realized that Etta had let her sleep through dinner. She sat up straight, staring at the newcomers.

Snow was standing in the middle of the yard with a Colt slung on his right hip, tied down securely, a very unusual thing for Snow. He was bareheaded and grinning, and his hair was blowing in the soft breeze that raised dust swirls at the shed corners. Mounted and talking to him were Hurd Patchem and his range boss, Curley James.

Her first impulse was to get out there. Then she remembered her resolution. She was able to make herself lean back and watch the scene with half-shut eyes. Hurd was obviously getting angry, and the voices were getting louder. But Snow still grinned, which was a good sign.

His voice raised up, and the obliging wind drifted some of the words down to her.

"Sure, we turn the man over to you and you'll hang the poor varmint between here and jail . . . you don't want him in jail . . . fooling me, Hurd ——"

Then Hurd's angry, indistinguishable words. Hurd tossing his wonderfully sculptured head, taking off his hat and letting his hair blow like Snow's. Pointing his finger at Curley James, as if to call him to witness about something.

She could hear James say, "I was there, sure enough ——"

Snow was finally getting angry and raising his voice; she could hear his words plain on the holding wind.

"You just pretend you want Johnson in jail . . . I'm running the show, sure . . . Turner's away. . . . No, Mrs. Rankin is sleeping and I ain't going ——"

Then again: "And what's more, you listen to me, Hurd—that fence's been moved for the last time, and if I ever ketch Joyce working that fence or our cattle ——"

She prayed for no shooting.

Hurd and Curley were backing their horses up the rise; at first she thought Hurd was waving a pistol, but then saw it was a pair of big wire cutters. He was gesturing and shouting at Snow.

As the riders wheeled and crossed over the rise and out of sight, she sat up quickly and waved at Snow, being careful to put no command in the gesture.

She looked for Mary and then heard her talking to Etta in the parlor. Snow came down the slope and sat on the steps, laughing softly, untying his leg rig.

He was watching McChesney leading Mary's favorite colt up and down the yard. "You keep Mary off that hoss, Mrs. Rankin, till Conklin and McChesney been riding him two more weeks."

He was silent again.

"Till you give the word," said Amelia sleepily. She was sure Bill knew she was not as sleepy as she pretended to be. It gave her a chance to see Snow as she had never seen him before. Lord, how big he was! Taller than Tom, as Tom had said. And Tom had said, too, in petulance one day, that Amelia didn't appreciate Snow;

"Well, that's what you get for letting a smile be your umbrella."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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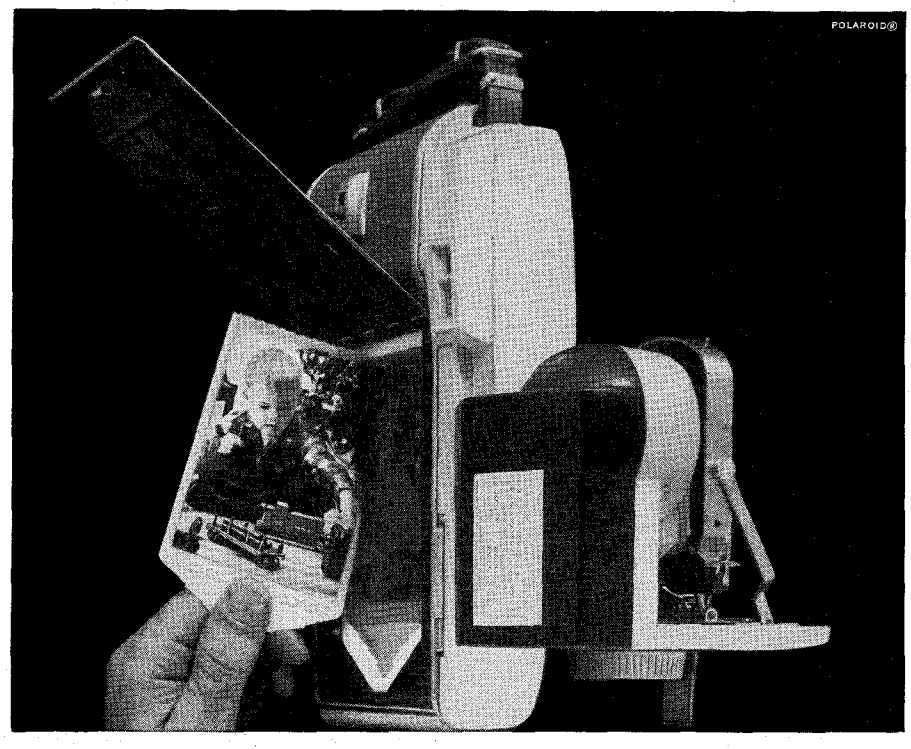

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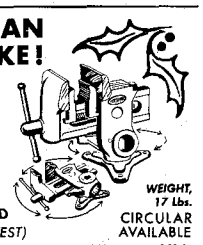

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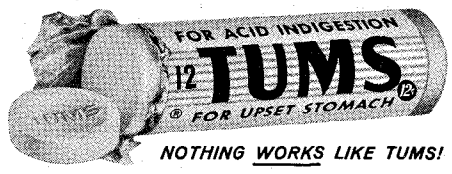

NOTHING WORKS LIKE TUMS!

that he was the best range boss in the whole Southwest.

She could not resist saying, "You'll note I'm asking you no questions."

"I sure do, Mrs. Rankin, and I sure appreciate it. Hurd was just blowing off. But he says one of our fences caused Joyce to lose a sight of cattle over by the river. Well, that may or may not be. I ain't going to move that fence again and I told him so."

"One worry I have," said Amelia softly through her half-shut eyes. "The way the association used to be my friends."

"They are still your friends, Mrs. Rankin." The tone was decisive. "Come to a test, you'll still find them your friends."

He rose and stretched. "You rest easy right where you are."

She saw him moving slowly up the hill, slowly taking off his belt and gun, unholstering the gun, stuffing it in his waistband, examining the belt and the thonged shells, bright against the worn leather.

This was heaven, Amelia decided, and hoped she could keep her mind in this state for the Sunday holiday.

The afternoon waned and the evening came, and she sat up till all hours. She saw the Jorgensons pull in a little past midnight. They had brought a tent with them, to be in good time for the morning services, but she put them up in the house. When the distant Tuthill family came in and woke up everybody around four in the morning, she listened to the sounds from her bed and then got up and helped Etta start the breakfast. It had been Etta's decision to feed the early comers, for Etta was the moving spirit of the Sunday, even of the church opening and the day-long party that everybody was anticipating. In the center of the kitchen, waiting to be iced, was a remarkable cake—seven-layer with custard filling. It was to have pink icing with green candy pellets spelling out TRIANGLE NINE.

Sunday passed like a dream, and when the creak of the last wagon had faded over the ridges, and she could see Albright carrying the last chair back across the yard, she still felt glowing and warm. "I'll have the day twice over by thinking back over it here." She sat at her desk, where the piled paper work now gave her no concern.

She remembered how the churchgoers had come straggling in that morning, with the wagons and rigs hitched at the side of the corral growing in number, while the number of children also grew; Freddy McQueen strumming his guitar and leading the singing of *The Old Rugged Cross* and *Brighten the Corner* instead of *The Lonesome Cowboy*; the hand-copied hymn words that Lambert had made in a script like his speech, large and flowing; his sermon, short and very practical, and his prayer, passionate and very long, as he asked for peace in the range country; the Jorgenson brood in the front row, with the girls' pigtails sticking out, stiff with hair ribbons; the silver offering that some of the hands had added to with a hat stuffed with dollar bills that they had passed around secretly; and old Jess walking up to Lambert after the service, saying so all could hear, "That's the way I like it pushed at me, reverend, straight from the shoulder." The bunkhouse had even smelled like a church; she had raised and sniffed one of the hymnbooks they had gathered from wherever they could, and found the answer—there was the church smell she could remember from former years. The noon dinner under the cottonwoods had lasted late, so that darkness seemed to rush in just before the lamps were lighted in the parlor. They had got a clevis player from over near Eiler, and a gent fiddler from somewhere south of the Wells. With Freddy McQueen's help they made the dance music. Lambert called the dances in a sophisticated style. Amelia had danced two sets, one with Lester, who had come on a special invite from her, and one with Jess Albright.

She would always remember Etta and McChesney doing a double hoedown, with Etta laughing fit to kill; Lester and Mary at the service, sitting gravely side by side and looking like old married folks in church. There had been only one somber note, when Jess had told her as they danced that Red Johnson was beginning to chafe and that the hands thought he was trying to communicate with somebody off the ranch.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The Wreckers Arrive

By Pearl Patterson Johnson

Its hour has come.
Belonging to the past,
Our old house shudders
from the mortal shock
Of ram and hammer, while
each room at last
Disintegrates in waste. A
final knock
Demolishes the nursery, and
I view
With heartache all the
windows pinioned tight
By gritty boards, where
once I waved to you.
The mortar dust drifts with
a spectral light
Across wistaria-tangled
vines; the chipped
White mantel falls in mounds
of marble crumbs.
We never thought our haven
could be stripped
Like this, but memory of a
scene becomes
Distinct—two figures at the
hearth fire's glow.
Your welcome echoes in this
cluttered street
And makes a last good-by
here apropos
Where you, the dream, and
I, the dreamer, meet.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

As she remembered, the importance of Hurd's visit grew a little in her mind, but the soft sentimental thoughts of the holiday overshadowed this thought. She sat smiling into the darkness of the yard until a distant night sound came, rushing to prove to her, it seemed, that her dreaming could not last. This southern sound, the sound of hoofbeats.

It didn't make sense. The sound came from the big fenced meadow behind the house and garden, a meadow that had strong, high barriers, stretching out without break or trail for half a mile to the shed slant of the Brazos Valley. Hoofbeats there—strange. Her first thought was of Red Johnson and his outside friends. The noise stopped, then started again. She went upstairs and unlocked the unfinished-bedroom door across the hall and stood in the dark without lamp or candle; she stood very still and her ears could follow the beats in a long circle toward the north and eastward. And yet persisting in the south.

TO BE CONTINUED

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The Air Force's Human Guinea Pig

(Continued from Page 30)

Project Command. He had come to the Air Force as a civilian twenty years before when it was still the Air Corps, when not many planes were cracking 10,000-foot ceilings and the stratosphere was something to shudder at. Men with a grounding in physiology were needed to find out the effects of high-altitude flight on the human body and to determine how much punishment a man could safely take up there. Ernie, fresh out of the University of Rochester School of Medicine, seemed to fill the bill. Assigned to the Aero-Medical Research Laboratory at Wright Field in Dayton, he became one of the fast-moving group under Capt. Harry Armstrong—Surgeon General of the United States Air Force from 1949 to 1954 and now a retired major general—a group that included men like Dr. Wm. R. (Randy) Lovelace II, distinguished surgeon and one-time holder of the high-altitude parachute-jump record; Col. Henry M. (Mike) Sweeney, now retired, who laid the research basis for what is known about the physiology of explosive decompression; and, later, Col. John Paul Stapp, gravity explorer of jet-rocket-sled fame.

Pinson, who is the father of four children, established a reputation here as a human guinea pig who was willing to tackle anything important if he thought the risks were within reason. He was the second man (Sweeney was first) to undergo experimental explosive decompression. He flew for hours at a time in planes at high altitudes with the windows open at minus 100 degrees Fahrenheit, to test electrically heated flying suits and oxygen masks. He also won his first Legion of Merit award here for devising a method of testing night vision.

So this was the background of the man who performed that spectacular feat at Bikini Atoll in 1956. What feat? Take a look at it.

Operation Redwing, busy with thermonuclear tests, was under way in the Pacific. Pinson in his semiprofessorial role stood at a blackboard and drew pictures and told the twenty-three pilots assigned to help him, in precise detail, all that he knew about what they were in for. There was some danger, he said, and he was explicit about it. He had been studying that particular thing for years, he explained, and he outlined his experiments and the results. He answered all questions without reservation.

It just happened that several months later I met one of those twenty-three pilots and asked how he felt about going into this job. Wasn't he scared? No, he said; alert and ready for the unexpected, but not scared. Why not? Well, he said, Pinson told them what to expect, and it seemed reasonable. Besides, wasn't Pinson himself up there in the first plane? "If he could take it, why not me?"

On the morning of the day, four twin-engined B-57 jet bombers streaked high into the air over Bikini Atoll and raced after one another in racetrack fashion. Pinson, directing operations from his plane, presently saw, far below, the thing he had been on the lookout for.

At first it was just a small cloud boiling at the ocean's surface. Quickly it mushroomed upward and filled the sky like a volcanic horror from the bowels of the earth. In his circling plane Pinson watched it ceiling-out at twelve miles. By then it was a monster with a belly forty to fifty miles across. Seen at eye level, even from a distance of a dozen miles, it was frightful and awe-inspiring, the awful product of one of the mightiest explosions ever touched off—an H-bomb of the megaton class, packing the power of about two billion pounds of T.N.T., at least fifty times more than the A-bombs at Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Up to that moment, nobody knew what the heart of a megaton cloud was like immediately after detonation, when the fumes of fission were fresh and potent. Guesses said it could hide sudden death, could cause permanent invalidism, sterility, gene mutation, or other things as bad or worse. Pinson knew the guesses and was there to see if they were true. At a precisely calculated moment he said to the pilot, "Let's go!"

His plane quitted the oval of the preliminary pattern at 50,000 feet. Neither he nor the pilot was wearing protective clothing, and, though both did wear oxygen masks, these only added extra oxygen to the unfiltered cabin air they were breathing. Outfitted as for combat, except for a benchful of scientific instruments, the plane headed toward the cloud and an all-out answer to the question asked by an Air Force general years earlier, "What would happen if a plane flew into a nuclear cloud right after the explosion?"

The Air Force had to know. If such clouds were so deadly that it was necessary to fly around them in order to attack an enemy; or if the clouds sickened pilots so that they couldn't fly again right away, if ever; or if they fouled planes with so much radioactivity that it was necessary to park them in the boondocks for months before servicing them, then a nuclear war might be lost almost as soon as it was begun.

Pinson had been given the job of answering the general's question. Five years of experiments had produced maybe-so answers. Now it was time to put men and planes in there to see what really happened.

The plane hit the cloud. Swirling gases bounced it like a cork. Visibility became zero. The air was as murky as in the black heart of a thunderhead. Pinson could taste and smell the pungent products of fission. But the plane kept going. The pilot did not black out or even look sick. Ernie knew his own brain was functioning normally. A camera was doing what it was supposed to do—watching the accelerometer and automatically recording turbulence. He checked the altimeter frequently and kept a close eye on meters which told him by the second how much radiation the plane and its occupants were absorbing. He soon knew that what his experiments had led him to expect was happening. So, when the plane had been in the cloud five minutes and was almost through it, he radioed the second plane to enter it at a predetermined level, and after that the others in turn.

That flight, a historic "first," was one of the outstanding achievements of Operation Redwing and the dramatic climax of Pinson's studies. Since 1951 he had been present at every nuclear-test firing in Nevada or the Pacific. His first experiments, made during Operation Greenhouse in 1951, consisted of putting mice aboard B-17 drone aircraft and guiding them from the ground through nuclear clouds, then studying the animals afterward to determine the amount and type of radiation received and its effects. Experiments were continued in 1953 with mice, monkeys and physical recording instruments, still using unmanned planes. Satisfied that the clouds were less deadly than supposed, Pinson personally flew, and had others fly through, kiloton clouds in 1955—a kiloton explosion is nuclear but relatively small, packing a punch equivalent to 1000 tons of T.N.T.

These studies preceded Bikini and 1956. Before Operation Redwing was concluded, twenty-seven flights had been made through megaton clouds. The surgeon general had sanctioned exposing men during tests to no more than fifty R's (Roentgens) of radioactivity, a degree of exposure impossible to detect by diagnosis. Several pilots and observers entered the clouds twice. Pinson flew through them seven times. His findings once and for all laid the ghost that had hobgoblined the armed forces for years, establishing that even though enemies filled the skies with nuclear clouds, pilots could attack through them without serious risk. It was for this that they gave Ernie the D.F.C.

When I asked Pinson to talk about fear, he reached for his tobacco can and began stuffing his pipe. He is not a rush-into-things guy. Time and again in emergencies he has packed an hour's thinking into seconds without panic. But ordinarily he is maddeningly deliberate.

People who play poker with Pinson say he has the infuriating habit of knowing the percentages and betting them. As a bridge player he thinks before he bids, while he plays, and sometimes after the hand is finished.

"Just half a cup. I can't lift a full one yet."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Fear," he said, "yes. That's a thing people ought to get straightened out on. Lives are ruined by needless worry. And"—thoughtfully—"lives can be saved by being afraid when we need to be." He wasn't smiling when he struck a match and added, "Do you know the most dangerous thing I do? Drive. Drive a car. I don't take my car out on Sundays or holidays if I can help it. That's when these crazy drivers kill you. Driving dangers have become so familiar that people forget them or are contemptuous of them. That may be the chief cause of accidents."

I put in a two-part question. Isn't it fairly easy to master fear when there's time for planning? But isn't it a lot tougher to save yourself when danger comes in a flash?

"You can nearly always do something in a critical situation," he replied, "if you keep your head. It may not save you, but you give yourself a little more chance."

Would anybody know better than he? Consider an adventure he lived through in the Pacific less than two years ago. It made headlines because of the people involved, but the details have never been told till now.

It was April 7, 1958, a lovely starlit evening. The air on Eniwetok Atoll was warm and fragrant, and the time and place suggested relaxing and cooling one's heels. But Pinson and two fellow scientists had an important mission at the other end of the lagoon before they could call it a day. They climbed aboard the helicopter which was to take them. This dependable workhorse of the air, an H-19, rose above the airstrip, and as they cast their eyes over the smooth lagoon, they saw the lights of their destination a mere twenty miles away. The trip seemed as simple as going to market for groceries. But the destination was never reached. Within a few minutes, one man was dead.

The five men aboard were the two pilots in their elevated compartment up front, and the three passengers in the boxlike crew compartment behind and lower down. One passenger was Dr. Mark M. Mills, famous nuclear physicist, associate director of the University of California Radiation Laboratory at Livermore; another was Dr. Harry B. Keller, a junior associate at Livermore and temporarily in command of Scientific Task Unit 2 at Eniwetok; the third was Pinson, then deputy commander of Task Group 7.1, the scientific component of Joint Task Force 7.

The way they were seated was important. Mills and Keller sat side by side at the front, facing to the rear, with Mills next to the open door where he could look out at the sights and get the breeze. Mills' safety belt was buckled; Pinson made sure of that, knowing that any sudden lurch could unload an unwary passenger there. Keller's safety belt may or may not have been fastened. Pinson sat facing the door and on the far side from it, and his belt was buckled.

The helicopter left the airstrip at approximately eight-fifty P.M., and flew on a normal course up the chain of islands that intermittently fringes the coral-built lagoon. It kept over the lagoon, which has a maximum depth of less than 200 feet, rather than over the ocean, which rapidly shelves off to depths of three miles or more. Mills watched the lights on Japtan and Runit as they passed, and Pinson thought he was enjoying himself.

About two minutes after Runit, the helicopter ran into a rain squall. Such squalls come and go often here, often spilling an ungodly amount of water from clouds perhaps only a quarter mile across. Storm turbulence is a tough test of the lifting power of a helicopter's rotors; and since it's hard to see and avoid these squalls

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after dark, helicopters fly at night on Eniwetok only if the mission is very urgent.

Soon after the squall hit, Pinson noted a different sound in the engines. He suspected the pilot was speeding up to get more lift and he knew if the maneuver failed, they would crash. Where he was sitting there wasn't much he could do to set himself except brace his elbows against loose supports.

The crash came almost at once. One moment they were tossed about, but airborne. Then there was a violent jar, motion ceased, and they were under water in complete darkness.

Pinson's belt held him in his seat, but the force of the water turned him sidewise, with his arms and legs streaming out. For about two seconds he sat that way and did nothing.

Let me repeat that: *he sat perfectly still and did nothing.*

Yet he was doing something, though not making any purposeless moves. He was orienting himself with relation to that open door through which he supposed escape lay.

Having decided what to do, he tried to do it. He unbuckled his belt and swam toward the door. He missed it at first by inches, but quickly found it—and learned there was no escaping there. The helicopter had crashed against coral rock, and the doorway was solidly blocked. Swimmers who dive and don't come up as fast as they expect, or cave explorers caught in crawlways, know how easy it would have been to panic. Ernie began figuring what to try next.

The crash had happened fast, and he thought maybe some air hadn't escaped. If not, what was left had to be at the top. Where was the top? Logic wouldn't tell. He relaxed and floated. In a moment his head broke water. Miraculously, he had found a six-inch bubble of trapped air. He gulped it in till he could absorb no more, knowing it should last him for about three minutes. Maybe that wasn't time enough to escape, but there was no use not trying. He went under again.

He saw what looked like a glimmer of light, or a place less dark than elsewhere, and he swam toward it. Touching it, he found it was a window, closed and locked. He turned over and kicked backward at it. The glass and some of the frame gave way.

He tried to crawl through. Head and shoulders made it, but there he stuck. Seconds were lost finding why: the case of his heavy binoculars had caught. He unbuckled the strap, the case dropped, he jerked free, finished wriggling through, and in a moment rose to the surface battered, bleeding—and alive. One pilot was already there, and the other swam up in a moment. It hadn't been hard for them to free themselves from their enclosure. A hasty glance showed Pinson the helicopter had crashed on one of the many coral heads which dot the lagoon, but the top of the helicopter was under two feet of water; this lessened to about six inches as the tide ebbed.

Pinson had been through a terrific experience. He didn't know how long it had taken him to escape, but calculated about two or three minutes. The two who had shared the compartment with him might be dead. He said calmly to the pilots, "Let's see if we can get those fellows out."

He and the pilot who was the better swimmer went down. Each located a window and reached through, grabbing for anything that floated. Pinson soon gripped clothing and knew he had one of the men, but the body was caught, so he couldn't budge it. He thought maybe the pilot also had hold of it. He let go and discovered this was so, and they tugged together at the inert body. Pinson weighs 155 and had barely escaped through a window. How they managed, deep under, to drag out a six-foot man weighing 240 pounds is a mystery. But they did.

They swam him to the surface. It was Keller, whose belt may not have been buckled. He was no longer breathing. Leaving him with the second pilot with orders to try to get the water out of his lungs, they immediately went down again. This time they didn't stay outside. Feet first they went in. Pinson, suggesting this, had warned the pilot to hang onto the window and search with his feet, so as not to get lost and trapped inside. He himself explored freely. He hoped to find Mills in his seat, unbuckle him and bring him up. He never found him. When he could stay under no longer, he swam out and up.

So much time had elapsed now that Mills was certainly dead. The thing to do was try to save Keller. The difficulties were fantastic. Picture three drenched men knee-deep in sea water on slippery rock in darkness. The rain squall had passed, but the wind blew steadily. For light they had two flashlights from Mae West kits. To remove the water from Keller's lungs, one pilot sat partly under water on the highest part of the fuselage and held the unconscious man face down across his knees, trying to keep the face low but not in the water. This was so hard to do that the pilots had to change off every four or five minutes. Meanwhile, Pinson and the other pilot applied artificial respiration as well as they could. They kept it up for an hour and a half. Keller once in a while would breathe without help, but soon quit unless they resumed artificial respiration.

The helicopter had crashed at 9:05. It was almost eleven o'clock before search aircraft appeared. Several helicopters with down-shining searchlights passed over and missed them. The pilot of the very last one spotted them and tried a desperate trick. He settled down on a coral head with wheels under water, fifty yards from the crash site. Keller was breathing now, but was still unconscious. They swam him to the helicopter, holding his chin up. There others took over. Keller was in the hospital about a month. Earlier this month—December, 1959—Pinson was to be awarded the Soldier's Medal for his part in this incident, the citation mentioning "exemplary heroism and fortitude" that "reflect great credit upon himself and the United States Air Force."

This astonishing Air Force colonel's philosophy of fear, I discovered, is also a philosophy for daily living, and the nubbin of it is that when things look hopeless, there is still hope; when it seems nothing can be done, there are still things to try; when a fight is surely lost, victory may somehow still be snatched. These aren't just fancy words with him. They are what he lives by. He mentioned an illustration, involving zero, that he often uses in briefing pilots.

"At zero speeds," he said, "all cars on the road stand still, nobody runs into anybody, there are no traffic accidents—and nobody gets anywhere. As soon as cars begin to travel at even one mile per hour, somebody does some cockeyed thing and there's a foul-up. As speeds increase, the accident potential increases. There's no absolutely safe speed above zero speed, only relatively safe speeds. Anyone who rides, drives or does anything runs into dangers."

What's to be done about them? Be a little scared, he said, if being scared helps. "People who say they 'don't know fear' are either awfully courageous or they don't have good sense. But keep figuring what to do. Make the best guesses you can, and don't panic."

That's settled habit with him. On planes he prefers rear seats because front seats are more hazardous. He never stays in a hotel without spotting at least two ways to escape in case of fire. In a theater fire, he said, the safe thing usually would be to do what others aren't—sit still and avoid being trampled. Even if he has only seconds, in any dangerous situation he does what he thinks will promote safety. Once, going to work at Wright Field from Yellow Springs on a winter morning on ice-slick pavements, he was riding alone on the back seat of a station wagon. Mike Sweeney and a major, who was driving, were in front. Suddenly the car went into a spinning skid. A string of cars was coming from the other direction. Snow was piled high on either side, leaving just enough room for two cars behaving properly to pass. Somehow one car was skinned by without hitting it, then a second, then a third, and the station wagon came to a stop in a snowbank on the wrong side of the road. Sweeney found Ernie lying on the floor with his back against the front seat.

Why? "Test drivers," said Ernie, "crash cars on purpose and seldom get hurt. When they approach what they're going to hit, they climb in back, steer from there as long as they can, and at the last second dive down with their backs against the front seat. Organs of the body are mostly attached at the back, and the risk of injury is less if your back is braced against something in the direction of impact."

However, Pinson gets scared needlessly sometimes. The last time he came back from the Pacific, the heavily loaded MATS plane he was supposed to ride on from Honolulu had six runway aborts, one caused by a tire bursting. After the sixth try and failure to get off the ground, he left the plane and refused to ride on it. Even the more lightly loaded plane that he took next day had three aborts. "I was never more scared in my life," he said. "Later I realized I needn't have been. For the most part, the pilots were playing it safe, or the tower held them up, or something like that. Things that cause unreasonable fears usually are those on which we are not well informed."

He realizes that his ability to think in an emergency without panic is a great asset, and in his case he thinks boxing had a good (*Continued on Page 78*)

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—Christmas, 1959

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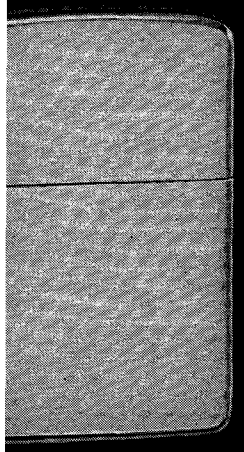
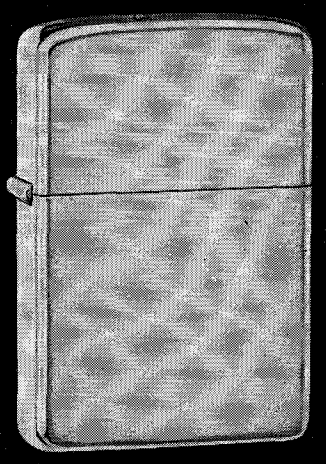
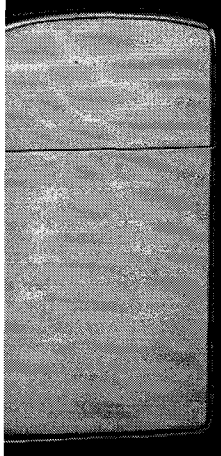


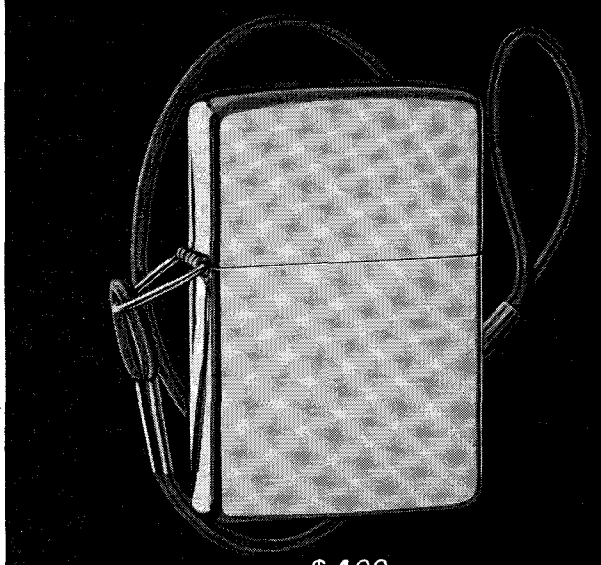
$3.50
rush Finish Zippo



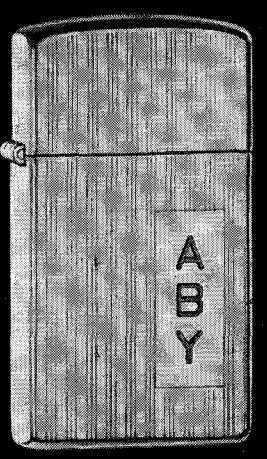
$4.75
The High Polish Zippo



$4.75
h Polish Slim Zippo



$4.00
The Loss-Proof Zippo
(choice of sports designs, $5.00)



$6.00
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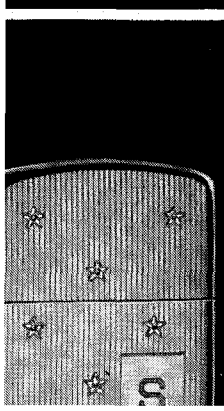

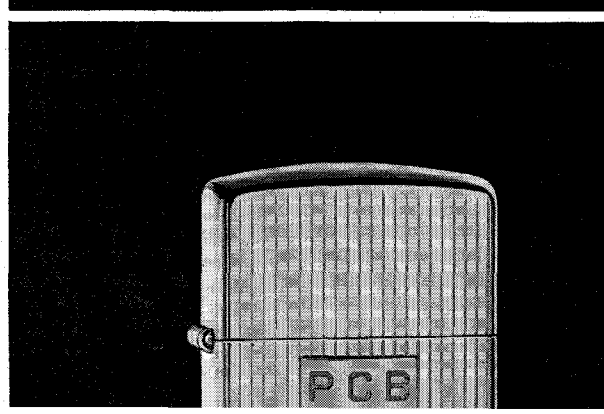

ZIPPO...
THE LIGHTER THAT WORKS

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(*Continued from Page 76*) deal to do with its development. He was raised on a bottomland farm in Kentucky, and his father was one of the best of the wrestlers and boxers who used to gather at the village store on dull Saturday afternoons for friendly tussles. Ernie learned to use his own fists early. At DePauw University, where he did his undergraduate work, he and his roommate held the boxing titles in every weight class; and at nineteen Ernie was a Golden Gloves finalist in Indiana.

"In boxing," he said, "you have to think even when you're hurt, or you don't last. Somebody knocks you all over the ring for two or three rounds, but if you keep your head and never admit you're licked, maybe you can win."

Fears about fallout and possible overdoses of radiation have assailed the world ever since the development of nuclear fission. Some people are afraid the human race is doomed. Pinson has been an investigator in this field for a long time. In 1947, when the importance of nuclear physics was becoming clear, he went back to college at the University of California to study the subject. He was thirty-four years old then, and taking up college studies again at that age, he said, was one of the hardest things he ever did. But he completed courses which would have earned him his second Ph.D. degree if he had not already had one. Since then he has worked mostly on the physiological effects of radiation.

At the Los Alamos Laboratory, he and Dr. Wright H. Langham studied the effects of tritium absorption on the body. Tritium is the tricky and sometimes deadly form of hydrogen used for H-bombs. The first experiments were with mice and rats, which were exposed to tritium in various forms and concentrations. When Pinson felt reasonably sure of his facts, and the next step was to test the stuff on humans, he became his own guinea pig. He breathed and absorbed tritium through the skin as a gas, drank and bathed in it as water, and afterward had biopsies performed in order to see what had happened. That pioneer research not only resulted in the addition of the first oak-leaf cluster to his Legion of Merit award but also formed the basis for present standards for maximum permissible exposure to tritium and safeguards to use in working with it. These doses are about one third those to which he exposed himself.

Without underrating radiation dangers, Pinson feels very strongly that many of the fears about them have been exaggerated. He points out that people, without suspecting it, have always received a great deal of low-level radiation from such sources as cosmic rays or hidden uranium deposits, and it is only recently that we have had means of measuring the amount. This normal background radiation, he says, is immensely greater than anything added by nuclear tests as now conducted.

On the flights in megaton clouds, made within twenty to fifty minutes after detonation, the highest radiation dose received was seventeen R's and the average much less. He found that the natural decay of radiation on planes was so rapid that after twenty-four hours a mechanic working on them received in a seven-hour day only a few hundredths of a Roentgen; and even on the same day, if he used gloves, he absorbed no more than four R's. People wearing wrist watches with radium dials get as much radiation from that one source, he says, as they are ever likely to get from fallout. An X ray which he took as routine at a hospital accounted for his getting more radiation than one would receive from current fallout in twenty years. He doesn't say radiation is harmless and all fears about it are foolish. He knows better. He says the risks will have to be more fully appraised before we can be intelligently afraid.

Early this year Pinson received orders shifting him to the Air Force Cambridge Research Center at L.G. Hanscom Field at Bedford, Massachusetts, as director of the Air Force's Geophysics Research Directorate at that center. Here he is concerned with investigations of the environments that exist on earth, in the earth's low and high atmospheres, in space, and around and on other planets. He and fellow workers measure at increasing altitudes such things as ion density, radiation fluxes, gravity and magnetic-field strength to gain preliminary knowledge necessary for successful penetration of space; they also contribute to the design of missiles and satellites, and to equipment for future space and interplanetary travel. He finds the work scientifically stimulating, and I have no doubt he will find new, well-measured risks to stick his neck into.

In Albuquerque I heard a fellow officer say to him, "Colonel, suppose you received orders to be a passenger in a rocket to the moon. What would you do?"

He said, "On the basis of what I know about rocket flying to the moon, I'd refuse. I think you'd be a fool to do it with present knowledge. You don't take long chances if you can help it; and those you take you make as short as possible."

That was a year ago. If or when his present work leads him to feel pretty sure that it is humanly possible to go to the moon or thereabouts and get back safely, I wouldn't bet a wooden nickel that he wouldn't be one of the first travelers out there.

I had to ask him a final question suggested by his conflicts with fear. "Do you consider survival man's first business?"

His reply to that was anything but deliberate. "No, no!" he said. "A man's first business is to do something worth while—for others, for his country. Did Randy Lovelace think mostly of Randy when he bailed out of a plane higher than anybody had ever tried it? It had to be known if it could be done. He took all the precautions he could and jumped. He lost a glove on the way down and his hand was badly frostbitten, but he proved that men could parachute to earth safely from greater heights than most people thought possible.

"I'd guess no one ever did anything worth while without occasionally putting himself in jeopardy."

Think You Own a Strad?

(Continued from Page 27)

However, against this number of unmistakable works of Stradivari, there are countless violins bearing Stradivarius labels. The date on these spurious labels is usually within what is called the "golden period" of Stradivari, from 1700 to 1725—the years in which the master produced the finest of his matchless instruments. But, on occasion, the fake label is dated before Stradivari was known to put his name on his creations. Sometimes the name is misspelled. Concert violinist Oscar Shumsky prizes a letter from a woman owner of one of these "masterpieces." She wrote, "I have set my price for my Stradivarious violin at $50,000. The builder's trade-mark is written on the inside of the violin and reads as follows—'Built in Germany by Stradivarious in 1741.'" Various indeed are these counterfeit labels!

The Hills' definitive work on Stradivari includes photographs of all the different labels used by the master. In the labels of the 1660's, the first three numbers are printed and the fourth figure added by pen. In the 1670's, Stradivari erased the superfluous *6*, wrote in *7* and the next number. In the 1680's, instead of erasing the second *6*, the resourceful luthier neatly formed it into an *8*. In the 1690's he made this *6* into a *9* in the same manner. No sense in wasting printed labels! Then, in 1700 the master had a new set of labels printed, the first figure, *1*, being in type and the last three numbers added by pen. Stradivari followed this rule thereafter. But this custom is, apparently, not known to the numberless owners of spurious Strads.

Actually, it takes far more than a label to validate a Strad. There are certain characteristics of Stradivari that belonged to him and no other maker. Highly skilled copyists have produced what might be called "reasonable facsimiles" of a Stradivarius instrument, and often these have been offered quite honestly as "A faithful copy of Antonio Stradivari's work." Others are shamelessly presented as genuine Strads. The practiced expert is always able to distinguish even the uncannily good copy from the master's work, but much of the time expert scrutiny is not necessary, as most fake Strads now in circulation are blatantly false.

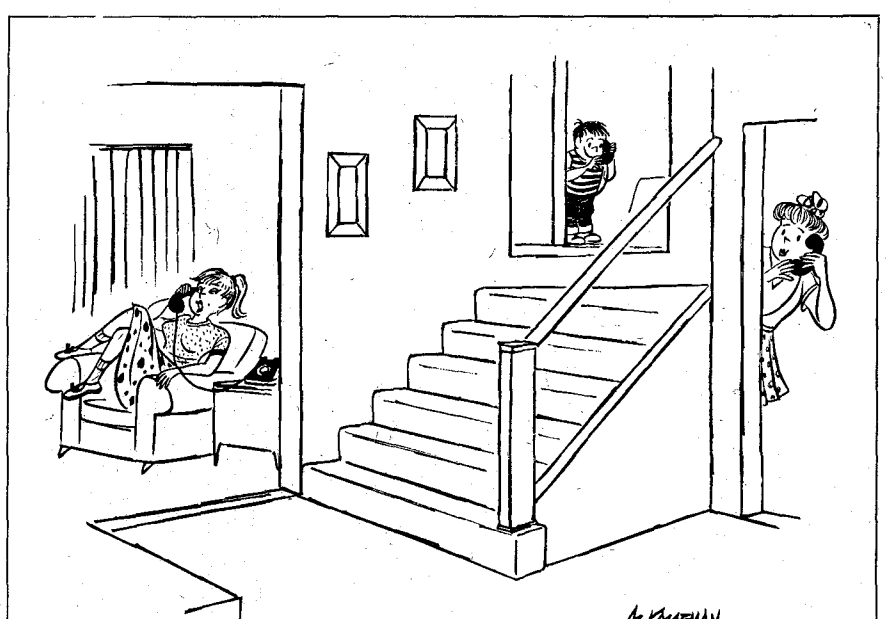
The specialist relies on his years of training, on his memory of the many Stradivarius originals he has seen, and on his knowledge of the many specific details of the master's technique to determine the authenticity of a good instrument. He recognizes, among other features, Stradivari's exquisite purfling—that inlaid line of three strips of wood which follows the outline of the instrument and preserves the edges from chipping. He knows that Antonio Stradivari held his chisel at a certain angle, and that the scrolls of his instruments—as well as other parts—conform to this characteristic chisel stroke. Yet the expert does not see separate chisel strokes in a Stradivarius scroll; he sees the flowing harmony, the delicate symmetry, the perfect end result.

The one uncopyable component of a Stradivarius violin is the varnish. Whenever a genuine Stradivarius instrument comes before the eyes of a connoisseur, he is enchanted by the deep, rich glow of the miraculous finish which seems to spring from the heart of the wood. As one admirer wrote, "It is not a vulgar glare, like a new violin of today, but a gentle, inward fire." This varnish is red or amber—sometimes gold—and of a delicious, soft transparency. The varnish is of paramount importance to the resonance and preservation of a fine violin. Though a good varnish won't transform an inferior fiddle into one of value, a poor varnish can ruin an otherwise worthy violin.

Stradivari is said to have written the formula for his varnish in a family Bible. This volume passed to a descendant who said that he destroyed the page so that the formula would never fall into the hands of another maker. Whether or not this is true, the Stradivari formula has long since disappeared, and the feat of duplicating it is a dream that has haunted men for more than 200 years. Mr. Hill regards the varnish as the most important feature of a Stradivarius instrument. Yet he believes that the magic of the Stradivari finish is not so much in the formula as in the inimitable artistry of the master's application. It would, however, be dangerous to reject a violin as a spurious Strad simply because the varnish is obviously not the master's, for genuine Stradivarius instruments have turned up which have been completely revarnished.

Just as Stradivari varied the colors of his varnish, so he varied certain features and measurements of his instruments. It is a fascinating study to note the development and progression of this genius throughout his long working life. He was one of the most restless craftsmen who ever lived and never made two identical instruments. His passion for change and improvement has made the task of separating the clever frauds from the originals doubly difficult. So what chance does the layman have in determining for himself whether his old fiddle is a factory fake, a highly skilled copy or a precious masterpiece? Not much.

Every professional violinist knows the story of the "old fiddle" backward. This old fiddle belonged to grandfather. It has lain in the family attic for twenty-five



"Hi, Freddie, and everybody on the extensions . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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years or more and it has just been rediscovered by the present owner. The fiddle is covered with a thick layer of dust and has a couple of dead wasps inside. The owner seems to believe that the dust and the dead wasps enhance the value and antiquity of the instrument.

The professional violinist deals with the instruments and their owners in routine fashion. He would like never to see another one of them. But there is always the chance, the one in a million, that a real masterpiece may come his way. For this reason he takes on all comers. And they come with deadly frequency. The old-fiddle drama has been played many times with my husband as the reluctant consultant. The owner brings him a beat-up, scratched and often cracked instrument which he takes out of a mildewed cardboard case. He passes the fiddle over to my husband and, with unsuppressed excitement, awaits the verdict. Sol takes the instrument—in trade lingo a cheesebox—and shakes out the dead wasps. He looks carefully at the back and front. Because you never know! He plucks the strings, if there are any. He carries out a slow and conscientious scrutiny. Ultimately he says, "Well, I don't pretend to be an expert on old violins but I can always tell a piece of junk when I see one."

This remark unfailingly begets the same reaction. The owner bridles. His integrity has been impugned. He points with shaking finger to the "Stradivarius" name and asks accusingly, "But how did that label get there?" My husband then patiently explains to the outraged owner that when one is going to falsify a violin label, it costs no more to print the name of *Antonius Stradivarius, Cremonensis,* than of the gimcrack German factory that turned it out. But the owner stubbornly repeats that the fiddle has been in his family for ages. My husband then states that the value of the century-old cheesebox is in inverse ratio to that of a masterpiece. The inferior article grows junkier through the years, while the creation of the inspired craftsman increases in beauty, charm and value. Naturally the owner of the old fiddle is seldom convinced at this point that his treasure is an impertinent forgery. So he is advised to take the violin to a reputable expert who, for a nominal fee, will appraise the violin and will put the opinion in writing. Such an appraisal will be recognized anywhere.

Every violinist has his favorite "old fiddle" experience. Violin virtuoso Mischa Elman tells this one. In a hotel lobby, while on a concert tour, he was once approached by a man who said, "Mr. Elman, I have traveled a hundred and fifty miles to see you."

"Why?" asked the violinist, knowing from experience what the reply would be.

"Well, you see, I have a very old, very valuable violin. I'd like you to see it."

Mr. Elman explained that he had no time then. He had to dine, dress and go to the concert hall. "But if you will bring your fiddle backstage during the intermission, I will look at it."

"Backstage!" cried the man indignantly. "I came to see you, not to hear you."

The drama of the "missing Strad" is repeated endlessly. The barber has such a treasure. So has a commuting acquaintance. And the wife of the painter who studied in Italy. The last might have possibilities. But no, it is always the same old battered box, with the missing bridge, crazed varnish and ubiquitous Stradivarius label.

Those most cautious of connoisseurs, the *Messrs.* Hill, commenting on "missing Strads" say, "We do not suppose most of these hypothetical instruments are lying *perdus* in the hands of the ignorant, for during an experience extending over half a century we have met with scarcely any such cases." And the Hills further write, "We have usually found Stradivari's productions associated with other worldly belongings of a high order." Although one cannot peremptorily rule out an American junkshop or family attic as a repository for a Stradivarius instrument, the evidence is overwhelmingly against it. The violins of Antonio Stradivari enjoyed the highest reputation during the life of their maker. They were commissioned, on numerous occasions, by prelates, princes and kings. They were frequently destined for the mansions of the wealthy. And they have been generally sought after, prized and protected by their subsequent owners.

But the search for the "missing Strads" goes on. And a good thing too. As a hobby, Mr. Arthur Hill, of the violin firm, used to spend time in the British Museum, reading eighteenth-century manuscripts. In 1926 the old gentleman came upon a diary in which the writer told of having heard, in 1750, a first performance of "Mr. Handel's new concerto." The diarist mentioned that the concertmaster had played on a Stradivarius violin "lent him for the occasion by the Earl of Plymouth." This item startled and intrigued Mr. Hill. He had never heard of the Plymouth family's owning a Strad. He wrote to the earl inquiring if this instrument might still be in the family's possession. Some time later a reply came from the earl's secretary saying, "His Lordship wishes me to inform you that he does not know whether he owns a Stradivarius violin or not." The reply did not daunt Mr. Hill.

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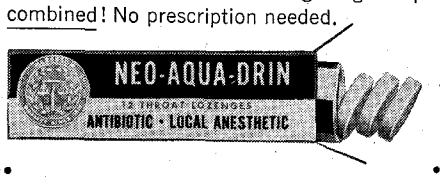

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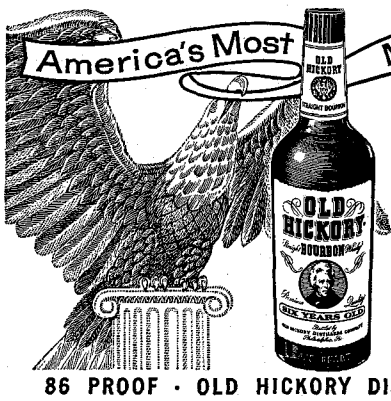

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He knew that it would be quite possible for a valuable violin to be sequestered within an English castle without the incumbent's being aware of it. Through delicate maneuvering, Mr. Hill obtained permission to look through the castle with the secretary. In one of the castle lumber rooms—British equivalent of the American storage room—several violins in cases were discovered. One case was locked—the key missing—but it was gently forced open. Picture Mr. Hill's excitement and joy when there was revealed a splendid Stradivarius violin, possibly the very one which the diarist had heard in "Mr. Handel's new concerto." Mr. Hill bought that entire lot of violins, and the Plymouth Strad, as it is now known, later became the property of virtuoso Fritz Kreisler.

This is one of the few instances in recent times where a genuine Stradivarius violin in first-class condition has unexpectedly turned up. On the other hand, two superb Strads have been destroyed within the past ten years. Both belonged to famous French concert artists, one to Mlle. Jeanette Niveu, the other to Jacques Thibaud. Both these artists and their instruments were the victims of airplane crashes.

The remarkable thing is that as many as 600 of these noble instruments survive—when you consider that over a period of more than 200 years, fire, pillage, accident, vandalism, wood-eating worms and repair butchers have taken their sickening toll. Yet over one half of the master's output lives. My husband points out another curious fact of the rare violin's durability. He says, "A picture, a statue or other work of art is usually kept in a stationary position, to be merely looked at. But a fine violin is a musician's working tool. Not only does he play on it constantly but he travels around with it. It is in use and in transit most of the time."

A fairly complete dossier exists on practically every one of the known Stradivarius instruments, thanks to scholars, researchers and a unique person known as Luigi Tarisio. When and where Tarisio was born is not known. He lived in the early nineteenth century and is the first great "discoverer" of rare old violins. In his travels around the Italian countryside, as an obscure journeyman carpenter, Tarisio came across fine old violins, their value unsuspected by their owners. No one knows how he learned to recognize the masterpieces, but he had a God-given eye for those violins which were unmistakably the works of the great Italian luthiers. He soon quit the carpentry trade to devote himself, until the end of his life, to finding these masterpieces.

Tarisio went around the country, dressed as a poor peddler, with a sack on his back. And he offered to exchange bright, shiny new instruments for the old violins that he knew were the handiwork of Italy's immortal masters. His customers in these exchanges were, for the most part, country people, clerics in monasteries and sometimes noblemen. Periodically Tarisio journeyed to Paris, still in the garb of a peddler. But the sack on his back now contained superb specimens of the famous Cremonese makers, including, from time to time, creations of Amati, Stradivari, Guarneri del Gesù, Bergonzi, Guadagnini and others. He sold his precious cargo for excellent prices to Parisian dealers, of whom the most astute and discriminating was J. B. Vuillaume.

One day in 1854 Vuillaume heard that Tarisio had died. The dealer hurried to Milan with a sum of money, ready to buy from the heirs the fiddles that he knew the peddler must have left. The dandified Parisian was taken by Tarisio's sister to the wretched room over the restaurant where Tarisio had died. He reports, "I was speechless at the sight which confronted me." There were fiddles everywhere—more than 200 wonderful violins and other stringed instruments were strewn around in staggering disorder. And scattered, helter-skelter on the floor, were scores of parts in bewildering confusion. Then the sister took M. Vuillaume to her brother's small farm some distance away. Here Tarisio was found to have hidden away five of the world's immortal stringed instruments. The Parisian dealer tugged open the drawer of a rickety old bureau, and he almost fainted, he says, at the sight of the treasure revealed. He stood for several minutes gazing in rapturous silence at the brand-new Stradivarius violin which Tarisio had often spoken about but never shown to anyone.

This thrillingly beautiful instrument is known as the "Messiah" Strad. Until it came into Tarisio's hands, it had been preserved in pristine condition in the collection of Count Cozio de Salabue, who had bought it, unused, from a descendant of Stradivari. Tarisio acquired it in mint condition. The violin is of such startling splendor and brilliance and so exquisitely embellished that Tarisio evidently felt it was far too precious to sell. This strange man kept it hidden for thirty years. One of the Parisian coterie once said to Tarisio, "This instrument you refer to is like the Messiah; we hear about it, but never see it." And so it got its name. The Messiah is still in its pristine perfection. As far as anyone knows it has never been played upon. It is now in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford University, a British national possession, the gift of Arthur and Alfred Hill.

In contrast, the lady who gave the famous quartet of Stradivarius instruments to the Library of Congress, Washington, D.C., expressly stated that they should not become mere relics, but should be played upon. The generous donor, Mrs. Matthew John Whittall, even provided a fund for programs in which the instruments should be heard. Each of the quartet—two violins, viola and violoncello—is a perfect example of Stradivari's genius. Among them is the incomparable "Betts" violin, made in 1704 and considered by many to be the most beautiful and most perfect violin ever made. It was bought by a violin dealer named Arthur Betts, in London, in the nineteenth century for a sum equivalent to five dollars. Although the records do not disclose the name of the man from whom Betts bought the violin, every year of the famous fiddle's history is well documented from that time. It was purchased finally by Mrs. Whittall and presented by her, with the three other Stradivarius instruments, to the Library of Congress in 1935. Since that time millions of Americans have heard broadcasts from the Library by the Budapest String Quartet and others, playing on these noble instruments.

Mischa Mischakoff, for seventeen years concertmaster with the Toscanini-NBC Symphony Orchestra, and now concertmaster of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, owns three Stradivarius violins. He, like other fine artists, regards himself as the trustee of these matchless instruments. And when in 1945 one of his Strads became damaged in a taxi journey—he did not know of the damage until he took the violin out of the case in our home—his greatest grief came from the fact that this flawless fiddle had been injured while in his possession.

When Mischakoff was a young man in Russia, the government lent him a Stradivarius violin. He was using this fiddle in 1921 when he was planning to escape from Russia, but had no intention of taking the violin along. He had noticed a short time before that a small imperfection had appeared on the scroll. He thereupon took the fiddle to a well-known Russian luthier for repair. He would call for it, he said, in a couple of weeks. Then he made his escape, knowing, as he says, "that the violin would eventually get back into government hands." In 1957 the Russian violinist Leonid Kogan visited Detroit on a concert tour through the United States. Kogan and Mischakoff met and talked for a long time. Mischa wondered out loud, a little wistfully, what had happened to the beautiful Strad he had played on as a youth in Russia. Kogan opened his violin case. There it was. Though the instrument had been meticulously repaired, Mischakoff's expert eye noted where the small imperfection on the scroll had been.

Thefts of rare violins have occurred, but they have been comparatively few. The Stradivarius violin belonging to the late concert violinist Bronislaw Hubermann was stolen twice. As of this date it has not been recovered. It is truly a "missing Strad." One reason, perhaps, why thefts of valuable violins are not more common is that most thieves know it is almost impossible to dispose of a rare violin without detection. It is the custom, too, for well-known dealers to make photographs of all rare violins that pass through their hands. These photographs are usually known to other dealers. This makes identification of a stolen fiddle, should it turn up, prompt and precise. Some years ago a rare violin was stolen from a radio studio in Chicago. It was spotted a week later, when the thief took it to a San Francisco dealer. Stolen jewelry may be broken up for the sale of individual stones and the metal. But the resale of a fine violin depends on its good preservation. And though a picture in a museum may be cut from its frame, rolled up and carried out beneath the coat of the thief, a violin in a case remains awkwardly uncollapsible. A thief must have everything in his favor to make off with a stolen violin. But sometimes it happens.

A young man recently showed up in the studios of the Wurlitzer Company in New York offering a fine violin for sale. Mr. Rembert Wurlitzer, whose grandfather founded the firm in 1856, instantly recognized the fiddle as one he had sold to a woman violinist a couple of years before. On the pretext of examining the fiddle in an inner office, Mr. Wurlitzer withdrew and phoned the lady. Was she offering her violin for sale? "Good gracious, no!" When told that the fiddle was in Mr. Wurlitzer's hands, she replied heatedly, "But that's impossible. It's in the closet where I always keep it." She'd go get it, she said. A minute later she was back on the phone, her voice shaking with emotion. The fiddle was not there. Mr. Wurlitzer assured her that her precious fiddle was safe in his hands. When he returned to the outer office, the young man had disappeared.

The layman might wonder that a dealer should be able to recognize, almost instantly, an instrument that he had sold a couple of years before. But the professional who owns a rare violin, or the expert who has handled and closely observed a Cremonese masterpiece knows it forever. The scroll, the purfling, the f-holes, the varnish, the pattern of the wood—all are familiar and identifiable to the experienced dealer and the knowledgeable owner.

The person who believes he has discovered a Strad in the family attic should face up to facts before he plans the spending of his windfall. None of the professionals consulted by this writer, none of the violin dealers asked, none of the books read, disclose any such fortunate happening. True, the incident of the peerless "Betts" Strad being purchased by a London dealer for about five dollars is the classic case of a Strad for a song. But there is small chance that it will be repeated. And yet the search goes on. Indeed it should go on; for it is quite possible that there are Stradivarius instruments—violins, violas or cellos—that are still in hiding. However, the chances are that such sleeping beauties, like the Plymouth Strad, will be found slumbering only in the castles of English or European nobility or in the homes of the wealthy.

As to whether the future will be enriched by the works of another luthier as great as Antonio Stradivari—who knows? He has not appeared in the more than 200 years since the master died. "We unhesitatingly assert," say the Hills, "that modern violinmakers have a choice of material equal in every respect to that which existed at the time of Stradivarius and of infinitely greater variety." Since genius is the magic element in the fashioning of a violin masterpiece, perhaps one of the modern makers, many of whom are today turning out superb violins, may someday startle the world with stringed instruments as great as those of Antonio Stradivari of Cremona. THE END

"Lots of people are extra tall. You've got to act small—think small."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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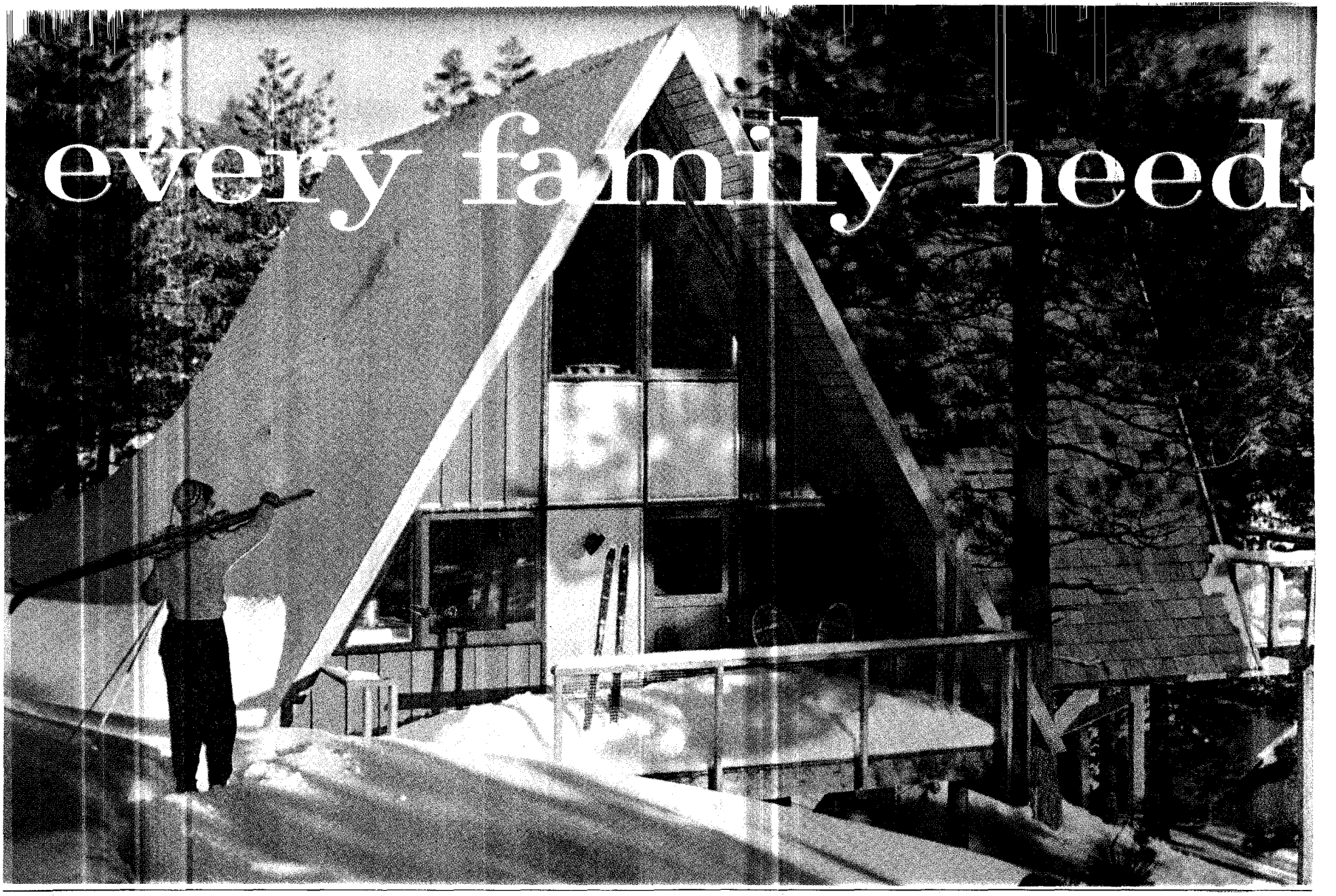

Leave Her Alone! (Continued from Page 24)

made the price one hundred fifty dollars, which was fine. The "slightly old" didn't tell much, but it sounded interesting, a bit cagey. Obviously this O'Lynn was a woman. No man would write an ad like that. And the R.F.D. number with no address!

"What does she expect? Two hundred bucks in an envelope and instructions on where to deliver the car?"

He tried to imagine her. A hard-bitten farm widow? No. That type wouldn't use the word "beautiful." It would be somebody sentimental. A country schoolteacher who has just lost her job? With homely appearance and pale eyes and a coy simper. That sounded about right. It was June and school had closed. So, she isn't coming back to Clarkside. The explanation pleased him, but where was Clarkside?

The post office answered his question, and Sergeant Hickey loaned him his ancient jalopy. Bingo wore his Air Force blues. Ordinarily he wore civilian clothes off base, but no deal was ever hurt by a snappy uniform if a woman was involved.

There was a lot of daylight left and a good road east. Reading about Colorado, a man got the idea that it was all a mass of mountains. A lot of it was flat, prairie land so monotonous that it was fascinating. Clarkside was a careless grouping of houses and stores, all needing paint, completely surrounded by horizon. There was no limit to how far one could look except the limit of human vision, and nothing whatever to look at. R.F.D. One was on the road south, and O'Lynn would be the Wickson granddaughter, according to the man at the filling station.

"Girl named Patricia," he said. "I'd kind of forgotten the O'Lynn till you mentioned it. Two miles south on your left."

She was sitting on the cedar fence beside the mailbox; a long-legged girl in blue jeans, with a yellow blouse and a Western hat. She slid down when Bingo Hallen got out of his car. She was a medium-tall, straight-standing girl, protruding slightly front and rear as she should, but not excessively. The sun had been applied evenly on her skin, giving it a dark honey color. She looked about eighteen. Her eyes were blue, wide eyes with dismay in them.

A hypochondriac is someone who suffers from every disease imaginable.

CY N. PEACE

"You've come about the car, haven't you? I hoped you wouldn't. That is, I mean I hoped nobody would."

It all came out fast, with no pause for an answer to the question. "Not running the ad would be simpler than hoping not," Bingo said.

"I know. It was my grandfather's idea. I mean I have to sell it. Do you want to see it?"

None of her questions required answers. She was already moving ahead of him on a path that led to a large, square house. A hundred yards south there were sheds of different sizes and shapes, enclosures of wire, and several people moving around. Leaving the people out of the picture, the area looked like a chicken metropolis, with pedestrian chickens running and walking aimlessly among all the houses and "apartment houses." The girl stopped beside a car on the north side of the house.

It was a 1938 sedan, standing high off the road with no modern squat or spread; a polished shiny blue automobile with some nicks in the bumper chrome, but no fender dents.

"A slightly old car?" Bingo Hallen said. "When that chariot was new, that was the first year my folks were ever proud of me."

"Why?" The blue eyes were interested.

"I'd just conquered the diaper habit."

Surprisingly the girl flushed. She turned away, as much annoyed at herself probably as she was with him. "My grandfather was right about soldiers," she said. "You can go now. I won't sell you my car."

Bingo walked around the car unperturbed. It was a very solid vehicle. Those fenders would crumple any of the modern tin and never feel a wound. The seat covers were not new, but they were clean, and the front ones matched those in back; blue and tan.

"You were right about one thing," he said. "It does look beautiful."

The girl was braiding her fingers together nervously. Her face lighted up momentarily. "It is," she said. "It's been kind of a pet."

This wasn't any way to buy a used car. Bingo's instincts told him to get away, and fast, but he had other instincts besides those of a trader.

"Look," he said. "Maybe this is all a mistake. We've got to talk about it. You're Patricia O'Lynn. I'm Bingo Hallen."

"Hardly anybody calls me Patricia. They call me Pat. Pat O'Lynn. It sounds like something on the TV that cleans stoves or sinks."

It did. He wished that she hadn't brought that up. Having discussed her own name she was suddenly aware of his. "Bingo?" she said. "It's a game, but I've never played it."

Sergeant Hallen had heard all of the bingo jokes and all of the variations. Oddly he had the impression that the girl hadn't heard any of them; she was playing it straight. He was willing to leave it that way.

"Tell me why you're selling the car," he said.

"I have to. I used it to drive to school. Now it's summer, and my grandfather says I don't need it and he doesn't want me running around and he's sending me to college in September and he'll be darned if he'll let me be in college with an automobile where he can't keep an eye on me."

That seemed perfectly clear. Bingo walked back to the sedan, trying hard not to think of it as a pet. He sat under the wheel. The wheel did not have much play in it, and the brake pedal resisted the pressure of his foot. The ignition key was in place. The starter was noisy and the engine snorted when it caught, but it settled down immediately to a quiet purr. This was an interesting piece of transportation. He turned off the engine and went back to the girl. Now was the time to be practical and hardhearted. From this point on the deal was strictly business.

Another car had stopped behind Frank Hickey's in the road, and a stocky, middle-aged man was walking up the path. He was a sly-looking man in a black sombrero and his smile was too wide for his narrow face.

"Hi, Pat," he said. "I read your ad where you're selling your car."

"Yes." Her voice was barely audible.

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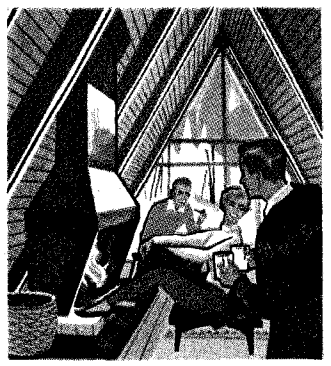

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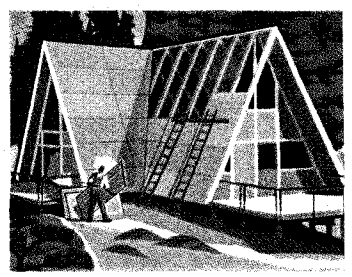

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The man in the sombrero walked over to the old sedan and kicked the nearest tire. Pat O'Lynn winced. She bit her lip. When the man gripped the right fender with both hands and tried to shake it loose, Bingo leaned toward her.

"Tell that farmer it's sold," he said. "Scram him!"

"Oh!" She turned her wide expressive eyes on him. They were expressing gratitude. "Thank you." She moved swiftly toward the black sombrero before another tire could be kicked or another fender shaken. "It's sold, Mr. Medalin," she said.

"Why didn't you say so?"

Mr. Medalin divided a dirty look between Pat O'Lynn and Bingo. As he strode angrily down the path, Bingo had a moment of dark suspicion. This had been pretty pat. Farmers were tricky. They didn't get such a bad name for horse trading without earning it. This was a horsepower trade. Same difference. A female farmer would be even trickier. This business could be a plant, pushing him into the buy before he thought about it. He was ashamed of himself almost immediately, but still wary.

Pat O'Lynn took off her big hat, swinging it like a sunbonnet. She had light brown hair with little glints of red in it. "I'm so glad," she said. "I couldn't sleep nights if he had Savannah."

"Savannah?"

"That's her name—the car. Didn't I tell you? It had a sticker on it advertising Savannah when I got it."

"O.K.," he said. "Suppose we try it out. I'd like to drive it."

Pat hesitated. "My grandfather won't like it—me riding with you, I mean. He doesn't trust soldiers."

"I'm an Air Force technician, and I don't care who he trusts. Do you trust me?" he asked.

"That's very difficult," she said. "If I don't ride in the car and let you drive it, I'm trusting you with the car. If I ride with you —— Well, I'll do it."

She got in beside him, and she told him about her grandfather as Bingo drove. His name was Ben Wickson, and he liked to raise chickens out here on the prairie because there wasn't anything for them to eat but what he gave them, and he fed them scientific food that produced a lot of eggs. Eating worms and things like that, a chicken couldn't keep up with modern production standards.

Bingo listened to her as he drove the car over a county road. It was quite an automobile; no arthritis, no apparent neuroses. Grandfather Wickson, the girl said, was all the family she had because her mother was dead and her father went away one day when she was a baby and didn't come back. He was in the Air Corps when he deserted her mother. Her grandfather didn't understand girls. He thought she should be happy without doing anything. There was one boy, a man really, who came around, and he wanted to take her to shows and dances. His name was Dudley Towne. He was twenty-one and kind of fat, and he was growing a beard because nearly everybody was growing a beard on account of this being the Colorado centennial celebration. But her grandfather wouldn't let her go out with Dudley because he didn't trust him.

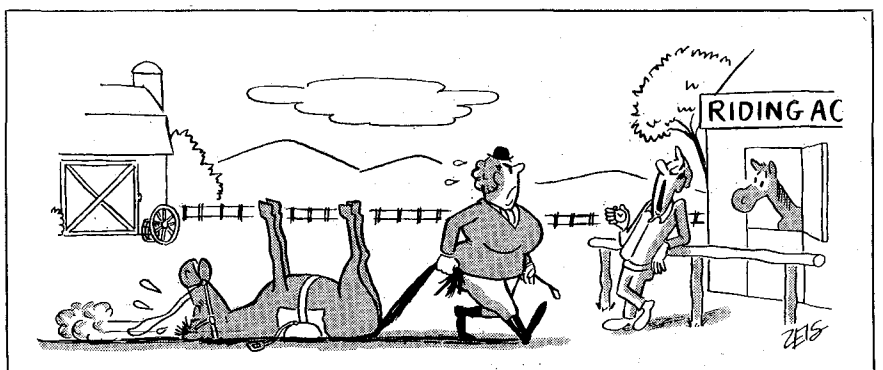
Bingo, for once, agreed with her grandfather. A character like that! Twenty-one and fat and with a beard! "He can be very mean, my grandfather," Pat O'Lynn said. "I don't mean nasty mean or stingy mean, but ——"

She left the sentence hanging in the air. She didn't make the kind of sense that a man could put a slide rule on, but in her own way she communicated.

"It's getting dark," she said. "We have to get back."

Bingo turned Savannah around. He tried out the lights. They did not exactly flood the road, but they were adequate. When he pulled into the private road beside the house, the girl was obviously nervous. There were lights in the house.

"I have to get in before my grandfather comes out," she said. "Do you want to buy my car?"



"What kept you?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Yes. But look, Pat. Two hundred dollars!" He shook his head. "Never happen."

"Never what?"

"That's Japanese for too much."

"I was afraid of that. I bought a new tire. I've taken very good care of it." She was terribly in earnest, facing him, half turned in the seat, the faint light from the dash warming the honey of her skin. "All right," she said. "A hundred and fifty."

She didn't know how to make a fight of it. Bingo Hallen's trader instincts were overwhelmed by instincts that were much older and much more experienced. If anyone else said a hundred and fifty to him for a 1938 automobile, he'd hammer to a hundred and twenty-five.

"Don't be so honest," he said. "I'm not accustomed to giving a sucker a break. I'll pay a hundred and seventy-five dollars."

"Can you afford it?"

He could. He had two hundred and fifty dollars in cash in his pocket. Suddenly he decided that he didn't want this deal to end so soon. "Will you take my check?" he said.

Her eyes searched his face, faintly anxious eyes. "I'll leave it with you and come back for the car Thursday. Same time, same place," he said. "O.K.?"

The anxiety went away. "Oh, yes," she said.

It was a long three days. Bingo told himself that he was eager to get possession of the car now that he had closed the deal for it. The more he thought about it, the better he liked it as an airman's car on an air-base lot. He thought about Patricia O'Lynn too. She was kind of cute. Natural! Living out in the middle of nothing, she hadn't learned all the standard she-routines. She was young, though; too young. Just (*Continued on Page 85*)

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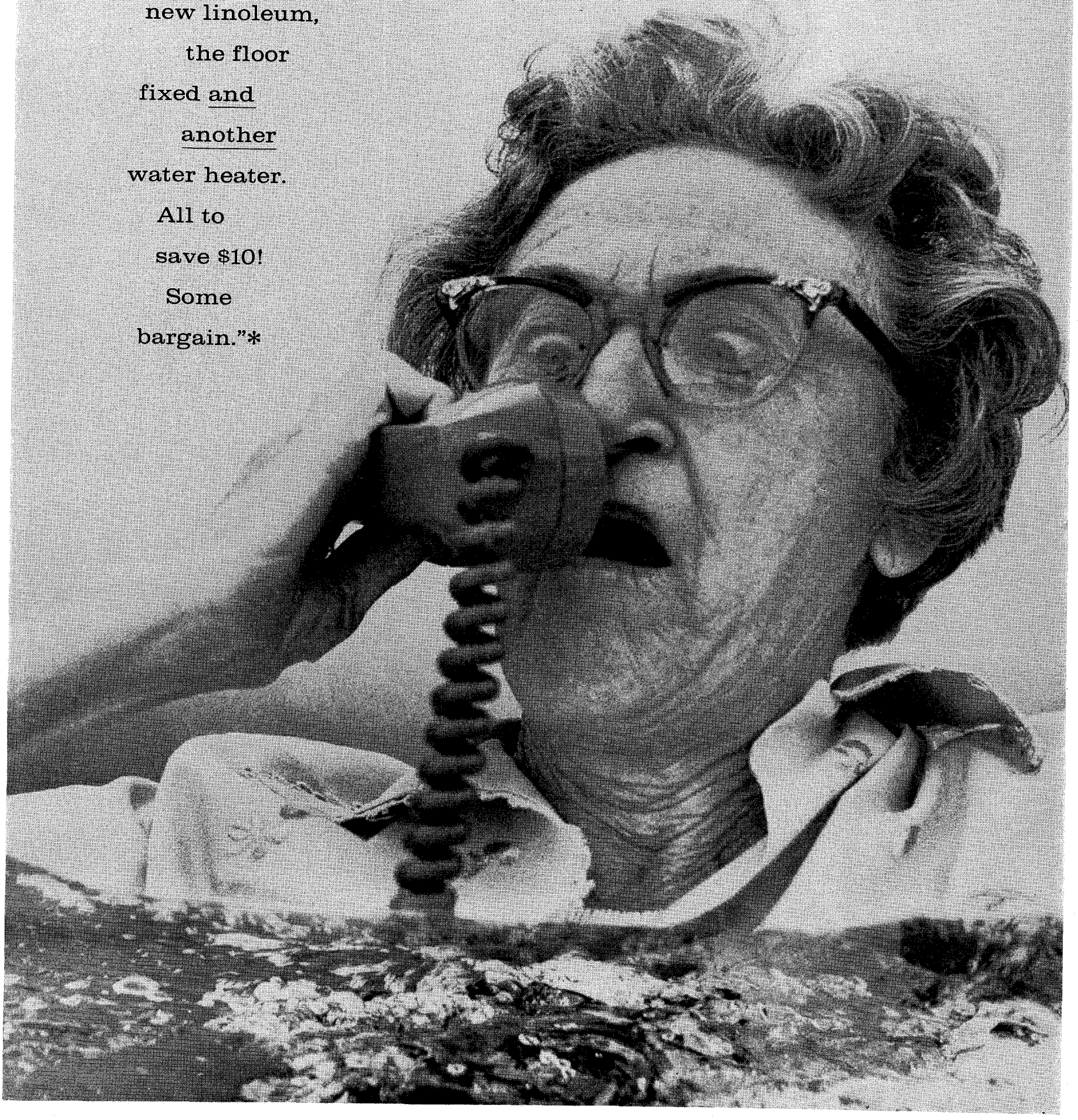

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(*Continued from Page 83*) a long-legged teen-ager in jeans. By the time she was old enough to be interesting, she'd know all the moves on the checkerboard and she'd be like all the rest of them. Not that there was anything repulsive about the rest of them; they were merely interchangeable.

Hickey drove him out on Thursday and left him. Pat O'Lynn was not sitting on the fence. She came out of the house as he walked up the path. He stood and stared at her. She had done something to her hair, something that put curls in it and moved it higher on her head. She was wearing a blue dress, the kind of blue that you see in the sky on a clear afternoon, neither dark nor pale. It was a simple dress, straight lines, not clinging, but not disguising the fact that there was a clingable girl underneath.

"I'm Ben Wickson," a deep voice said.

Bingo turned, startled. There was a big man standing at the south corner of the house; a broad-shouldered, loosely constructed man, with a red tan on his skin and white hair under a shabby old felt hat. He was wearing high boots, waders, like a fisherman's, and they were glistening wet. Bingo wondered, irrelevantly, if these modern chickens had to be bathed to keep them on the production ball. Ben Wickson's eyes unmistakably conveyed the idea that he did not enjoy watching a young man stare at his granddaughter.

"Your check cleared the bank O.K.," he said. "It sort of surprised me."

"What's surprising about it?"

"I don't expect anything good out of any soldier."

Bingo did some quick mental arithmetic on Ben Wickson's age. "There were probably a lot of bums in uniform during the First World War," he said calmly. "I hear that they took almost anybody then."

"They did. And they do. They always will. Sit down."

Ben Wickson waved to the porch steps and seated himself on the top step. Bingo was aware of Patricia standing anxiously a few feet away. It couldn't be helped. This was one of those times when women must wait. An issue had been raised.

"You can't tell me anything about the First World War," Ben Wickson said. "I was in it. We were soldiers, and we were a lot of stealing, looting, no-good bums, including me."

"Sometimes things get out of hand." Bingo did some more mental arithmetic. Pat's father, the O'Lynn who married Ben Wickson's daughter and went over the hill, was in another classification. "The second war got some pretty sad sacks too," he admitted cheerfully, "drafting everybody that could breathe—like they did."

"The kind that makes a profession out of it is the worst. They ain't good for anything else and they know it."

Bingo drew a deep breath. "The Air Force is a career," he said, "and we don't need strong-back morons like we need brains. We've got airmen basic that are smarter than the generals you had in your war."

"Maybe so. Being so isn't being moral or responsible or a decent citizen or anything except just what you said. Smart." Ben Wickson put contempt into his snort. "What are you, one of those smart airmen basics?"

"I'm a staff sergeant, bucking for technical."

The old man rose. "Worst rank there is! Just high enough to know all the tricks, not high enough to be a gentleman. What I've been trying to tell you is that you bought an automobile. That's all you did. It doesn't make you a friend of the family. I don't want you coming back. And you better understand that I mean it."

Ben Wickson stalked off, and Bingo Hallen's eyes followed him resentfully. Patricia clenched her fists. "I hate him," she said.

Her vehemence commanded attention. "You just think that you do."

"I don't think. I do! I do hate him. He does that every time. Whenever anybody comes around to see me, he does that. He is rude to them. He was worse to you because you're a soldier."

Bingo shrugged resignedly. It would never be possible to explain to these people that an Air Force technician was not a mere soldier.

"He fired a shotgun at a boy that brought me home late from the school prom," Patricia said.

Bingo blinked. "Just for bringing you home late?"

"Yes." The girl looked away, staring at one of the horizons. "He didn't try to hit him, of course, but the boy didn't come back."

That figured. Bingo studied the girl thoughtfully. In that blue dress, she would draw so many whistles on a base like Lowry that it would sound like a full orchestra in rehearsal. It was a simple dress too. She was a girl who didn't need emphasis. He was beginning, reluctantly, to understand her grandfather's point of view. Without admitting that Air Force technicians were bums, they were human. The girl had a point too. She didn't get herself all shined up and lovely-looking just for her grandfather and the chickens.

"Listen," he said. "You're looking very nice. Why can't you demonstrate the car to me and we'll get a soda or something?"

He had her attention again. Her eyes were very wide, very blue. "I couldn't," she said. "You heard him. I couldn't." She bit her lip and looked away. "I wish I was eighteen."

"Aren't you?"

"Not till October. My grandfather says that anything that happens to a girl after she is eighteen is her own fault."

That sounded rather chilling. Bingo walked toward the old car, which stood proud and sparkling in the fading sunlight. "Well," he said. "As long as the check cleared, I guess we've closed the deal."

"Yes."

Her voice was so low that he turned around to look at her. She was braiding her fingers and staring at the car with big tears in her eyes. He swallowed hard himself. Here was a kid who was having a rough time.

"There's a dance at the post on Saturday night," he said. "Any chance?"

"You're asking me, you mean?"

"That's the general idea."

She took a deep breath. "That's the night my grandfather goes to his lodge."

"Then you can?"

"No. I couldn't."

He turned away, took two steps toward the car, then faced her again. "You'll want to know how Savannah is doing, how I'm treating her and how she looks," he said.

"Yes." Her voice was low again. She was looking at the old car with her heart in her eyes. "I'd have to be back by eleven," she said, "before he gets home. I could be ready by eight."

Eleven, with the distance from Lowry to cover, didn't provide much of an evening, but it was something. "It's a date," Bingo said. "Out at eight. Back by eleven."

"I always put high-test gas in Savannah. You don't have to do it, but I always did."

"I'll remember."

Bingo tried to make the farewell brief. He didn't want to see any more tears, so he did not look at Pat O'Lynn. He attached his temporary license and a sticker on the window. As he put the car in gear, he was thinking that this date for Saturday night was not exactly a tribute to his own charms. The date was Savannah's.

Saturday night was a night of clear sky and a big orange moon that hung low on the prairie long after it should have been aloft. Bingo Hallen wore his dress blues, and the mirror reassured him. He had never offered any competition to the movie types or the boys who modeled Ivy League clothes, but when he met an occasion he didn't let the Air Force down either. He had shoulders and chest and the kind of a map that looked ruggedly healthy. A girl, he thought, could do worse.

Pat O'Lynn reduced him to average size. She had a white formal that she had probably worn to the high-school prom she had mentioned. It was a demure little number with a collar and no plunging, but it clung to a waist so small that it made a man feel big and clumsy, the way fine china did. The skirt billowed wide. Above the creation was a proud little head with wonderful wide blue eyes and soft lips and a shy smile.

"I'm awfully excited," Patricia said.

"You'll have lots of other people feeling the same way," Bingo shook his head. "You've done a lot in seventeen years."

"I haven't done anything."

"In the next seventeen you'll make history."

She laughed delightedly. She wouldn't be hard to amuse, he thought; and she wasn't. She greeted Savannah happily and asked questions about the car, talking about it as though it were good old Black Beauty, the faithful family horse. She wasn't impressed with the orange moon, because it was often like that, she said, but she was thrilled with the Lowry base, which, Bingo thought, was always like this.

They arrived before the dancing started, and he showed her around. They were serving hamburgers at the snack bar and she wanted one. "With lots of onions," she said. Bingo was aghast. A girl didn't do that, not at a dance or on a date with a man.

"You have no soul," he said.

"I have too. I'm a Presbyterian."

"I like Presbyterians. They know where they're going."

She blinked and looked blank. "I don't."

She didn't, he decided, know much about religion. It was astonishing to see her, frail, ethereal and lovely, eating greasy food and doing it daintily, not smearing it on her dress. She took out a small mirror and a lipstick, slightly restoring her mouth.

"That was wonderful," she said. "When do we dance?"

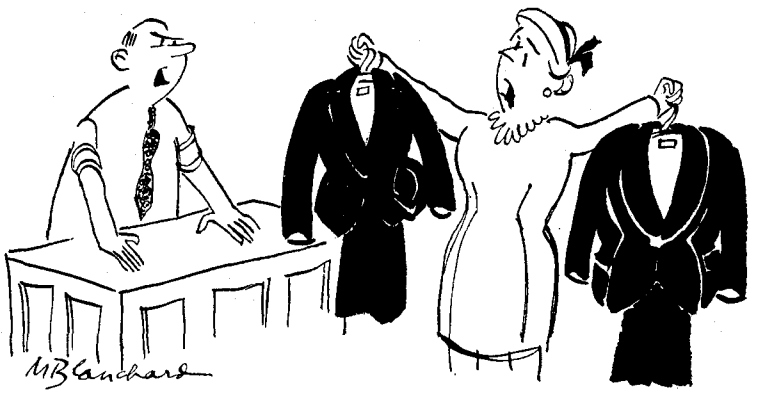
They danced and she got the message of the music. She flowed smoothly to his lead without any faltering or hesitation, even when he led into steps that he knew she had never danced before. There was a flush in her face under the honey tan. Onions or no onions, she drew the seeing-eyes from the side lines. Bingo had to share her more than he wanted to share, but that was inevitable. She was breathless once when he reclaimed her.

"My grandfather wouldn't like some of these boys," she said.

That was inevitable too. A girl learned about men from men. Bingo tried not to brood about it. She was taking life in her stride.

"What time is it?" she said.

"I'm watching."



You be the Judge

By FLORENCE K. PALMER

When the cleaner returned Hannah's winter suits, she took one look and shrieked. All, she claimed, were woefully shrunken. The cleaner denied her claim, and so she sued.

"Every bit of my clothing was shrunken far too small to fit me ever again," Hannah complained. "Only a circus freak could get into it. Obviously it wasn't that small when I sent it to the cleaner, or I couldn't have worn it in the first place."

"They went back to her in the same size and shape that we received them," the cleaner countered. "It's not our fault if the lady doesn't remember what size she wears."

If you were the judge, would you make the cleaner pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The cleaner had to pay. The court said the difference in size between Hannah and the clothing was so great that she obviously couldn't wear it. Since she would not incur a bill for clothing already too small to fit her, the court concluded, the cleaner was to blame.

Based upon a 1957 Oklahoma decision.

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He did watch the time, not wanting to do so. He owed her that. At ten-thirty the evening was barely started, but for them it was over. "Now," he said.

They went out to Savannah. The moon had turned silver. Remembered music was in their thoughts, and Pat O'Lynn sat close to him, in the arc of his arm, as he drove one-handed. When they had to shift gears, he threw the clutch out and she shifted. It was as smooth as their dancing and they needed no signals.

One mile south of Clarkside, one mile north of her home, and running right on schedule, Savannah coughed forlornly, choked, sputtered and stopped. The sudden silence all around them was shattering. Patricia straightened.

"You're out of gas," she said.

"Guess again. Full tank tonight. High-test."

"Oh. Maybe it's like last summer. It happened once. A man poured cold water on the engine and it started."

"That was a vapor lock probably. Not tonight. No heat to do it."

Bingo climbed out and lifted the hood. He had the girl press the starter while he tested the ignition. He was getting spark. "Sometimes when it won't start I just rock it back and forth a little," Patricia said.

"Some people rub a rabbit's foot."

Bingo got his tools out of the trunk. He was glad now that he had bought a set the first day that he had this buggy. Pat O'Lynn hadn't even owned a screw driver or a tire iron. He wasn't getting gas to the carburetor, and that was the simple arithmetic of the situation. He went to work grimly, aware that he was racing time.

Patricia stood in the road, watching him, and she didn't complicate the job with a lot of idle chatter. She didn't remind him that it was late.

He finished the job and straightened. "Try the starter," he said.

She got into the car and pressed the pedal. Savannah caught with a roar and settled down to a contented purr. Bingo sighed. He had forgotten to equip with rags or waste. He had to mop the grease off his hands inadequately with his handkerchief. He lowered the hood and slid in under the wheel as Patricia moved over. It was eleven-twenty.

Ben Wickson was standing tall and grim on the path in front of the house. He didn't have a shotgun, but he had a shotgun manner. Patricia alighted fast from the right-hand side of the car.

"I'm sorry," she said. "Awfully sorry. We just went to a dance. We left early. Honest. We left at ten-thirty."

"Don't tell me what you've been doing since. I don't want to know," the grim voice said.

Bingo had to circle the car after leaving the driver's seat. Ben Wickson glowered at him. "I knew that I couldn't trust you the minute I laid eyes on you," he said, "but I thought I could trust her. She's my own flesh and blood."

"Yes?" Bingo said ominously. "And now you can't?"

"Now I can't! Get off my propetry before I throw you off."

Ben Wickson seemed to grow taller with the threat. Bingo Hallen walked up to him. "Mister," he said, "I don't know what kind of a dirty mind you took out of the Army. Take a look at my hands!"

He held his hands, smeared and stained with black grease, before the older man's face; then he dropped them. "Now look at that white dress," he said. "Take a good look!"

Ben Wickson looked. He seemed hypnotized with the looking as Patricia turned slowly. The young man in uniform hadn't come before him with clean hands, but his granddaughter had a clean dress. Bingo thrust out his chin.

"Now, smell her breath!" he said.

Ben Wickson looked startled. So did Patricia. Bingo Hallen stood grimly waiting. Having scored once, the advantage was his. He did not have to press it. Tentatively and unsure, the older man bent toward his granddaughter. Belatedly she remembered and opened her mouth, breathing out. The odor of onions on her breath was the odor of innocence, and Ben Wickson knew it. He looked at Bingo Hallen with something very close to respect in his eyes.

"I was a little hasty, boy," he said. "I apologize for what I thought. But you went behind my back, nevertheless."

"I apologize for that. I never felt right about it."

"Next time come and talk to me like a man."

Ben Wickson turned and walked away, and Bingo Hallen remembered that the Air Force owed this old man something. Somebody named O'Lynn had not played fair with his daughter. He turned to meet the wide eyes of Patricia.

"You were wonderful," she said.

Bingo regretted his grimy hands then, but a man had to take his defeats out of the same box that held his victories; it was one of the hollow jokes of life. Ben Wickson would look at that white dress again when his granddaughter came in.

"Pat," he said. "You heard the man. He mentioned next time."

"Yes."

Her voice was low. For a long minute his eyes held hers, then he saluted her and walked away from her around the car. He knew, when he did, that she was watching him and not the old blue car. He patted Savannah's hood affectionately.

"Baby," he said, "I'm gaining on you."

Screwtape Proposes a Toast (Continued from Page 36)

had drifted into corruption, only just realizing that he was corrupt, and chiefly because everyone else did it? Then there was the lukewarm Casserole of Adulterers. Could you find in it any trace of a fully inflamed, defiant, rebellious, insatiable lust? I couldn't. They all tasted to me like undersexed morons who had blundered or trickled into the wrong beds in automatic response to sexy advertisements, or to make themselves feel modern and emancipated, or to reassure themselves about their virility or their normalcy, or even because they had nothing else to do. Frankly, to me who have tasted Messalina and Casanova, they were nauseating. The Trade Unionist garnished with sedition was perhaps a shade better. He had done some real harm. He had, not quite unknowingly, worked for bloodshed, famine and the extinction of liberty. Yes, in a way. But what a way! He thought of those ultimate objectives so little. Toeing the party line, self-importance, and above all mere routine, were what really dominated his life.

But now comes the point. Gastronomically all this is deplorable. But I hope none of us puts gastronomy first. Is it not, in another and far more serious way, full of hope and promise?

Consider first the mere quantity. The quality may be wretched; but we never had souls (of a sort) in more abundance.

And then the triumph. We are tempted to say that such souls—or such residual puddles of what once was soul—are hardly worth damning. Yes, but the Enemy—for whatever inscrutable and perverse reason—thought them worth trying to save. Believe me, He did. You youngsters who have not yet been on active service have no idea with what labor, with what delicate skill, each of these miserable creatures was finally captured.

The difficulty lay in their very smallness and flabbiness. Here were vermin so muddled in mind, so passively responsive to environment, that it was very hard to raise them to that level of clarity and deliberateness at which mortal sin becomes possible. To raise them just enough; but not that fatal millimeter of "too much." For then, of course, all would possibly have been lost. They might have seen; they might have repented. On the other hand, if they had been raised too little, they would very possibly have qualified for Limbo, as creatures suitable neither for Heaven nor for Hell; things that, having failed to make the grade, are allowed to sink into a more or less contented subhumanity forever.

In each individual choice of what the Enemy would call the "wrong" turning, such creatures are at first hardly, if at all, in a state of full spiritual responsibility. They do not understand either the source or the real character of the prohibitions they are breaking. Their consciousness hardly exists apart from the social atmosphere that surrounds them. And, of course, we have contrived that their very language should be all smudge and blur; what would be a *bribe* in someone else's profession is a *tip* or a *present* in theirs. The job of their Tempters was first, of course, to harden these choices of the Hellward roads into a habit by steady repetition. But then—and this was all-important—to turn the habit into a principle, a principle the creature is prepared to defend. After that, all will go well. Conformity to the social environment, at first merely instinctive or even mechanical—how should a *jelly* not conform?—now becomes an unacknowledged creed or ideal of Togetherness or Being Like Folks. Mere ignorance of the law they break now turns into a vague theory about it—remember they know no history—a theory expressed by calling it *conventional* or *puritan* or *bourgeois* morality.

Thus gradually there comes to exist at the center of the creature a hard, tight, settled core of resolution to go on being what it is, and even to resist moods that might tend to alter it. It is a very small core; not at all reflective (they are too ignorant) nor defiant (their emotional and imaginative poverty excludes that); almost, in its own way, prim and demure, like a pebble or a very young cancer. But it will serve our turn. Here at last is a real and deliberate, though not fully articulate, rejection of what the Enemy calls Grace.

These, then, are two welcome phenomena. First, the abundance of our captures; however tasteless our fare, we are in no danger of famine. And secondly, the triumph; the skill of our Tempters has never stood higher. But the third moral, which I have not yet drawn, is the most important of all.

The sort of souls on whose despair and ruin we have—well, I won't say feasted, but at any rate subsisted—tonight are increasing in numbers and will continue to increase. Our advices from Lower Command assure us that this is so; our directives warn us to orient all our tactics in view of this situation. The "great" sinners, those in whom vivid and genial passions have been pushed beyond the bounds and in whom an immense concentration of will has been devoted to objects which the Enemy abhors, will not disappear. But they will grow rarer. Our catches will be ever more numerous; but they will consist increasingly of trash—trash which we should once have thrown to Cerberus and the hellhounds as unfit for diabolical consumption. And there are two things I want you to understand about this. First, that however depressing it may seem, it is really a change for the better. And secondly, I would draw your attention to the means by which it has been brought about.

It is a change for the better. The great—and toothsome—sinners are made out of the very same material as those horrible phenomena, the great saints. The virtual disappearance of such material may mean insipid meals for us. But is it not utter frustration and absolute famine for the Enemy? He did not create the humans—He did not become one of them and die among them by torture—in order to produce candidates for Limbo; "failed" humans. He wanted to make saints, gods, things like Himself. Is the dullness of your present fare not a very small price to pay for the delicious knowledge that His whole great experiment is petering out? But not only that. As the great sinners grow fewer and the majority lose all individuality, the great sinners become far more effective agents for us. Every dictator or even demagogue—almost every film star or crooner—can now draw tens of thousands of the human sheep with him. They give themselves—what there is of them—to him; in him, to us. There may come a time when we shall have no need to bother about *individual* temptation at all, except for the few. Catch the bellwether, and his whole flock comes after him.

But do you realize how we have succeeded in reducing so many of the human race to the level of ciphers? This has not come about by accident. It has been our answer—and a magnificent answer it is—to one of the most serious challenges we ever had to face.

Let me recall to your minds what the human situation was in the latter part of the nineteenth century—the period at which I ceased to be a practicing Tempter and was rewarded with an administrative post. The great movement toward liberty and equality among men had by then borne solid fruits and grown mature. Slavery had been abolished. The American War of Independence had been won. The French Revolution had succeeded. Religious toleration was almost everywhere on the increase. In that movement there had originally been many elements which were in our favor. Much atheism, much anticlericalism, much envy and thirst for revenge, even some rather absurd attempts to revive paganism, were mixed in it. It was not easy to determine what our own attitude should be. On the one hand it was a bitter blow to us—it still is—that any sort of men who had been hungry should be fed or any who had long worn chains should have them struck off. But on the other hand there was in the (*Continued on Page 88*)

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(*Continued from Page 86*) movement so much rejection of faith, so much materialism, secularism and hatred that we felt we were bound to encourage it.

But by the latter part of the century the situation was much simpler and also much more ominous. In the English sector—where I saw most of my front-line service—a horrible thing had happened. The Enemy, with His usual sleight of hand, had largely appropriated this progressive or liberalizing movement and perverted it to His own ends. Very little of its old anti-Christianity remained. The dangerous phenomenon called Christian Socialism was rampant. Factory owners of the good old type who grew rich on sweated labor, instead of being assassinated by their workpeople—we could have used that—were being frowned upon by their own class. The rich were increasingly giving up their powers not in the face of revolution and compulsion, but in obedience to their own consciences. As for the poor who benefited by this, they were behaving in a most disappointing fashion. Instead of using their new liberties—as we reasonably hoped and expected—for massacre, rape and looting, or even for perpetual intoxication, they were perversely engaged in becoming cleaner, more orderly, more thrifty, better educated and even more virtuous. Believe me, Gentledevils, the threat of something like a really healthy state of society seemed then perfectly serious.

Thanks to our Father Below the threat was averted. Our counterattack was on two levels. On the deepest level our leaders contrived to call into full life an element which had been implicit in the movement from its earliest days. Hidden in the heart of this striving for liberty there was also a deep hatred of personal freedom. That invaluable man Rousseau first revealed it. In his perfect democracy, you remember, only the state religion is permitted, slavery is restored, and the individual is told that he has really willed (though he didn't know it) whatever the government tells him to do. From that starting point, via Hegel (another indispensable propagandist on our side) we easily contrived both the Nazi and the Communist states.

Such was our counterattack on one level. You who are mere beginners will not be entrusted with work of that kind. You will be attached as Tempters to private persons. Against them, or through them, our counterattack takes a different form.

"Democracy" is the word with which you must lead them by the nose. The good work which our philological experts have already done in the corruption of human language makes it unnecessary to warn you that they should never be allowed to give this word a clear and definable meaning. They won't. It will never occur to them that "democracy" is properly the name of a political system, even a system of voting, and that this has only the most remote and tenuous connection with what you are trying to sell them. Nor, of course, must they ever be allowed to raise Aristotle's question: whether "democratic behavior" means the behavior that democracies like or the behavior that will preserve a democracy. For if they did, it could hardly fail to occur to them that these need not be the same.

You are to use the word purely as an incantation; if you like, purely for its selling power. It is a name they venerate. And, of course, it is connected with the political ideal that men should be equally treated. You then make a stealthy transition in their minds from this political ideal to a factual belief that all men *are* equal. Especially the man you are working on. As a result, you can use the word "democracy" to sanction in his thought the most degrading—and also the least enjoyable—of all human feelings. You can get him to practice, not only without shame but with a positive glow of self-approval, conduct which, if undefended by the magic word, would be universally derided.

The feeling I mean is, of course, that which prompts a man to say "I'm as good as you."

The first and most obvious advantage is that you thus induce him to enthrone at the center of his life a good, solid, resounding lie. I don't mean that his statement is false merely in fact—that he is no more equal to everyone he meets in kindness, honesty and good sense than in height or waist measurement. I mean that he does not believe it himself. No man who says "I'm as good as you" believes it. He would not say it if he did. The St. Bernard never says it to the toy dog, nor the scholar to the dunce, nor the employable to the bum, nor the pretty woman to the plain. The claim to equality, outside the strictly political field, is made only by those who feel themselves to be in some way inferior. What it expresses is precisely the itching, smarting, writhing awareness of an inferiority which the patient refuses to accept. And therefore resents.

Yes, and therefore resents every kind of superiority in others; denigrates it; wishes its annihilation. Presently he suspects every mere difference of being a claim to superiority. No one must be different from himself in voice, clothes, manners, recreations, choice of food: "Here is someone who speaks English rather more clearly and euphoniously than I—it must be a vile, upstage, la-di-da affectation. Here's a fellow who says he doesn't like hot dogs—thinks himself too good for them, no doubt. Here's a man who hasn't turned on the jukebox—he's one of those damned highbrows and is doing it to show off. If they were honest-to-goodness all-right Joes they'd be like me. They've no business to be different. It's undemocratic."

Now this useful phenomenon is in itself by no means new. Under the name of Envy it has been known to the humans for thousands of years. But hitherto they always regarded it as the most odious, and also the most comical, of vices. Those who were aware of feeling it felt it with shame; those who were not gave it no quarter in others. The delightful novelty of the present situation is that you can sanction it—make it respectable and even laudable—by the incantatory use of the word "democratic."

Under the influence of this incantation those who are in any or every way inferior can labor more wholeheartedly and successfully than ever before to pull down everyone else to their own level. But that is not all. Under the same influence those who come, or could come, nearer to a full humanity, actually draw back from it for fear of being undemocratic. I am credibly informed that young humans now sometimes suppress an incipient taste for classical music or good literature because it might prevent their Being Like Folks; that people who would really wish to be—and are offered the Grace which would enable them to be—honest, chaste or temperate refuse it. To accept it might make them Different, might offend against the Way of Life, take them out of Togetherness, impair their Integration With the Group. They might (horror of horrors!) become individuals.

Meanwhile, as a delightful by-product, the few (fewer every day) who will not be made Normal and Regular and Like Folks and Integrated, increasingly tend to become in reality the prigs and cranks which the rabble would in any case have believed them to be. For suspicion often creates what it suspects: "Since, whatever I do, the neighbors are going to think me a witch, or a Communist agent, I might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb and become one in reality." As a result we now have an intelligentsia which, though very small, is very useful to the cause of Hell.

But that is a mere by-product. What I want to fix your attention on is the vast, over-all movement toward the discrediting, and finally the elimination, of every kind of human excellence—moral, cultural, social or intellectual. And is it not pretty to notice how democracy—in the incantatory sense—is now doing for us the work that was once done by the most ancient dictatorships, and by the same methods? You remember how one of the Greek dictators (they called them "tyrants" then) sent an envoy to another dictator to ask his advice about the principles of government. The second dictator led the envoy into a field of grain, and there he snicked off with his cane the top of every stalk that rose an inch or so above the general level. The moral was plain. Allow no pre-eminence among your subjects. Let no man live who is wiser, or better, or more famous, or even handsomer than the mass. Cut them all down to a level; all slaves, all ciphers, all nobodies. All equals. Thus tyrants could practice, in a sense, "democracy." But now "democracy" can do the same work without any other tyranny than her own. No one need now go through the field with a cane. The little stalks will now of themselves bite the tops off the big ones. The big ones are beginning to bite off their own in their desire to Be Like Stalks.

I have said that to secure the damnation of these little souls, these creatures that have almost ceased to be individual, is a laborious and tricky work. But if proper pains and skill are expended, you can be fairly confident of the result. The great sinners *seem* easier to catch. But then they are incalculable. After you have played them for seventy years, the Enemy may snatch them from your claws in the seventy-first. They are capable, you see, of real repentance. They are conscious of real guilt. They are, if things take the wrong turn, as ready to defy the social pressures around them for the Enemy's sake as they were to defy them for ours. It is in some ways more troublesome to track and swat an evasive wasp than to shoot, at close range, a wild elephant. But the elephant is more troublesome if you miss.

My own experience, as I have said, was mainly on the English sector, and I still get more news from it than from any other. It may be that what I am now going to say will not apply so fully to the sectors in which some of you may be operating. But you can make the necessary adjustments when you get there.

In that promising land the spirit of "I'm as good as you" has already become something more than a generally social influence. It begins to work itself into the educational system. How far its operations there have gone at the present moment I would not like to say with certainty; nor does it matter. Once you have grasped the tendency, you can easily predict its future developments; especially as we ourselves will play our part in the developing. The basic principle of the new education is to be that dunces and idlers must not be made to feel inferior to intelligent and industrious pupils. That would be "undemocratic." These differences among the pupils—for they are odiously and nakedly *individual* differences—must be disguised. This can be done on various levels. At universities examinations must be framed so that nearly all the students get good marks. Entrance examinations must be framed so that all, or nearly all, citizens can go to universities, whether they have any power or wish to profit by higher education or not. At schools the children who are too stupid or lazy to learn languages and mathematics and elementary science can be set to doing the things that children used to do in their spare time. Let them, for example, make mud pies and call it modeling. But all the time there must be no faintest hint that they are inferior to the children who are at work. Whatever nonsense they are engaged in must have—I believe the English already use the phrase—"parity of esteem." An even more drastic scheme is not impossible. Children who are fit to proceed to a higher class may be artificially kept back, because the others would get a "trauma"—Beelzebub, what a useful word!—by being left behind. The bright pupil thus remains democratically fettered to his own age group throughout his school career, and a boy who would be capable of tackling Aeschylus or Dante sits listening to his coeval's attempts to spell out "A Cat Sat on a Mat."

In a word, we may reasonably hope for the virtual abolition of education when "I'm as good as you" has fully had its

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way. All incentives to learn and all penalties for not learning will vanish. The few who might want to learn will be prevented—who are they to overtop their fellows? We shall no longer have to plan and toil to spread imperturbable conceit and incurable ignorance among men. The little vermin themselves will do it for us.

Of course, this would not follow unless all education became state education. But it will. That is part of the same movement. Penal taxes, designed for that purpose, are liquidating the middle class, the class which was prepared to save and spend and make sacrifices in order to have its children privately educated. The removal of this class, besides linking up with the abolition of education, is fortunately an inevitable effect of the spirit that says "I'm as good as you." This was, after all, the social group which gave to the humans the overwhelming majority of their scientists, physicians, philosophers, theologians, poets, artists, composers, architects, jurists and administrators. If ever there was a bunch of tall stalks that needed their tops knocked off, it was surely they. As an English politician remarked not long ago, "A democracy does not want great men."

Public Nuisance

By Ethel Jacobson

She only took one parking spot,
This blithely heedless
parker ——
Half of it on either side
Of the dividing marker.
I hope she stays there
overtime
And gets two tickets for her
crime.

It would be idle to ask of such a creature whether by "want" it meant "need" or "like." But you should be clear. For here Aristotle's question arises again.

We, in Hell, would welcome the disappearance of democracy in the strict sense of that word—the political arrangement so-called. Like all forms of government it often works to our advantage; but on the whole less often than other forms. And what we must realize is that "democracy" in the diabolical sense—"I'm as good as you," Being Like Folks, Togetherness—is the finest instrument we could possibly have for extirpating political democracies from the face of the earth.

For "democracy" or the "democratic spirit" (diabolical sense) leads to a nation without great men, a nation mainly of subliterates, morally flaccid from lack of discipline in youth, full of the cocksureness which flattery breeds on ignorance, blustering or whimpering if rebuked. And that is what Hell wishes every democratic people to be. For when such a nation meets in conflict a nation where children have been made to work at school, where talent is placed in high posts, and where the ignorant mass is allowed no say at all in public affairs, only one result is possible.

The democracies were surprised lately when they found that the Soviet Union had got ahead of them in science. What a delicious specimen of human blindness! If the whole tendency of their society is opposed to every sort of excellence, why did they expect their scientists to excel?

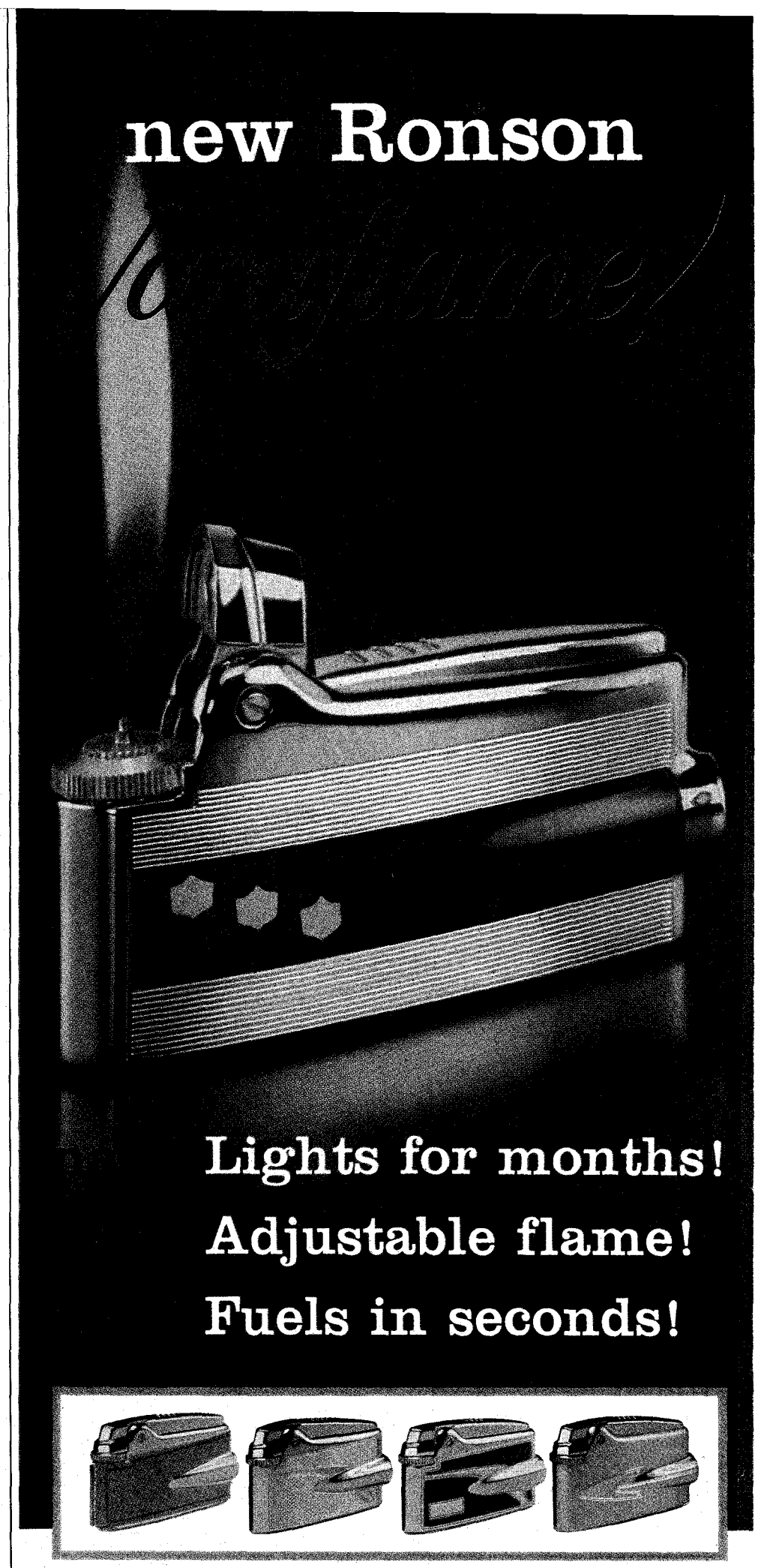
It is our function to encourage the behavior, the manners, the whole attitude of mind, which democracies naturally like and enjoy, because these are the very things which, if unchecked, will destroy democracy. You would almost wonder that even humans don't see it themselves. Even if they don't read Aristotle (that would be undemocratic) you would have thought the French Revolution would have taught them that the behavior that aristocrats naturally like is not the behavior that preserves aristocracy. They might then have applied the same principle to all forms of government.

But I would not end on that note. I would not—Hell forbid!—encourage in your own minds that delusion which you must carefully foster in the minds of your human victims. I mean the delusion that the fate of nations is *in itself* more important than that of individual souls. The overthrow of free peoples and the multiplication of slave states are for us a means—besides, of course, being fun—but the real end is the destruction of individuals. For only individuals can be saved or damned, can become sons of the Enemy or food for us. The ultimate value for us of any revolution, war or famine lies in the individual anguish, treachery, hatred, rage and despair which it may produce. "I'm as good as you" is a useful means for the destruction of democratic societies. But it has a far deeper value as an end in itself, as a state of mind which, necessarily excluding humility, charity, contentment, and all the pleasures of gratitude or admiration, turns a human being away from almost every road which might finally lead him to Heaven.

But now for the pleasantest part of my duty. It falls to my lot to propose on behalf of the guests the health of Principal Slubgob and the Tempters' Training College. Fill your glasses. What is this I see? What is this delicious bouquet I inhale? Can it be? Mr. Principal, I unsay all my hard words about the dinner. I see—and smell—that even under wartime conditions the college cellar still has a few dozen of sound old vintage Pharisee. Well, well, well! This is like old times. Hold it beneath your nostrils for a moment, Gentledevils. Hold it up to the light. Look at those fiery streaks that writhe and tangle in its dark heart, as if they were contending. And so they are. You know how this wine is blended? Different types of Pharisee have been harvested, trodden and fermented together to produce its subtle flavor. Types that were most antagonistic to one another on earth. Some were all rules and relics and rosaries; others were all drab clothes, long faces, and petty traditional abstinences from wine or cards or the theater. Both had in common their self-righteousness and the almost infinite distance between their actual outlook and anything the Enemy really is or commands. The wickedness of other religions was the really live doctrine in the religion of each; slander was its gospel and denigration its litany. How they hated one another up there where the sun shone! How much more they hate one another now that they are forever conjoined but not reconciled. Their astonishment, their resentment, at the combination, the festering of their eternally impenitent spite, passing into our spiritual digestion, will work like fire. Dark fire. All said and done, my friends, it will be an ill day for us if what most humans mean by "religion" ever vanishes from the earth. It can still send us the truly delicious sins. The fine flower of unholiness can grow only in the close neighborhood of the Holy. Nowhere do we tempt so successfully as on the very steps of the altar.

Your Imminence, your Disgraces, my Thorns, Shadies and Gentledevils: I give you the toast of—Principal Slubgob and the college!

THE END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Los Angeles Battles the Murk

(Continued from Page 19)

No. 2 also has begun to dissipate. This is the "inversion," an atmospheric phenomenon which has acted like an invisible lid over the valley floor. Both are beyond the control of man.

If the air in the basin could escape the surrounding rim of mountains, the inversion would not be so troublesome. Air normally grows cooler with altitude, but in Los Angeles' case a band of warm air often rides overhead, sometimes only a few hundred feet above the ground. The surface air, and its load of pollutants, cannot rise and escape. The bright sunshine pours its energy into this stagnant, surface atmosphere, and a photochemical change occurs as the rays of light bombard, split and regroup the molecules of exhaust gas. Smog takes form.

This strange process, by which the thinly dispersed stuff in the air changes its chemical identity, has complicated research and prolonged public misunderstanding of smog's origin and control for almost a decade. Southern Californians got their first taste of smog early in World War II. They blamed a petrochemical plant making butadiene, an ingredient of synthetic rubber, for the cloud on their climatic paradise. This source was controlled by the end of the war, but Los Angeles' normal, tropical haze continued to possess unpleasantly persistent and smelly dimensions. The oil refineries then became suspect.

A hotel executive and a determined woman touched off the organized campaign to clean the air in 1945. Stephen W. Royce, of Pasadena's Huntington Hotel, who had put a man on his payroll with instructions to track down the source of the stuff repelling his guests, found an ally in Mrs. "Buff" Chandler, wife of Norman Chandler, publisher of the *Los Angeles Times*. She was the one who spoke up with a resounding "yes" when Royce asked her husband if the *Times* was going to do anything about smog.

Los Angeles that year adopted its first air-pollution ordinance. The law applied only to the city and unincorporated areas within the county, and an effort was made to have all of the forty-six municipalities—there are sixty-three today—adopt similar measures. Failure led, in 1947, to passage by the state legislature of a bill which permitted the County Board of Supervisors to establish the present control district and override local jurisdiction.

The initial drive on manufacturing plants, refineries in particular, was for control of sulphur compounds, of which sulphur dioxide is most common and a troublesome pollutant for industrial centers everywhere. It was readily identified by the air-pollution experts Los Angeles had imported from the smoky cities back East, and control measures were begun. But it wasn't, the district discovered, the principal source of smog.

The Chamber of Commerce had established an air-pollution committee. One of the members in 1949 was Dr. Arie J. Haagen-Smit, a Netherlands-trained biochemist on the faculty of the California Institute of Technology. His field of research was, and is, flavor analysis—tracking down the essence of pineapple, for instance. One technique is to freeze out the elusive compounds with extremely low temperatures. Haagen-Smit told the worried businessmen that something of the sort might help analyze the murk closing in on Los Angeles. They asked him to try.

"It was not difficult," he recalls, "and the nature of the stuff I extracted from a test tube indicated that chemical change by an oxidizing process in the atmosphere had produced it. I advanced a theory as to how it might be formed, the control district really dug in, and a lot of people started spending a great deal of money to see whether we were right or wrong."

Nearly all the major research laboratories in the United States have since had a whack at different phases of the problem. Perhaps $10,000,000 has been spent on smog research by the district and other governmental agencies, the American Petroleum Institute and the Air Pollution Foundation. The foundation, which has a budget of $500,000 a year contributed by basin commercial and industrial leaders, was established in 1953 for "impartial fact finding."

The scientists are now agreed that there are two principal ingredients from which smog is made. They are the reactive hydrocarbons that occur in raw gasoline, partially burned fuel and in other petroleum vapors, and the oxides of nitrogen that are the product of combustion of almost any fuel. When both are suspended in the air in amounts that average only one part per million, the energy of the sunlight triggers a chain of reactions. A bewildering variety of unpleasant oxidant compounds is produced, including those which contribute to the haze, irritate the eyes and nose and are harmful to plant life. Another annoying product is ozone, a chemical form of oxygen with an odor and other properties like chlorine gas.

Smog elements are measured by the air-sampling devices maintained by the Air Pollution Control District, and the most used index is the concentration of ozone. Half a part per million is "first alert" level.

"At this concentration of ozone," says Dr. Leslie A. Chambers, research director for the control district, "the smog is more than an annoyance. We consider it a threat. A second alert, which would halt all traffic and industrial operations, is set at one part per million—an emergency that has never yet occurred, although we came close in the fall of Nineteen Fifty-four and again in 'Fifty-five."

First alerts occur perhaps half a dozen times in the average year, even though "the gunk is cooking," as its victims say, to a disagreeable degree sixty to seventy days out of the 365 and is present in a thinned-out version another 120 to 160 days.

The ozone test to measure smog intensity was devised by Caltech's Haagen-Smit and his associates when he served as consultant to the control district in the early '50's. "Haagy," as the professor with the Dutch accent is widely known,

Magi and Manger

By Robert Besch

Bearded and bangled,
Over the hill they came;
Sand in their eyes,
Seared by a desert flame;
Burning with thirst
Of body and soul, they saw
Eternal oasis
Cupped in a pile of straw.

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enjoys unique prestige as a smog fighter, not only for his discoveries but also because he speaks with academic freedom from political or business pressures.

The pressures have been inevitable. The average citizen, for instance, for a long time was unwilling to believe that his car, or the little pile of leaves smoldering in his back yard, was contributing to his own discomfort. Industry was reluctant to spend millions without positive proof that the conditions to be corrected were a source of smog.

The persistence of the murk, despite all the restrictions, hasn't soothed either the public or the businessmen. But no one, at this juncture, can dispute the control district's estimate that automobiles, buses and trucks create two thirds of the stuff that makes smog. Their exhausts pour 900 tons of hydrocarbons and 430 tons of oxides of nitrogen into the basin atmosphere each day. The other third comes from industrial sources, all tightly regulated with the exception of small plants, such as dry cleaners, that employ solvents in their operations. Solvent users are believed to lose 300 tons of hydrocarbons to the air per day, which is twice the amount that now escapes from the refineries. The balance of auto exhaust—three fourths of it—is carbon monoxide, a deadly killer which also is monitored by the control district, but seldom reaches dangerous concentrations in the open. The monoxide is not believed to take part in the smog reaction.

The fight against smog, like most air-pollution-control measures, was initiated to end a nuisance which was also an economic threat. It is now, however, underlaid with an uneasy suspicion that the nature of the stuff, and its effects on the people who breathe it, deserve a great deal more study before proper health standards can be established. Both the California State Department of Public Health and the United States Public Health Service are working toward this goal, along with the local agencies. A $10,000,000 study of the effect of exhaust gas on human health, to be conducted by the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, has been proposed by General Motors.

No one, to date, has analyzed all components of the gunk that causes eye, nose and throat irritation. Physicians, however, know that several days' exposure is a threat to the aged and infirm. The interference with breathing taxes both the lungs and the heart. They think it may be linked to the sharp increase in California during recent years of emphysema, a degenerative lung disease. They have ordered many patients to leave the basin and find smog-free residences in the foothills or along the seacoast.

The most disturbing compounds identified in smog are carcinogenic and quite similar to those earlier found in air polluted by coal smoke. No final proof has been obtained that these substances, in the minute amounts present in the air, have been the cause of cancer in humans. But concentrations of the stuff do induce both skin and lung cancer in experimental animals. City residents the world over do have a higher incidence of malignancies than those who dwell where air pollution of all sorts is less.

A much-used, costly research device is the artificial smog chamber, where auto exhaust from a controlled source can be mixed with air and then irradiated under high-intensity lights to produce gunk for analysis. Use of this apparatus in Southern California requires special filters to desmog the air that is used to make the artificial stuff. The Stanford Research Institute and the control district operate chambers in Los Angeles County, a third is in Riverside, at the University of California agricultural experiment station, and the fourth has been established at the United States Public Health Service's Sanitary Engineering Center in Cincinnati, Ohio.

The agricultural scientists are deep in smog studies because it damages many crops, from orchids to oranges. Most growers of leafy-vegetable crops, such as spinach, which are particularly susceptible, have left the Los Angeles basin, where smog losses have been estimated as high as $8,000,000 a year. The full extent of the damage there and in other areas cannot be calculated. Dr. John T. Middleton, who heads the university's state-wide smog committee, is convinced that ozone and the hydrocarbon oxidant compounds, both of which can cause visible damage, also reduce the yields of many seemingly healthy crops.

Men at Riverside record an ever-widening zone where damage occurs throughout California, though the Los Angeles County troubles have decreased a bit. Doctor Middleton, incidentally, does not confine his bad news to the West Coast. He has spotted telltale signs on petunias and other flowering plants in several Eastern big-city parks. Oxidant damage begins with gray seared areas on the underside of the leaves. Ozone decomposes patches of leaf from the top, and is especially toxic to many varieties of tobacco. Cigar leaf has been spoiled in the Connecticut Valley and at the Department of Agriculture experimental farm at Beltsville, Maryland, near Washington, D. C. The ozone concentrations there at times ran from a half to two thirds as high as Los Angeles' first-alert level.

The smog poisoner of crops was once thought to be the same compound that causes eye irritation, but was recently identified and is not. The Air Pollution Foundation believes the principal irritants are formaldehyde and acrolein, a tear-gas ingredient. Measurement of the illusive irritants depends on apparatus reminiscent of medieval torture. This is the eye-irritation booth or aperture in an artificial smog chamber, where human guinea pigs patiently expose their eyes to a series of five-minute doses of gunk and record the effects. A sign in full view of the paid student volunteers who sit alongside the S.R.I. chamber, wearing smog-filled goggles, advises, KEEP SMILING—HAVE FAITH.

The politicians especially find it difficult to smile in the face of the smog dilemma. "We're victims of excess horsepower and tail fins," says Mayor Poulson, who delights in publicizing his ownership of a compact, small American car and insists that the city buy Detroit's stripped-down economy models for official use.

The harried mayor, in his central domain, is a captive of forces beyond his control. The control district, for instance, is not his agency, but an arm of the larger county and sharply critical of smoke from city-owned power plants and incinerators. The roaring freeways, creations of the state, pour 300,000 cars a day not just in and out of the city, but through it to other destinations.

The bordering municipality of Vernon, for instance, siphons 76,000 motorized workers in and out each working day. Less than 200 of this huge working force live within that community. Los Angeles' young Transit Authority, still fighting its way out of financial tangles, talks grandiose schemes for high-speed monorail transport while patronage of buses and vestigial streetcar lines is hard to maintain. The diesel power plant of a modern bus, incidentally, puts much less gunk into the air than a gasoline motor, but invariably rouses public suspicion because of the exhaust odor.

The frustration of Mayor Poulson boiled over in a verbal battle with the mayors of Detroit and Pontiac last winter. The Michigan mayors suggested a boycott on California vacation travel to counter his threats of a ban on automobiles sporting tail fins instead of smog-limiting devices.

"It isn't the tail fins that bother me," says Warren M. Dorn, a county supervisor who was elected on a clean-up-the-smog ticket. "It's the olefins."

Olefins are the most active smog makers in the hydrocarbon family. They are also the basis of a heated dispute. The control district claims that the more olefins in the fuel, the more come through the tail pipe. The refineries counter that they are the natural product of gasoline combustion, and not significantly reduced by their removal from the fuel. The oil companies now must comply, however, with the district's Rule 63, which calls for a reduction in fuel olefins, beginning in July, 1960.

Smith Griswold, control district director, and his iron-willed assistants have evolved a formula to clean the skies that again carries the "impossible" label. It is obviously costly and depends on inventions still a long way from perfection. They propose, first, to cut down the gasoline olefins, which will require millions for new oil-refinery equipment. Following steps would be the use of a tail-pipe device on cars, to burn away at least part of the offending gunk; and a different carburetor and fuel system, to eliminate the escape of hydrocarbons by evaporation.

"Gradual change in the fuel," Doctor Chambers says, "in my opinion will be more effective in reducing smog than the installation of afterburners on our cars."

One oil company—Tidewater—put a "smog-reducing" premium fuel on the market before passage of Rule 63. It is the product of a new refinery process which is said to cut down on the content of olefins and other volatile, reactive fractions and available in premium grade only because plant capacity is limited. The Union Oil Company, which took the lead in the refinery cleanup six years ago, has outlined a "no-loss" fuel system which would save gasoline for the car owner and eliminate hydrocarbon evaporation, which on a hot day in the basin is estimated as high as 150 tons.

The oil companies have an uphill fight finding friends. A hard core of refinery haters continues to insist that production, storage and marketing of gasoline are a major smog source. They are the people who long ago nominated Dr. Eugene J. Houdry as public enemy No. 1. They claim his invention of the catalytic cracking process in the late 1930's launched the era of smog by helping refineries to extract many more volatile, quickly evaporated elements from each barrel of crude.

Today they stand in a strange attitude of obeisance before the same Doctor Houdry, hopeful that he has found a way, through the use of a car muffler filled with another magic catalyst, to burn off the olefins and other hydrocarbons before they reach the open air. Houdry's catalytic muffler, under development with General Motors, is one of the most publicized tail-pipe control devices. Ford also has a catalytic muffler. Chrysler is working with a direct-flame afterburner developed by Thompson Ramo-Wooldridge.

Charles M. Heinen, Chrysler engineer who heads an industry-wide exhaust research group, estimates $5,000,000 has been spent by the auto companies on this project in recent years. Detroit turns to the tail-pipe afterburner with reluctance, having hoped that the problem might be solved within the power plant itself. Carefully tuned motors, the auto engineers have shown, emit fewer hydrocarbons.

None of the tail-pipe devices is ready for mass production and use. The catalyst types have useful lives estimated at not much over 10,000 miles, due to gradual accumulation of lead from the tetraethyl compound which is a component of today's high-octane fuel. They also have a critical operating temperature which is not reached until the motor has been in use for about fifteen minutes. The direct-flame device operates at an even higher temperature, which is a problem under the car body, but may be an advantage if attached to the motor itself—an experiment now under way.

(*Continued on Page 93*)

"Notice how it fits over the shoulders!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 91*) Cost estimates for perfected models range from thirty dollars to $100 per car. The expense to motorists, multiplied by Los Angeles' 3,000,000 cars alone, is awesome, and installation and continued inspection of tail-pipe devices would create a monumental chore. Yet the California legislature, spurred by Gov. E. G. Brown, has a program under way which will require the State Department of Public Health to publish standards for the discharge of pollutants from motor vehicle exhausts during 1960. Legislation to require tail-pipe smog control presumably would follow just as soon as a workable device is ready.

Haagen-Smit is proposing a smog solution that is almost sacrilege to his neighbors. "Limit industry and the concentration of people," he says in a mild voice, touched with the accent and stubborn tenacity he brought from the Netherlands to Pasadena. "Create more open space and parks."

This is heresy in the basin, where orange groves have been replaced by supermarkets, where bean fields now sprout endless miles of industrial plants and 600 new citizens drive in and become residents every day.

"I am not a planner, of course," says Haagen-Smit, fingering a simple chart of what he sees in the local skies five, ten or fifteen years hence. "But I can calculate what to expect from all the proposed controls, including a device on automobile exhausts, as Los Angeles' population grows. They could bring some immediate relief, but not clear the air. Ten years from now we'll be no better off than today."

The Dutch biochemist recently returned to his flavor laboratory from a two-year chore designing and overseeing the construction of apparatus to eliminate smoke and fumes at the Southern California Edison Company's El Segundo power plant. The company's million-dollar investment has set a new standard of combustion efficiency and cleanliness for the industry.

The Edison company intends to experiment with a new type of all-electric car which has a top speed of fifty-five miles an hour and will travel about eighty miles before the batteries have to be recharged. It is obviously no substitute for a gasoline-powered machine, but the company feels this silent, no-smog vehicle might be useful for meter readers and other stop-and-go jobs.

Monorail transport is also on display in Southern California. Walt Disney has installed nearly a mile of suspended track at Disneyland. Monorail has long been touted as the only type of high-speed transit that could be superimposed on Southern California's map without messing up the highways. "Unobstructed roads, however, wouldn't do much to get motorists out of their cars," one engineer comments. "As long as times are good no one is going to get out from behind the steering wheel."

The control district pursues long-range studies of basin air currents, relating them to transportation and the future location of people and industry, but the influence of city planning on smog problems is not notable to date. "We're dealing with an incredible number of political subdivisions in the county," Smith Griswold points out. "There are sixty-five planning commissions alone. All we can do is to suggest."

The basin's bold thinkers and inventors feed a constant stream of antismog ideas to the control district. About 100 inventions a year warrant testing. "Most of them are petroleum and gasoline additives," Griswold's men report, "and none of them work any better than the thousands of substances the oil-company chemists have investigated."

A recurring suggestion is the use of airplane seeding either to dispel the inversion hanging over the basin or to counteract the stuff in it. Professional weather makers have offered to try, but even a modest experiment would cost several hundred thousand dollars.

"The meteorologists see little chance for man to break the inversion," Haagen-Smit says. "But something like activated charcoal in the air could soak up a lot of the hydrocarbons. It would be just like sprinkling soot, however. The cure might be worse than the disease."

The smog dilemma obviously will not vanish soon, or without cost to everyone. Some of the refineries are considering an end to further expansion in the Los Angeles basin. "What happens to us if the antiolefin blend and then the tail-pipe device fail to sweep the skies clean?" they ask.

Haagen-Smit, in suggesting dispersal of industry, has answered this question. But he is too much a Southern Californian to have abandoned all hope. "The haze is not as thick as five years ago," he says. "The plant damage is less, and the alerts are not as frequent and do not last for as long a period. The measures of the control district have held us back from disaster, even made conditions a little better—but will have to achieve a miracle if they banish smog in Los Angeles' booming future."

Los Angeles may achieve that miracle through tighter and tighter controls. If they get tough enough, the end result will approximate Haagen-Smit's prediction. The people will have limited their own activities and population density. This seems unlikely. Predicted shortages in Los Angeles' other limited resource, water, have never halted the basin's growth.

The one certainty is that Southern Californians, goaded by a nuisance of their own making, can't afford to drop the smog fight. Whatever they themselves do, or can induce government agencies and the motor world to do for them, will profit the nation. Other cities may only rarely duplicate their sun-bright skies and atmospheric inversions, but it is already obvious that the more we herd together and mill around under gasoline power, the more important it becomes to analyze and to keep acceptably clean the stuff we breathe.

Apache Attack (Continued from Page 31)

corral where the teams were waiting. Leisurely he rolled a cigarette, at the same time keeping an eye on the plateau and on the willows. There was little doubt in his mind now that the Apache renegades, after ripping up the Flat Rock Station, had bypassed Sherman City and were now preparing an attack on the Stony Creek Station, first stop out of Sherman.

Touching a match to the cigarette, Ben moved down toward the corral and sat down on the low wall. From this position he could watch both the creek and the plateau from under the brim of his flat-crowned black hat. It was now impossible for the Apaches to close in on him without revealing themselves.

The Apaches weren't going to close in on him yet, though. The Apaches, wild, tamed or renegade, were wise in the ways of the white man, and they also had seen that small cloud of dust to the west, which would be the eastbound stage now approaching Stony Creek Station. The Apaches were waiting for that stage to pull into the swing station before they went into action. It was much easier attacking an unsuspecting, standing stagecoach, with the teams out of the traces, than to attack one on the road with fresh horses in the traces.

This bunch, according to Dave Barrister, had been at Flat Rock only yesterday, a distance of about sixty-five miles. Ben Carrigan could believe that they'd covered that distance in twenty-four hours because the Apache was known to ride a horse for thirty miles at a killing pace, and then push the mount brutally another ten or fifteen miles until the horse dropped dead. Then he would calmly eat his means of transportation and continue on foot.

Ben smoked his cigarette and watched the column of dust drawing closer. Joe Stanhope would be handling the reins on this eastbound, with Bud McNeil riding shotgun. The three of them could withstand this Apache attack now that they were forewarned, but Ben dreaded to think what would have happened had he not heard those curlews as the Apaches moved into position for their raid.

A faint trace led down along the creek, skirting the willows where some of the Apaches were concealed. The trace led out to the abandoned Jud Evans homestead, empty now since Jud had died of the fever almost three months ago. Ben had ridden out to the Evans place only two days before, noticing that the weeds were growing in the tiny flower patch which Callie Evans had tended so heroically the short while she'd been married to poor Jud.

For some weeks Ben had kept up that flower patch after Callie had moved in to Sherman and taken the job waiting on tables in Bill Montrose's restaurant. Ben was not a flower lover, but he'd seen how Callie had tried so hard to bring just a little beauty to that barren, sun-scorched spot. He had done it, he told himself, because there was still a little of Callie Evans out at the Evans homestead, and it had been very nice having the couple less than four miles away and being able to drop in on them once in a while.

All the time he'd wondered how it was that a nester like Jud could have had the good fortune to marry a girl like Callie while he, Ben Carrigan, lived at his station alone. One thing about a swing station, lonely as the job was, and with only one tender, you got to see things coming and going.

He'd met Callie even before Jud had because Callie had come through on the stage to marry Jud, whom she had never seen, having contracted to do so through a newspaper "lonely hearts" column.

He'd helped Callie move into town after they'd buried Jud Evans, and now he would be the last one to see Callie go because she was riding out on the eastbound this afternoon, going back to live with a sister in Indiana.

The day before yesterday Ben had been in town, having his supper at Montrose's, and Callie had told him that Montrose was bringing his niece to Sherman from California, and that the niece would be waiting on tables in the restaurant, and the services of Callie Evans would no longer be needed.

"No other jobs in Sherman?" Ben had asked, very much troubled by the news.

"I've asked around," Callie had told him, and Ben could see how it was with her. Callie had to work or remarry, and it was too soon after Jud's death to think of marrying again. Jud had been a good husband in his way, doing the best he could all the time, even bringing her little things like flower seeds.

Callie was going back to her sister's, but from the way she'd said it, Ben knew that the sister back east was not particularly eager to have her return, and probably had been quite happy a year ago when Callie had headed west to marry Jud.

"Ain't no rush goin' back," Ben had tried to tell her, and he'd wondered what she would have said if he'd mentioned the fact that Great Western had offered him charge of their big home station at Whistle Springs another fifty miles beyond Stony Creek, and that the operator of a home station was ordinarily a married

"... And when did you first notice this ringing in your ear, Mr. Wallace?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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man with a woman to cook for the passengers as they came through.

Ben was twenty-nine now, and he'd been with Great Western for seven years, for a while in the yard at Sherman and for the last three years at Stony Creek Station. He was old enough to marry, and he was quite willing to marry Callie if she would have him, but it was not proper to propose marriage to a woman a matter of months after the death of her husband, who had been Ben's friend.

It was too late now because Callie was headed back east, and he would never see her again. Ben knew that he was going to miss her. He almost wished now as the stage drew near that he had said something to Callie, but he'd always been a mite backward about women.

What he'd needed was a little more time, but he wasn't getting that time now, and for two days he'd been sick about it. He should have spoken to her, but he hadn't, and now the deal had passed out of his hands.

The eastbound rolled down the grade toward Stony Creek, and Ben Carrigan stood up, flipping away his half-smoked cigarette. As he did so, he caught a glimpse of sunlight reflected on the barrel of a rifle up on the rocky plateau north of the creek. Then the curlew sounded again from the willows, and he wished now more than ever that Callie Evans had not decided to return east, at least not on this particular run.

The big Concord rolled across the ford and swung into the yard, muddied creek water dripping from the wheels. Ben had not led the three fresh teams from the corral as was his custom when a stage came into sight, and he noticed that Joe Stanhope, the driver, a short, blocky man with red hair, looked at him curiously as he set his brake.

"Them grays goin' with me," Joe grinned, "or you keepin' 'em fer ridin' into Sherman, Ben?"

"How many passengers you got inside?" Ben asked.

Joe looked at Bud McNeil on the box beside him, and he said, "Just the Evans woman goin' back to Indiana."

"We'll get her into the hut quick," Ben said briefly. "Renegade Apaches been waitin' for your stage past hour or so."

He heard the hammer on McNeil's shotgun click softly, and then McNeil stepped down from the box without any particular haste, a big fellow with a blond mustache and very pale blue eyes.

"Where, Ben?" he asked casually.

"Some of 'em in the willows down along the creek," Ben said, "an' the rest up on that plateau behind you, Bud."

"Same bunch jumped the Flat Rock station?" Joe Stanhope asked.

"Reckon so," Ben nodded. "Six of 'em, I hear. There's three of us."

"They're in rifle range," Joe pointed out. "Ain't we takin' a chance, Ben?"

"Injuns can't shoot," Bud McNeil told him, "an' it's a long shot from the willows an' the plateau."

"I figure they'll move up closer," Ben said, "after I get the hosses out o' the traces an' then rush us." He got the three teams out of the traces, and then the door of the stage opened, and Callie Evans appeared. Callie had brown hair, and she was not a beautiful woman. She had brown eyes and a rather wide mouth, and there were freckles around her nose.

Callie smiled and said, "You going to say good-by to me, Ben?"

"Soon as we chase off a bunch of Apaches been waitin' for this outfit," Ben nodded, and he gave her his arm down to the ground, noticing that her face paled slightly.

"You want me to stay in the hut?" she asked.

"Walk easy," Ben told her. "This bunch don't know we're on to 'em."

"I can shoot a gun," Callie said. "Jud taught me."

"Rifle just inside the door," Ben nodded. Then he said again, "Walk easy."

He went back to the stage as Callie moved toward the hut. Joe said as he came up, "Your show, Ben."

McNeil nodded and looked at Ben expectantly.

"Might be smart," Ben observed, "if we edged up closer toward the hut. Figure they'll start their rush any minute now."

He had been facing the willows downcreek as he spoke, and then he saw at least a dozen Indians break out of the willows and scatter and come toward the hut at a sharp rush, making no sounds as they came on, a body of short, compactly built, mahogany-skinned men, the only thing distinguishing them from white men being the varicolored bandannas they wore around their long black hair. They wore shirts and pants, and every man carried a rifle.

"Run!" Ben shouted, and even as he turned and sprinted toward the hut he saw four more Apaches jump up on the plateau and sprint toward them.

They were less than half a dozen strides from the hut door, but before they could make it several rifles cracked and Ben heard Bud McNeil gasp and stumble. The shotgun rider would have gone down if Ben hadn't caught his arm and half dragged him into the hut.

The Apaches were screeching like wild animals now as they came on, and more bullets caromed off the stone hut as the three men stumbled inside.

Ben let McNeil slide to the floor and then he slammed the door shut, sliding the bolt across it, and he leaped to the window, noticing as he did so that Callie Evans was kneeling there, poking the barrel of the rifle around the wooden shutter.

Standing to one side of the window, Ben fired his pistol at one of the oncoming Apaches, now less than forty yards from the hut. Callie's rifle cracked at the same time, and one of the Apaches was knocked from his feet, rolling as he fell, and then dragging himself behind a rock like a stricken lizard.

Joe Stanhope was at the other window on the far side of the little room, and the Apaches quickly scattered, finding cover miraculously, as Joe opened with his gun.

Stepping across to Callie's side of the window, Ben took the rifle from her hand and said quietly, "Better have a look at McNeil. He's been hit."

Callie moved away from him, and Ben crouched at the window, waiting for an Apache to reveal himself. Joe Stanhope called, "More'n six out there, Ben."

Ben was sure that there were at least sixteen Apaches in the group which had attacked them. "Must have been another bunch joined up with that crowd at the Flat Rock Station," he observed.

"Cavalry should be on the heels o' this bunch," Stanhope scowled, "but likely they ain't."

"How's McNeil?" Ben called back.

"He has a bullet through his shoulder," Callie told him, "and he's losing blood."

"Find a towel or something around here," Ben said, and then he caught a glimpse of an Apache with a red bandanna streaking across the ground from one rock to another. He fired, and the Apache stumbled and fell, and then picked himself up and lurched behind a rock which only partially concealed him.

Joe Stanhope's rifle banged, and the Apache rolled out into the open and lay on his stomach, face in the dust.

"One fer sure," the stage driver said.

"Plenty more out there," Ben murmured, and he didn't like the thought of it. The Apaches had seen Callie getting out of the stage, and they were probably reasonably sure that the cavalry were not in the vicinity, or they would not have attacked the station to begin with.

"Ain't so good," Stanhope said. "You see where Bud dropped that shotgun?"

Ben saw it lying on the ground about ten feet away from the door.

"We could use that gun," Stanhope murmured, "especially if they come in close. Injuns ain't never had much to do with shotguns. Man could blow 'em to hell if they ever come in close enough, an' they was bunched."

Ben frowned at the gun lying on the ground so near and yet so far. With at least fifteen rifles trained on the door of the hut, a man would be dead the moment he opened the door. The Apaches were in close now, most of them probably within fifty yards of the hut, getting ready to rush it. It was sheer suicide to attempt to retrieve the shotgun.

Bud McNeil said in a weak voice, "Should o' brought that gun in, boys. No chance o' gettin' her?"

"Not much," Ben told him.

"Man should never lose his gun," McNeil muttered.

"You notice they ain't throwin' lead around," Stanhope observed. "Reckon they ain't got much to begin with, an' when they come they'll come quick, all at once." He paused and then added, "Sure wish we had that shotgun in here, Ben. One dose an' they might have their bellies full."

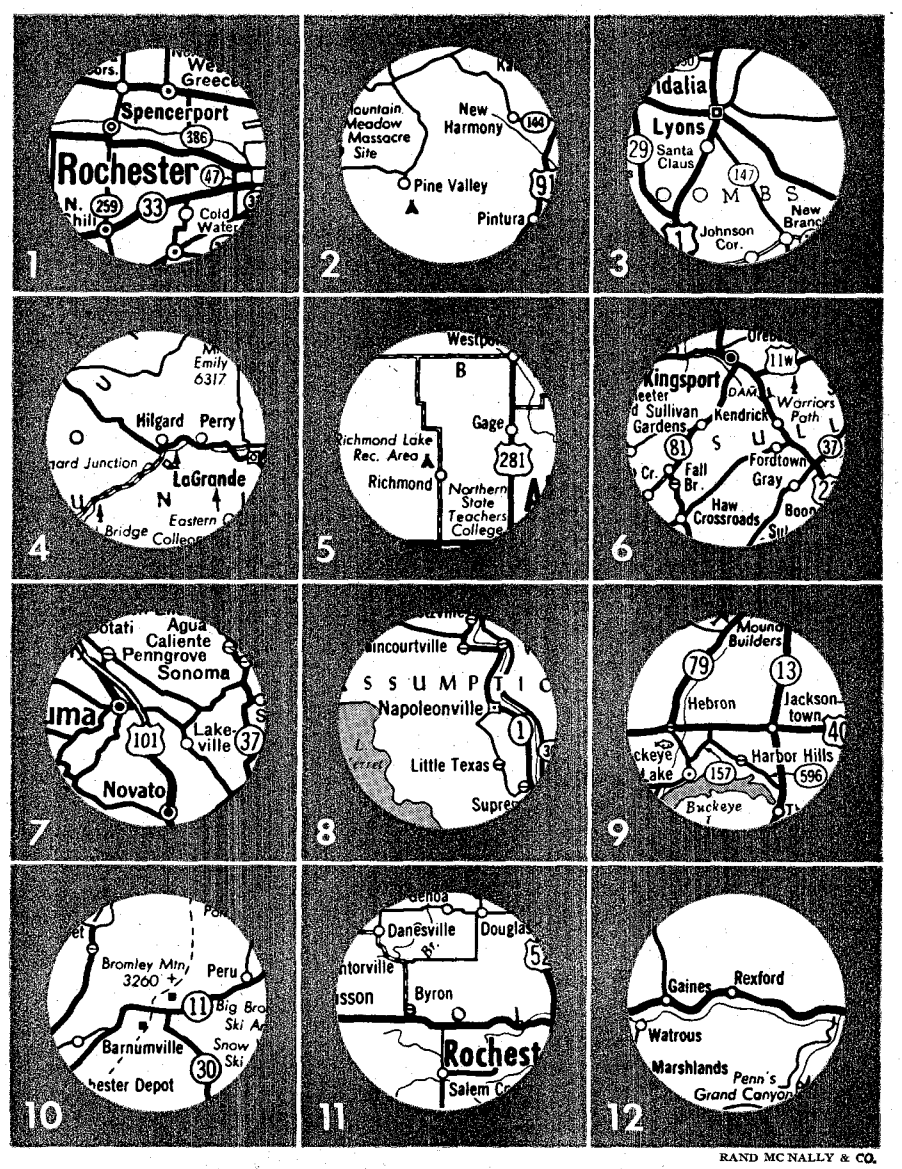
"Reckon I could crawl out," McNeil said from the floor. "Reckon I ain't much good anyway, as I am, an' I kin crawl."

"Stay where you are," Ben told him.

He measured the distance carefully between the door and the shotgun. It was possible to make it in two big strides, and then dive back in through the open doorway. There was a chance, just a chance, that a man could get back with the gun. He might not come back all in one piece, and he might not be alive to use the gun once it was inside the hut, but they would have it, a deadly, double-barreled shotgun which could enfilade the entire front yard of the station. Unsuspecting Apaches charging across that yard, and anticipating rifle fire only, would be in for quite a surprise. Ben Carrigan knew definitely, though, that they would not bunch at all. The Apaches were not sheep; they were tigers, sleek and cruel and deadly, and there was a white woman in the hut.

Now they could hear the Apaches talking, calling across to one another from their concealed positions behind rocks and hillocks.

"Lot of palaverin' goin' on," Stanhope said. "Reckon they figure they got to make a play of some kind if they want to git in here. Wasn't fer Mrs. Evans here, they might not (*Continued on Page 96*)



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Harley P. Cook

(*Answers on Page 96*)

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(*Continued from Page 94*) hang around at all, but they know they got one of us an' that'll make it a little tougher. I figure they'll make a try kind o' quick, Ben."

Ben Carrigan thought they would too. An Indian did not easily walk away from a white woman.

"Ben," Stanhope said.

"All right," Ben murmured.

"Reckon I'm goin' out there, Ben," the driver said, "after that old shotgun."

Ben Carrigan handed his rifle to Callie Evans. He looked at her for a moment as he did so, and then he said over his shoulder to Stanhope, "Reckon I got more reason for goin' out than you, Joe. You got a wife up in Grant Springs, ain't you?"

"Reason I got to get that damned greener," Stanhope observed.

"My station," Ben said. "My fight." He wished that he could have added, *My woman, I'm doing this for.* He thought it, though, and as he looked into Callie's face he could see that she knew. Now she knew!

"They want me alive," Callie said slowly. "Isn't that right, Ben?"

"They don't want you dead," Ben scowled, and he handed her the pistol he had in his gun belt. "Reckon you better use this if you figure they're comin' in an' we can't stop 'em any more."

Callie took the gun from him, and Ben turned back to Bud McNeil on the floor, crouching beside the wounded man for a moment. He said, "You got any more shells fer that shotgun, McNeil?"

"Pocketful," McNeil nodded, and then Ben heard Joe Stanhope yell suddenly, "Hey!"

He heard the door bolt slide open, and as he swung around he saw Callie stepping outside. As he leaped toward the door, Stanhope grabbed and held him.

"They ain't shootin' her, Ben," the driver said. "Get to that window." He gave Ben a push toward the window, and Ben snatched up the rifle Callie had set down against the wall.

The sickness inside of him, he watched Callie walk down to where the shotgun lay on the ground. She picked it up and started to walk back toward the hut again, taking her time, walking erect, head up, brown hair catching the light of the late-afternoon sun.

Instinctively Ben knew that if she'd run the Apaches probably would have fired on her. They were uncertain what to do now, and he could hear them jabbering again. Then she was inside, and Joe Stanhope slammed the door, sliding the bolt, and only then a gun cracked and a slug slammed into the heavy wood.

Callie handed the gun to Ben, and he could see that she was trembling. The moisture stood out on her upper lip, and she was deathly pale. "I didn't want to see you dead, Ben," she said.

"They're comin'!" Joe yelled.

Ben stepped to the window again and watched the Apaches sprinting toward the hut. They swung around the stalled stagecoach, coming at a hard, frenzied run, short legs pumping, and Joe Stanhope opened on them with the rifle.

Ben saw one Indian drop, but he held his fire, waiting until he had a target on a good-sized bunch of them. As he'd anticipated, though, they were spread out, converging on the hut from four different directions, intent on getting up close to the walls where they could not be fired on.

Behind him Ben heard Bud McNeil working a pistol at the rear window. McNeil had managed to haul himself up to a sitting position, and he was firing out the window, throwing lead more to divert the Apaches and slow them down. In his half-dazed condition he was in no position to shoot accurately.

At least six of the Apaches had used the stalled coach as protection as they approached the hut, keeping it between themselves and the men in the hut. Ben concentrated upon this bunch even though Joe Stanhope was yelling frantically, "Ben, Ben!"

The stagecoach was less than twenty yards from the hut. As the Apaches behind the coach suddenly swung around either side, spreading out and darting toward the house, Ben squeezed on the trigger, the heavy gun booming, bucking against his shoulder.

The three Apaches who had swung around the left side of the coach went down as if they'd been struck by a giant scythe. Ben immediately swiveled the gun and let go with the second barrel, having no time to aim now, firing simply in the general direction of the running Apaches.

He got only one of the second group. The two other Apaches sprinted back around the coach and down the slight grade up which they'd come.

Ben leaped across the room, snatching two shotgun shells from the hand Bud McNeil had extended toward him. He jammed in the shells as rapidly as he could, poked the gun out the window behind McNeil and fired again.

Joe Stanhope was yelling exultantly, "Runnin' away! They're runnin', Ben!"

Ben crossed back to the front window, and when he looked out there were no more Apaches to be seen, except the four broken bodies out in front of the house, and the Indian Stanhope had hit.

Bud McNeil said in a weak voice, "They're runnin', Ben," and slumped down on the floor again.

Ben had a look out his window. He hadn't hit anything with that blind shot, but the Apaches had taken to cover.

"Figure we got five of 'em," Stanhope said, "an' that might leave another ten or eleven. They could have a bellyful, Ben."

Ben didn't think so. An Apache did not give up so easily, and there was always the white woman. Callie was bending over Bud McNeil again because his shoulder had started to bleed badly.

"Next time," McNeil muttered, "I might not even get a gun up at that window, Ben."

The next time, Ben was thinking, *it would be dark, and the guns might not help too much any way you looked at it, even the shotgun.*

"Take a breather," Stanhope said. "Mighty lucky fer us, ma'am, you got that shotgun out there."

Ben went over to Bud McNeil, examined the wound and then emptied Bud's pocket of the shotgun shells he would be needing. Callie said to him, "They won't go away, will they?"

"Not yet," Ben told her. "Reckon they'll have another try after it's dark."

Callie just nodded as she held the compress to McNeil's shoulder.

"Shouldn't have gone out there," Ben said to her.

"I had to," Callie told him. "They would have killed you, Ben."

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 94

1. N. Y.	2. Utah	3. Ga.
4. Ore.	5. S. D.	6. Tenn.
7. Calif.	8. La.	9. Ohio
10. Vt.	11. Minn.	12. Pa.

Ben Carrigan rubbed his chin. "Reckon that would o' bothered you?" he asked.

Callie nodded. "It would," she said simply.

Joe Stanhope was moving around the hut, peering out one window and then the next. "Can't see 'em," he said, "but it don't look like they're runnin'."

"They're not runnin'," Ben said, nodding.

Bud McNeil said in a low voice, "What they'll do is come in close when it's dark."

"They come in," Ben observed, "reckon somebody could go out too."

Joe Stanhope turned from the window to look at him. "How's that?" he asked.

"After dark," Ben said, "figured I'd slip out the dark side o' this hut an' maybe get up on the roof o' the coach with this shotgun. Reckon I can cover two sides of the hut from where that coach is standin'."

"Risky," Stanhope told him. "Them Apaches kin see like owls in the dark."

"I'll make it," Ben said, and he kept his eyes on Callie Evans.

The afternoon ran out slowly, the heat draining out of the day near nightfall. Bud McNeil was only semiconscious now and moaning occasionally as the fever set in.

"Have to get him back to Sherman," Joe Stanhope growled, "an' pretty quick."

Ben pulled away some of the oilcloth which he kept tacked across the upper part of the window to keep out the hot sun. He said casually, "When I'm out there, an' I yell for you to duck, keep away from these windows. There'll be plenty o' lead comin' through."

"You throw the lead," Stanhope said. "We ain't gettin' in the way, Ben."

The deeper shadows moved across the land until after a while even the stagecoach out in the yard was only a dull, black object. There was no moon this night, but the stars were bright and sharp like pieces of crystal in the sky.

All during the hot afternoon they had neither heard nor seen anything of the Apaches, but Ben knew definitely that they were there, waiting, probably beginning to move up cautiously now.

"Goin'," Ben said.

He put out a hand in the darkness because he had been crouching near the window on the east side of the hut, and Callie Evans had been within arms' reach, sitting next to McNeil on the floor.

He groped for a moment, and then he felt her hand meet his in the air. He held it for a moment, squeezing it gently, feeling the return pressure.

"Come back, Ben," Callie said, and then he slipped out through the window, holding the gun cautiously, so that it would not bump against anything. He lay flat on his stomach on the ground, hugging the wall of the hut, listening for sounds in the night.

After a while he started to move, inch by inch and foot by foot, edging away from the hut. He had smeared some soot from the fireplace over his face, so that its whiteness would not show against dark ground.

In the stone corral off to his right he could hear some of the horses stamping restlessly, and he was quite sure that one or more of the Apaches had crawled up close to the corral, and could even have been inside it, moving up behind the protection of the low wall.

It was a foot, and then another foot, hugging the ground, scarcely daring to lift his head, but now he was in the deeper shadows of the coach, up near the front wheel.

It would be a trick getting up to the roof of the coach without the Apaches' hearing or seeing him, but Ben thought it could be done. He had the coach between himself and the oncoming Apaches now, and they would not be able to see him as he went up on the wheel to the seat, and then the roof. The trick, again, was to get the shotgun up first and then follow it, hugging the frame of the coach.

He was breathing hard when he finally edged up against the near wheel. Resting here for several moments, he finally came erect, doing it very slowly until he was standing against the wheel. Putting one boot up on the wheel hub, he went up onto the wheel, pressed his body against the coach wall, and then slid the shotgun up to the roof, sliding it very gently among the mailbags scattered there.

Sliding up onto the seat, he gradually eased his body over the back rest, located the gun with his hand, and then lay still, staring up into the darkened vault of the sky.

Rolling over on his stomach then, he faced the hut, and as he did so he heard a faint sound off to his right. When he raised his head slightly, he could see a long, dark shape on the ground not more than ten yards away, and then he saw another. He raised the gun barrel and waited, seeing two other creeping Apaches on the left side, and then a fifth Indian creeping toward the hut wall from the direction of the corral.

Ben raised the muzzle of the gun, slowly pulling back on one of the hammers. When four of the Apaches had come within the deadly perimeter of the gun's blast, he cleared his throat and called loudly, "Down!"

Then he squeezed on the trigger, flame belching from the muzzle of the gun. Of the four Indians within the blast of the gun, only one was able to move after being hit, and he staggered but a few yards, falling face forward as he neared the coach.

Unhesitatingly Ben Carrigan moved the gun barrel and let go with the second blast at two of the Apaches who had been converging on the side wall. One of the two escaped because he had been partly protected by the man with him.

From inside the hut Joe Stanhope started to shoot also, firing at the few remaining Apaches who had leaped up when Ben opened with the shotgun. One of them raced toward the stalled stagecoach just as Ben succeeded in sliding two new shells into the breech. As the Apache leaped up onto the wheel, reaching for the roof, Ben turned the gun on him and let go with another blast, practically tearing the Indian to pieces.

The Apache dropped to the ground like a broken rag doll, and minutes later Ben Carrigan heard horses moving off down the creek, and he knew that the fight was over.

He came off the stagecoach slowly, moving around the broken men on the ground, making sure that none of them was simply playing dead. The door of the hut opened, and Joe Stanhope came out.

"Reckon we kin strike a light," Ben said. "All over."

He saw Callie standing in the doorway behind Joe. As Joe went on to look at each dead Indian, Ben said quietly, "This stage will have to go back to Sherman tonight, Callie, but it'll be made up again in the mornin' an' ready to go. Reckon I'd like it if you weren't on this time."

"I have to go somewhere," Callie reminded him.

Ben said quietly, "Got a chance to take over our Whistle Springs home station. Job fer a man with a wife." He paused and he added softly, "I'm askin', Callie."

Callie Evans came toward him slowly. He could see her face, pale in the dim light. She was smiling, though, and she said, "I'd like that, Ben. I'd like it real well."

THE END

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The Jerry Giesler Story

(Continued from Page 25)

sure that he walks out of the courtroom free. Sometimes I become so closely identified with my client that I get the feeling I'm on trial myself.

Looking back, I'd say that the case in which I turned the biggest corner of my life was the second Alexander Pantages trial. If a single client can be said to have made a lawyer, Pantages made me. In my previous major cases I had been associated with Earl Rogers or played second fiddle to some other attorney. The second Pantages case was the first big one in which I was head man.

Alexander Pantages, a self-made man of Greek descent, was well along in years. He had run a tiny Alaskan gold claim up into a chain of vaudeville palaces which extended up and down and back and forth across the western half of the United States. The flagship of his fleet of theaters was the Pantages Theater at 7th and Hill streets in Los Angeles. Although he could neither read nor write, his illiteracy, which might have proved a handicap to most men, failed to slow him down. He was a baffling combination of native common sense and imprudence, but in his case imprudence verged upon foolishness.

If he hadn't been foolish, he wouldn't have gotten into the trouble that led to his sensational trial.

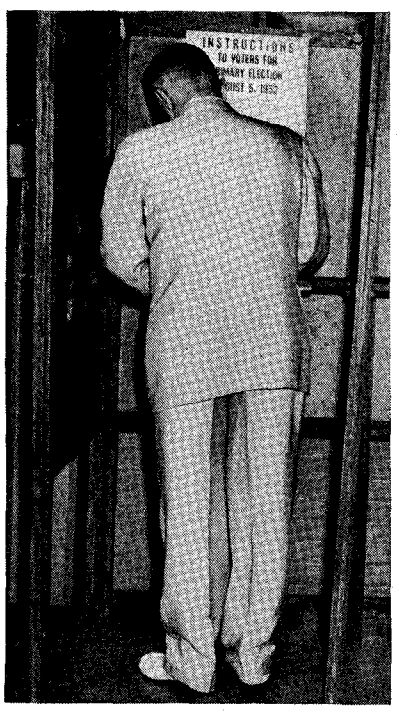
The prosecution's case against Mr. Pantages sounded like an early penny shocker of "the villain still pursued her" school. The elderly showman was accused of having lured a seventeen-year-old girl, Miss Eunice Pringle, into a room in this theater on the pretense that he wanted to help her realize her theatrical ambitions. Once she was there, he was said to have made violent love to her, ending the interview by criminally attacking her while she fainted, after having madly fought off his advances.

From the moment Miss Pringle burst out of that room and ran out into 7th Street, public sympathy was ragingly on her side. Among the pleasantest things an irate citizenry called Pantages was a "lecherous old goat."

My client said that he had tried to discourage Miss Pringle several times previously when she had urged him to book her act. Then, on August 9, 1929, she had begged him once more to talk to her about her theatrical ambitions. Wearily he had consented and had pushed open the door of the small mezzanine room.

They sat down together. He wore no coat because the day was warm. Eunice Pringle was wearing a sophisticated dress which revealed more of her than was customary at the time. She also wore rouge and lipstick, a bit unusual for a girl her age in those days.

According to Pantages, they had scarcely begun (*Continued on Page 99*)



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1. An outstanding Republican
2. A former Army officer
3. An amateur musician
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Max Brandel

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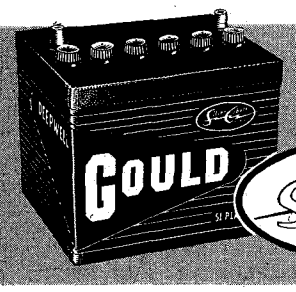

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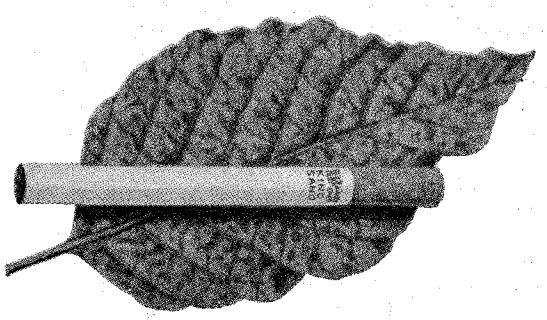

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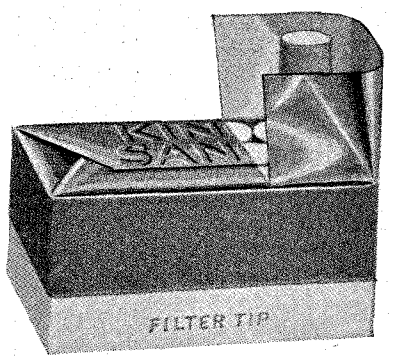

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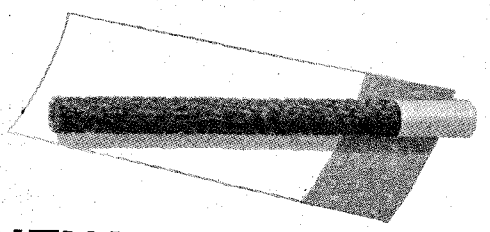

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(*Continued from Page 97*) their conversation when she flung herself at him like a tigress—she was extremely agile and athletic—and had yanked at his shirt, his suspenders and his trousers while she screamed. She clung to the doorknob, and it was only by exerting all his strength that he was able to push her out of the room.

He swore that while Miss Pringle tore at his clothes and screamed, he had sat there speechless and couldn't think clearly. "But," he added, "I did know this much: she was laying the groundwork to frame me."

There may be people who are not aware of it, but there is a difference between forcible rape and statutory rape. Statutory rape occurs if a man rapes a girl under a certain age, known as the age of consent. In California that age is eighteen. If she is under eighteen and a successful attempt is made upon her virtue, she has been legally raped whether she has co-operated joyfully or not.

Mr. Pantages was scrawny. Miss Pringle was a muscular girl who not only took hikes but could do the dance step called a "full split" with ease.

When Eunice Pringle walked into the courtroom to testify, her curves were hidden under a schoolgirlish disguise. She even wore pigtails hanging down her back. If a studio had been looking for a maiden to type-cast as an outraged virgin, it could have found no one more suitable.

I can't swear that the D.A. suggested to her that she dress this way, but the unworthy thought did cross my mind. On the witness stand she looked thirteen or fourteen.

Although in the end this case was to become my responsibility, at the outset Mr. Pantages' legal team was made up of three prominent attorneys— W. J. Ford, W. I. Gilbert and Earl M. Daniels. They asked me to join them; my contribution was to be my cross-examination of Miss Pringle, since cross-examination was thought to be my forte.

I began by questioning her about her studies, dramatic and dancing. I asked her, "Did your studies in dramatic school include a course in memory training?" She said, "Yes," and I asked her, "Were you taught to express your emotions dramatically?" Once more she said, "Yes."

My thought, not too obscure to the jury, I hoped, was that although Miss Pringle had told her pitiful tale not once but several times, to the press and to the law, she had scarcely varied a comma each time she had told it. Her tears had flowed at predictable moments too.

After she had told her horrible story on the stand, her body racked with sobs and her eyes streaming tears, in my cross-examination I brought out that Miss Pringle had visited Mr. Pantages' office alone at night more than once before the alleged attack upon her. I further developed that during all of her previous visits with him, he had never made any improper advances.

My next question was "Is that the dress you were wearing the day you say you were attacked?" She said, "No." I turned to the judge and asked him whether I had a right to ask that Miss Pringle appear on the witness stand before the jury wearing the same clothes, the same make-up and the same hairdo she was wearing when my client was allegedly violating her.

After a protracted hassle, the judge granted my request. The next day, when Miss Pringle came into court, instead of pigtails and a schoolgirl's dress, she was clad in a slinky red dress cut low enough to display quite a lot of her. As she swung her hips up onto the stand, she undulated.

There is no doubt in my mind that at that moment in that case the wheels of justice stopped grinding in one direction and started grinding in the opposite direction. As she sat in her slinky gown her story of outraged virginity was becoming absurd. Unfortunately for Mr. Pantages, it wasn't hilarious enough the first time around.

In my cross-examination I tried to bring out evidence of previous acts of unchastity on her part. But the court ruled that the matter of prior chastity or unchastity was irrelevant and immaterial. I dwelt upon the supposition that she had been living intimately with a Russian who had been her dance partner when they had tried out as a stage dancing team. But when I began to inquire into the possibility of her prior misconduct with the Russian or with any other individual, the judge refused to let me pursue that line of questioning.

Looking back at it now, it seems fortunate that my questions about Miss Pringle's prior chastity were objected to and that those objections were sustained in that first trial—for the sustaining of those objections became the backbone of the brief I later submitted to a higher court on appeal. In hindsight it also is clear that the longer the Pantages case was dragged out, the less clamorous were the yells for the scalp of "the wealthy old goat" and the demands that he be put into prison to stay until he rotted.

The jury's verdict in the first trial was guilty, with a penitentiary recommendation, and Mr. Pantages was sentenced to serve fifty years in state prison. I headed the team of attorneys who prepared the brief for his appeal to a higher court, seeking a reversal. In that brief we pointed out to the state Supreme Court that the lower court had erred in not permitting testimony concerning the pattern of immoral conduct previously followed by the complaining witness, Miss Pringle.

I contended that when the charge is rape by force and violence, the defendant is entitled to introduce evidence which tends to show prior unchaste conduct by the rapee, even though she is under eighteen and consent is not a defense. For evidence of previous acts of unchastity obviously tends to discredit her testimony that the defendant, in accomplishing his purpose, exerted force and violence. Moreover, from such evidence the jury has the right to infer that her entire story of the alleged occurrence was false and that no crime was committed by the defendant.

We also asked for reversal on the ground that the district attorney and his deputy were guilty of prejudicial misconduct in their arguments to the jury when they charged that the defense acted in "bad faith" in not producing promised evidence that Miss Pringle was lacking in virtue. Such evidence, of course, we had repeatedly tried to get in, but the prosecution's objections were sustained by the trial judge.

The brief we filed was the most comprehensive treatise on statutory rape ever compiled. It contained hundreds of citations of cases and authority. It filled three volumes. It totaled 1200 printed pages. There were so many new elements in that brief that the final decision upon our appeal established precedent and authority not only in California but also throughout the nation.

When Mr. Pantages was granted a new trial, in April, 1931, the bitter public prejudice which had washed around him like a slimy tide during his first trial began to recede a little, although there was still plenty of it sloshing around. The second trial began in the fall of 1931.

I was now able to question Miss Pringle about her friendship with the Russian, but she insisted that her relations with him had never gone beyond the bounds of propriety. When I tried to find out more about the link between them, she told me that he had also gone along with her the first time she called on Pantages. Then she clammed up.

Under questioning she admitted that she had gone to see Mr. Pantages four times in all. Even now, as I look back at it after all these years, that strikes me as being a pretty intensive sales campaign merely to sell him a one-act play—unless some of her visits were intended to, shall we say, get to know him better.

I called the Russian to the witness stand and questioned him, although I had a hard time getting him there. I had to subpoena him, but once I confronted him I brought out during my cross-examination—and out of Miss Pringle too—certain bits of information which suggested that the Pantages episode was designed to advance their own careers in the entertainment world.

One Los Angeles paper put it: "The defense built its case around the contention that Miss Pringle conspired with others to force Pantages to book her act, or, failing in this, to leave him in a compromising position." That wasn't far wide of the mark. The jury accepted that theory, and Mr. Pantages was found not guilty.

In acquitting him, the jury did a heartless thing. While waiting for the verdict, Mr. Pantages and I suffered agonies. But although the jurors had decided upon their verdict before dinnertime on Thanksgiving Day, they wanted to have dinner as guests of the county; so they decided not to tell the judge about their decision until the next morning. While I am not ordinarily a vindictive man, I have never been able to forgive that jury their Thanksgiving dinner purchased at the expense of torturing Mr. Pantages and me.

One of my favorite documents is a translation from a story about me published in a French-language newspaper. I spoke of that translation once before in connection with my defense of Errol Flynn, but it does such a fast and free-wheeling job of wrapping up my most famous cases that I cannot refrain from quoting from it once more:

The scene is Hollywood. The person who has committed an offense arrives late to a gathering. He tells his friends he was late because it was necessary for him to see Jerry Giesler. "Giesler," says the other. "In that case you must be in a fine pickle." "Not far from it," the other says. . . . When multi-millionaire Alexander Pantages was accused of attacking a seventeen-year-old schoolgirl, Eunice Pringle, Hollywood was outraged at the alleged revelation. It was a time when nude parties peppered (that's what the translation says) the road to success for shameless starlets, when drug-taking orgies gave thrill-seekers new kicks from the morphine needle and opium pipe.

Eunice Pringle wrung the jury's heart. Dressed in simple school clothes, shyly she related how the rich and powerful tycoon had tried to despoil her in the cubbyhole of a room in a theater. She said when she had gone to see him, hoping to further her film career, she found no encouragement, but an evil, lustful man. When she told how her protests were ignored while she struggled fiercely, women of the jury wept. The outlook for Pantages was black, but one man had no illusions about the girlish innocence of Miss Pringle. That man was Jerry Giesler.

Politely, Giesler began to cross-examine her. Speaking softly, as if regretting the necessity for arousing painful memories, he dug into her life. Under his deadly questions, Miss Pringle's composure began to crack. "Yes," she admitted, she had done a dance number dressed only in a Spanish shawl and tights. And as other admissions were wrung from

"Pass me by this year. I'm loaded."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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her, the picture of the innocent schoolgirl began to fade.

Then Jerry worked on the girl's vanity. Readily she agreed that she was a magnificent dancer. Yes, she could do a full split. How she was to regret this later, when Giesler pounced on the point that an athletic girl, strong and agile, could easily have repulsed the unwelcome advances of an aging and undersized theater owner if she had so desired.

Then, having set the stage, Giesler pulled the master stroke that was to save Pantages. Giesler asked, "Please let the court see you in the dress you wore the day you went to my client's office." The prosecuting attorney leaped to his feet in protest, but Giesler had his way. Next day, when Eunice Pringle took her seat in the witness box, she was wearing a dress of deep scarlet, the neck cut revealingly low to call attention to the far from schoolgirl body underneath. There were no sympathetic tears now in the courtroom, only subdued whistles.

Then Giesler switched his attack. Questions gushed from him about her relationship with a certain Russian playwright. The judge refused to allow the attorney to question her about her earlier morals. Patiently Giesler bowed to the rulings. With immense calm he heard a jury turn in a verdict of guilty. They had no alternative after the directions they had been given.

Pantages was shattered, but to Giesler the fight had only just begun. He prepared the machinery of appeal. Lights burned late in his book-lined office as the case went up to the Supreme Court. There, evidence about Miss Pringle's private life and conduct was admitted. Next he introduced into his case a well-laid conspiracy to frame Pantages. The charges against Pantages fell to pieces, and the showman walked out of court, the sweet sound of "not guilty" ringing in his ears.

Giesler had scored a double victory. The case that had freed Pantages had made the lawyer famous.

Somehow, thinking of Eunice Pringle's change of clothing and the effect it had on the jury makes me recall the time the rapid changing of a pair of shoes kept a jury from acquiring an antagonistic feeling toward another client of mine, Edward G. Robinson Jr., the son of the famous motion-picture actor. The case of young Robinson, who was charged with armed robbery, proved once more a fact which has been demonstrated in many other courtrooms: the nonexistence of any such thing as a "positive identification."

Young Robinson was identified by two taxi drivers, both of whom claimed that he had held up their cabs and robbed them at a gun's point. Robinson denied it. In both cases he was accused of getting into a cab and shortly afterward holding up the cabby. In one case he was accused of putting a gun at a cabby's ear; in the second the cabby said he had threatened to pound him over the head with a long flashlight. In each case the principal evidence identifying the man as Edward G. Robinson Jr. was the fact that his feet were shod in black-tasseled moccasins. The taxi drivers said that young Robinson resembled the stickup man physically, but it had been dark and they had caught only fleeting glimpses of him. Hence the importance of the black moccasins with the black tassels.

All of this didn't happen right away. About two months after the robberies were said to have occurred, the police picked up young Robinson one night in front of his apartment as he was returning from a round of the bars. He was picked up for suspicion of armed robbery on the complaint of the two cab drivers who claimed they recognized him from pictures in the newspapers at the time of his reconciliation with his wife Nancy.

His wife heard the ruckus outside and saw the police carrying him off. She called one of my young associates, Rexford Eagan, but we soon discovered that the police had him on "the bicycle." This means that they took him to a police station; then, when they learned that I was on my way, they took him from that station to another station, and from that station to still another station.

There were advantages to the police in keeping him away from his attorney. He might not have enough strength of character to stick to the story he'd told them. If they "reasoned" with him hard enough, they might even get him to accept their version of his story. They knew that once I got to him he'd talk to no one about anything, for the first thing I tell a client is, "A fish that keeps its mouth shut doesn't get caught." I finally caught up with Robinson Jr. in jail, at six o'clock in the morning, and I got him out.

Just before he was put on trial, in the Santa Monica courthouse, I was wandering in a corridor outside the courtroom with him and my associate, Rex Eagan. The jury panel was roaming that corridor too. When Edward G. Robinson Jr. showed up, I took one look at him, and, to my horror, he was wearing black moccasins with black tassels. The preliminary hearing had already been held, so I knew how important those shoes would be as evidence.

To me, the fact that he would wear such shoes to his trial was a sure indication of his innocence. If he had been guilty, those moccasins would have been the last kind of footgear he would have put on, but I was afraid a jury might not think about this point logically. Mr. Eagan acted quickly. He switched shoes with Robinson, although Eagan was wearing a brown suit, and black shoes looked odd with the rest of his outfit. Also, Mr. Eagan's feet are a size or two larger than Robinson's, but he bore up bravely.

The keynote of our defense in the Robinson case was: Why should a youngster who had a father so well-heeled turn to robbery to get money? It was easy to prove that young Robinson had all the money he needed. There was, therefore, no motive for him to engage in stickups.

Then there was young Robinson's alibi. His wife and the woman who had been his nurse when he was young, and who had been with the family ever since, both testified that on the night he was supposed to have committed the two crimes they had been with him all the time. That weakened the identification evidence against him considerably.

Both drivers had also testified that there had been no ring on the fingers of the youngster who had staged the stickup—and both admitted they had had a good look at the bandit's hands. Young Robinson had been given a *bar mizvah* ring when he was thirteen. He had never taken that ring off. In fact, over the years it had become too tight to get off, no matter how hard he tried. When young Eddie showed up in court wearing his *bar mizvah* ring, his father, who was in the courtroom, too, took him from the witness stand, walked with him before the jury and said, "This is the ring I gave him on his *bar mizvah*. He's never taken it off." The senior Robinson pulled at that ring, but it wouldn't move a fraction of an inch. That etched an indelible impression on the minds of at least some of the jurors. They hung, but reportedly stood eleven to one for acquittal. Later the court dismissed the charges on motion of the district attorney.

It never occurred to me that anybody was "out to get" young Eddie Robinson because he bore the same name as the motion-picture celebrity. But there was no doubt in my mind that when Robert Mitchum found himself in trouble, his tribulation was the result of deliberate design on the part of someone who wished him ill. He had even received warnings to "watch your step or something will happen to you." His troubles began one night when his wife was away. Being a presentable male temporarily on the loose, he accepted an invitation to drop in on a party at a cottage in Laurel Canyon.

As soon as Mitchum stepped into the room where the party was going on, the scent of burning marijuana smote his nostrils. The smell was unmistakable to him because, in his teens, he had hoboed his way along the highways and through the backwaters of America where reefer smoking was not unknown.

One of those lolling in the Laurel Canyon cottage handed him a reefer. A split second later the door crashed open. Mitchum and some of the others at the party were caught with lighted marijuana cigarettes they had just put down.

That wasn't all; the place had been bugged—a microphone had been planted on the wall. But the most peculiar thing about the whole affair was that the press had the story before the cops crashed in. I call that having a super nose for news.

Mitchum and his employers were miserable at the thought of losing his huge teen-age following. They got in touch with me.

There are two ways in which an individual can be brought to trial in California—either by information or by indictment. A district attorney can initiate a prosecution by having his office swear out a complaint. After that the accused is given a preliminary hearing before a municipal-court judge and, if the facts warrant it, he is bound over to the Superior Court for trial. Then the district attorney files an information. An indictment is an accusation returned by a grand jury after it conducts its own hearing, but 90 per cent of all cases are prosecuted as a result of an information originated by a D.A. The grand jury can't possibly conduct hearings for all the cases which arise in a big city.

Preliminary hearings are a very important part of criminal law. To me, it is just as important to have my facts and my law prepared for the preliminary hearing as for the trial itself. The real importance of the preliminary is this: through cross-examining witnesses carefully I can find out what they know.

It is vital that I cross-examine a witness thoroughly, because if that witness dies or leaves the state before the case finally comes to trial, my only chance to ask one further question is gone. The prosecutor, of course, isn't worried; he has his testimony and can read it to the jury.

Unlike the bulk of the narcotics cases in Los Angeles County, Mitchum's case went before the grand jury, which indicted him on two counts of possession of marijuana and conspiracy to possess marijuana. On my advice he did not accept the district attorney's invitation to appear and testify. The accused cannot be represented by his lawyer at a grand-jury hearing, and there is no opportunity to question the prosecution's witnesses as can be done at a preliminary hearing before a municipal judge.

(*Continued on Page 102*)

THE ETHICAL QUESTION

In telling his story, Jerry Giesler has withheld nothing except those "privileged communications"—from client to attorney—which a lawyer is bound to hold confidential. The basic facts of these case histories have appeared in public records—but without the colorful and lively details which Mr. Giesler has supplied here.—THE EDITORS

"Parker! I thought I fired you!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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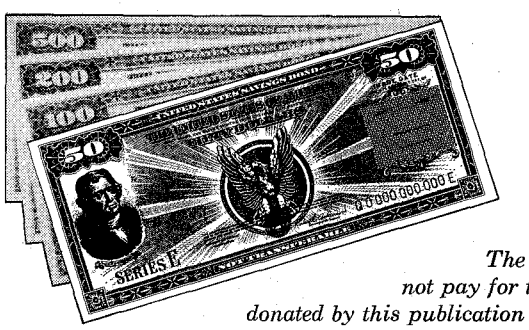

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SAVE WITH U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

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(*Continued from Page 100*) It was my idea not to enter a plea for Mitchum. A plea of not guilty would lead to a jury trial, with the D.A. grilling everyone concerned and digging for dirt. Instead I proposed simply to ask the court to decide his innocence or guilt on the conspiracy-to-possess-marijuana count on the basis of the transcript of the testimony before the grand jury. It has been forgotten, but Mitchum never did plead guilty.

My plan met with violent opposition, not from Mitchum but from those with a financial stake in him. Mitchum himself thought I was right. My reasoning was this: to many moviegoers, Mitchum was a hero, and a long trial might damage him beyond hope of rehabilitation. I told him that if he wanted me to, I would do my best to bring out the possibility that his arrest was a frame-up—an idea which the district attorney's office itself investigated some months later—but he preferred my plan.

Among other considerations which influenced my move were letters flooding in from all over the country pointing out that it would be a bad example to the youth of the country if Mitchum were let off too easily. That factor was a consideration I couldn't ignore. So I decided to do what in effect was to "throw him on the mercy of the court."

When I faced the courtroom, there were representatives of the press from all over the United States, as well as from other countries, slavering for scandal in raw, juicy chunks. I hadn't said a word about what I was going to do. And when I announced that I would waive a jury trial on the conspiracy-to-possess-marijuana charge and submit the case solely on the transcript of earlier testimony before the grand jury, their disappointment and frustration were pitiful. The judge studied the transcript of the grand-jury testimony and found Mitchum guilty on the conspiracy-to-possess-marijuana charge.

The court announced that his sentence would be two years, then reduced it to sixty days, the remainder to be a suspended sentence. Mitchum served his time without complaining. By taking his medicine like a man, he gained rather than lost public sympathy. Instead of boycotting his films afterward people flocked to see him in greater numbers than before.

I like to think that the Mitchum case and the Walter Wanger case resulted in victories for both of my clients, in spite of the fact that after both trials the jailhouse doors clanged shut behind them.

Walter Wanger and his wife, Joan Bennett, are names that mean much not only in this country, but to the entire world. I am proud of the fact that when Mr. Wanger chose gunfire to release his emotions, I was the man who was able to do what one reporter called, "unsnarl the emotional knots which bound him."

Like almost any other Hollywood producer, Wanger has had his violent ups and downs. An enormously expensive film that he made, starring Ingrid Bergman as the saint, Joan of Arc, lost quite heavily.

If any proof of my statement about violent ups and downs is needed, Mr. Wanger is back on top again. His picture, *I Want to Live*, starring Susan Hayward, was a big hit. Miss Hayward won an Academy Award for her role in it. In his immediate future is a major film undertaking. He is to be the producer of *Cleopatra*, starring Elizabeth Taylor, budgeted at $6,000,000. Yet in 1951 Wanger's beautiful screen-star wife and the mother of his children, Joan Bennett, was helping him financially as much as she could. With his nerves rubbed raw from worrying about his business troubles, it was easy for Wanger to become the victim of that most poisonous of all viruses—jealousy.

In his distraught condition it was easy for him to see in the relationship between his wife and her business agent, Jennings Lang, something more intimate than a business arrangement. The next step in such a sequence is almost inevitable. The husband who broods about the possibility of his wife's infidelity often wreaks bodily harm upon the man he suspects.

One afternoon in a Beverly Hills parking lot Mrs. Wanger got out of Lang's car and into her own. The parking attendant heard Lang's voice insisting, "Don't be silly, Walter," and Joan Bennett's voice pleading. The next sound he heard was the sharp, short bark of two pistol shots.

"Or suppose you're in white water . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

One bullet crashed into an auto tail fin, the other struck Lang in the groin. Wanger was arrested on a charge of suspicion of assault to murder. I was asked to serve as his attorney. My first defense move was to have him released on bail.

Lang maintained a stony silence in the hospital. One paper reported that "he refused to press charges," but the Los Angeles County D.A. announced that he would bring charges against Wanger just the same. The fact is that there is no such thing as "not pressing charges." If the D.A.'s office thinks a crime has been committed, it files a complaint.

Obviously a crime had been committed in this case. Everyone admitted that, including Mr. Wanger, who announced, "I shot Lang because he tried to break up my home."

On the other hand, Mrs. Wanger was quoted as saying, "I regret the likelihood that this incident will add to the erroneous opinion of Hollywood celebrities shared by so many." She said that there was no romance between herself and Lang. Her auto ride with him had been a business conference. They had used a car to escape the jangling telephone in his office.

As I eventually told the court, "The act charged against Mr. Wanger was the climax of many unfortunate facts and circumstances over a period of time, culminating in a violent mental and emotional reaction. For a brief moment, through the violet haze of early evening, he saw things in a bluish flash."

The press poked fun at my phrase by calling it "the blue-flash shooting." But I am not ashamed of having used it. I believe that it came as close as words can come to describing what went on in Wanger's mind.

I drew attention to the fact that my client had aimed low instead of at a point which might have been fatal, that his revolver still contained unexploded cartridges. To me, this indicated that Mr. Wanger had been momentarily in an uncontrollable emotional tail spin, that he had fired while in it, and that the sound of his shots and the knowledge that he had fired them brought back his normal mental processes. Last of all I pointed out that once he was himself again, he had called for succor for Lang.

In Wanger's case I asked for and was granted several continuances by the court. Under the law of California it is possible to plead not guilty, and not guilty by reason of insanity at one and the same time. In the case of Wanger I made a slight variation in this double plea by adding the word "temporary." After the grand jury indicted him for assault with a deadly weapon with intent to commit murder, I pleaded Mr. Wanger not guilty, and not guilty by reason of temporary insanity at his arraignment. I didn't want to plead him not guilty by reason of insanity without injecting that word "temporary," because that would have been telling the world, "This guy is nuts," when obviously he wasn't.

Finally, however, I decided to waive Mr. Wanger's right to trial by jury, plead him guilty, and submit the case for decision on the basis of the transcript of the testimony before the grand jury. I proposed to ask the court, at the sentencing hearing, to reduce the charge to simple assault with a deadly weapon.

I am sure that I could have won the Wanger case for him, but if I had, others might have been hurt in the process. Once more, while the spectators in that courtroom drooled for juicy morsels of scandal, I announced, "For the sake of his children and the movie industry, my client has decided to throw himself on the mercy of the court." I didn't have to argue vehemently with Wanger to convince him that I was right. I did essentially the same thing I had done in the Mitchum case, for essentially the same reasons.

Between my moment of pleading him guilty and the date set for his sentencing—exactly a week—a probation officer investigated his background and submitted his report and a recommendation to the judge. During that time Mr. Wanger received a stack of letters and telegrams a foot high from the most prominent and respected people in the country. The writers said that they admired him as an intelligent gentleman and that they now admired his courage and manhood in being willing to take his medicine without complaining.

I entered many of these telegrams and letters into the court record. I've always thought that they helped obtain a jail sentence of only 120 days for my client, instead of the much longer sentence recommended by the probation officer. I violate no confidence in saying this. The probation officer's report is a matter of record. In any event the judge, in sentencing Mr. Wanger on the reduced charge of assault with a deadly weapon, expressed grave doubt that it was ever Wanger's intention to kill Lang, and threw out the charge of assault with intent to commit murder.

For those who have, in the past, called me a publicity hound, I might point out that if I had been interested in publicity, all I had to do was to allow the Wanger trial to proceed and I would have been buried in an avalanche of headlines. My handling of the Mitchum and Wanger cases saved the motion-picture industry much grief, but they didn't appreciate it then. They don't appreciate it now. It has always been the industry's weakness that it can see only an inch before its nose.

Wanger was sentenced to serve his time at the county's honor penal farm at Castaic, forty miles from Los Angeles. He went to work there as a librarian.

There were those who wondered whether I regarded that sentence as a satisfactory end of the affair. I was more than satisfied. Had everything gone against my client, he could have been given a maximum of fourteen years in prison and forced to pay a large fine. Mr. Wanger conducted himself extremely well at the penal farm. He was afterward able to write a book which recommended intelligent improvements in penal welfare.

But the outcome which pleased me most was the restoration of a closely knit family, for since then Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger have remained happily married.

Next week in his seventh installment Mr. Giesler tells how he calmed down a marital battle between Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassman and how he sprang gangster "Bugsy" Siegel from a murder charge only to have him become an underworld-murder victim himself. —THE EDITORS

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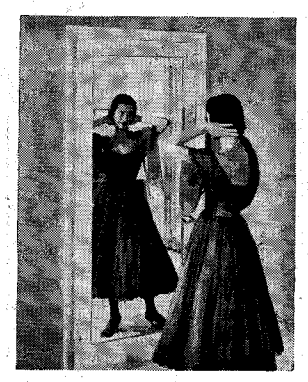
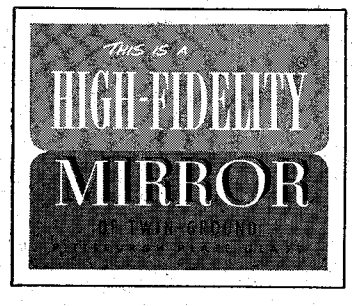
Holiday tips from Garry Moore

Look your holiday best with mirrors. Friends will drop by. Family's coming. Parties to give. Dinners to have. Time your home warmed to the occasion. Let mirrors do the warming. They do it so well. Mirrors can brighten an entrance way . . . make it look twice as inviting. They can make a room look larger . . . introduce light into dim corners . . . add a note of elegance to a plain wall. Mirrors can

MIRROR BY STROUP

dress up a door . . . make it a convenient station for good grooming. This year, have a mirror-bright holiday. Many department stores, furniture stores and glass dealers are offering specials on High-Fidelity mirrors. The distinctive label tells you you're getting the best—mirrors made with Twin-Ground Pittsburgh Plate Glass.





Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company

Paints • Glass • Chemicals • Fiber Glass
In Canada: Canadian Pittsburgh Industries Ltd.

Keeping Posted

What's in an Irish Name?

It seems that several years ago John Hartdegen, a Pretoria, South Africa, author whose first *Post* story is on page 28, got mad at himself because the droves of short stories he wrote didn't sell at all well. "I decided not only that I was a bad writer but that I had an impossible name which nobody could spell, pronounce or remember." So, checking back into his mother's family, he came up with a pseudonym, **Shane O'Flaherty.** Shane's stories, claims Hartdegen, "proved to have a touch that my own definitely didn't," and he has sold a lot of them. Hartdegen-O'Flaherty, who is twenty-eight, has done a lot of newspaper work, "but now I drive the editor's desk for the South African Tourist Corporation." He was twenty when he married his wife, Ryll, a Johannesburg lass, and he says his family now includes four sons and an automobile, aged twenty-seven years, which has logged 170,000 miles.

John Hartdegen had a bright idea.

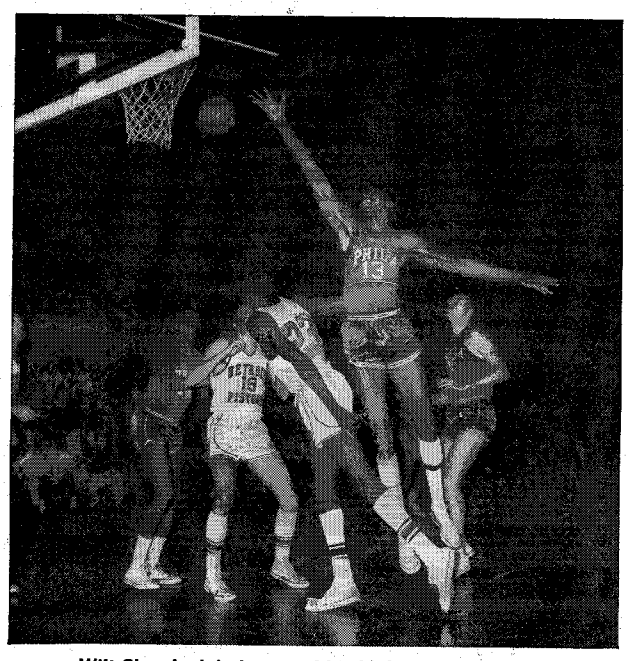
Tales of the Authors

Estelle Mendelsohn, wife of violinist Sol Nemkov, got the idea of writing her page 26 article about Stradivari violins after hearing, "for the umpteenth time," people say they thought they owned one of the rare instruments. The actual writing went fast, because from her husband and his musician friends she long had been acquiring by mental osmosis the lore of famous violins. Last year the author resigned as copy chief of a major advertising agency and dived into free lancing—"much less money, but infinitely more pleasure." Mother of a married son and of a daughter in college, she has always liked to manage a household, sewing all the draperies and keeping a big freezer stocked with home-baked bread and similar good things. She used to cultivate a garden, but her address on West End Avenue, New York, isn't a very agricultural region.

Nancy Rutledge

Nancy Rutledge, of Burbank, California, grew up in the community of Glencoe, Illinois, and among the home-town people whom she knew well were a chap named Charley Marshall and his wife, Bernice. In the course of time, the Marshalls decided to go down to the Virgin Islands to live. There Charley, who has seafaring blood in his Scottish veins, bought an interisland boat, which he named *Bernice*, naturally, and turned attention to running cargoes between Christiansted on St. Croix Island and Puerto Rico or St. Thomas. When Nancy Rutledge went down to visit the Marshalls a while ago, being with them enabled her to get the feel of the islands and the people much better than ordinary tourists can; and sure enough, out of this came the serial beginning on page 20. "All of which," says Miss Rutledge, "I consider a tribute to the good-neighbor policy.

Advance Information



Wilt Chamberlain in one of his high-flying moments.

Even if you're not a basketball fan, probably you have heard about seven-foot two-inch Wilt (The Stilt) Chamberlain who recently made his National Basketball Association debut with the Philadelphia Warriors. Seldom in any sport has a rookie come into the big time with a more exciting buildup in the public mind; indeed, some observers wondered if he might not fail to live up to expectations under such strainful conditions. "This won't happen to Wilt," wrote **Jimmy Breslin** in a *Post* article titled CAN BASKETBALL SURVIVE CHAMBERLAIN? But let's hasten to note that Breslin's story was published December 1, 1956—he was referring to an earlier make-good crisis when Wilt, already nationally known, was about to start varsity play for the University of Kansas. Prophet Breslin said Wilt was so talented that he just couldn't miss being a college star. He didn't. Nor did he miss during a subsequent year with the Harlem Globetrotters. And that success has now been re-enacted in Wilt's sparkling debut with the veteran luminaries of basketball's major league.

Read *The Post* to be well informed three years ahead of time.

NEXT WEEK'S POST

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